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**NEW WORK,**

*By the Author of "The Wife-Hunter," "Husband-Hunter," &c.*

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**HUGH TALBOT,**

**A ROMANCE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.**

**By DENIS IGNATIUS MORIARTY, Esq.**

# THE HUSBAND-HUNTER

OR,

“ DAS SCHIKSAL.”

BY

DENIS IGNATIUS MORIARTY, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF “ THE WIFE-HUNTER.”

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“ Tell the politic arts  
To take and keep men’s hearts ;  
The letters, embassies, and spies,  
The frowns, the smiles, and flatteries,  
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,  
Numberless, nameless mysteries !”

COWLEY.

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# THE HUSBAND-HUNTER;

OR,

“ DAS SCHIKSAL.”

A Tale.

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## CHAPTER I.

Now westlin' winds and slaughtering guns,  
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather ;  
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,  
Among the blooming heather ;  
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,  
Delights the weary farmer ;  
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,  
To muse upon my charmer.

BURNS.

It was late in the autumn of 1832 that a traveller slowly paced his horse through the glen of Lisnadinish, in the southern province of this wild, half-cultivated kingdom of Ireland.

From his gentleman-like appearance and equipments, and the aristocratic blood which his noble steed displayed, as well as the easy rate at which he advanced, he bore no resemblance to the class of tourists yclept "commercial travellers," who usually speed along "*summâ diligentia*;" that is, to borrow the translation of a college wit, on the top of a mail-coach, or diligence. Our hero, on the contrary, had none of the dapper, business-like air, which in general distinguishes that erratic and useful community; his appearance seemed to indicate the gentleman, travelling solely for his own proper gratification. A servant rode behind him, on a stout, well-built hackney.

The southern verge of the road overhung, in many parts, a rugged and precipitous bank, at whose foot brawled a rapid sparkling mountain stream; on the other side of which arose the broad shaggy breast of Lisnadinish hill, completely covered with dark purple heath. The



road, on emerging from this noble gorge, gradually ascended for upwards of two miles through a bleak, yet not uninteresting district ; until it reached the eminence which commands the rough valley of Glen Minnis.

Here our traveller involuntarily paused, in admiration of the striking scene that was stretched before him. Trees there were none in the district, and the heathy covering of the hills betrayed no marks of the advancing season. In the centre of the vale stood the tall castellated tower of Glen Minnis: the yellow moss and lichen that covered its walls, gleamed warmly in the ray of the bright autumn sun. The appearance of the ruin invited the horseman, whose taste was somewhat antiquarian, to explore it. Deeming it improbable that either his horses or the servant partook of his passion for scenery, he indulged them in such rest and refreshment as were afforded by a white-washed carman's stage on the summit of the

eminence, and proceeded alone on his ramble through the valley.

He soon discovered that the castle, or fortalice, was much farther off than he had at first imagined; and the distance was unexpectedly increased by the intervention of two brooks, much swoln from the recent rains, along the banks of which he was compelled to make a considerable *détour*, before he found the fords, whose stepping stones enabled him to cross their angry streams in safety. These obstacles surmounted, he explored the ruined tower, and finding his curiosity excited by the picturesque mountain of Mullaugh, he crossed a marshy meadow at the trifling expense of wet feet, and ascended its steep elevation.

The ascent was toilsome enough, from the alternations of almost perpendicular rocks and slimy marshes which the eastern side of the mountain presented; but our hero was young, athletic, and inured to active exercise. Having

gained the summit, the view well repaid the labour of the ascent. To the west was indeed a noble prospect. The wide blue waters of the glorious bay of Bantry, their eastern verge still gleaming brightly in the evening sun, while the western side was darkly shrouded in the shadow of the mountains, lay stretched at the distance of some miles from the hill on which he stood, although by a singular visual deception he could almost have imagined that they washed its base. He gazed at the gigantic mountain barrier that guards the bay from the western storms, and contains within its recesses the enchanting valley of Glengarriff; Hungarie Hill, with its broad, bare head; Ghoul Mountain, with its narrow, splintered peak; and all the bold eminences receding in disjointed ranks to the distant bay and river of Kenmare.

As he stood on the wide heathy summit of Mullaugh, his attention was suddenly arrested

by two white dogs, which gambolled at a little distance. One of them was a pointer ; the other a diminutive and silky King Charles, only fit for a lady's warm hearth-rug, so that his appearance in a scene so wild naturally excited some surprise, especially as both he and his larger companion seemed perfectly the masters of their own motions. The wide summit of the mountain was unbroken and unsheltered for a considerable extent, so that had the dogs been accompanied by any *human* associate, our hero thought that he must certainly have seen him.

The playful animals appeared anxious to provoke a pursuit ; they suffered him to approach them so nearly that they were almost within his reach ; and as often as he extended his hand to caress them, the tantalizing creatures would utter a short, quick, playful bark, and scamper out of reach in a moment.

This game of pursuit and escape was con-

tinued for some minutes, until it led our hero to the brink of a very small lake, whose black waves seemed astonishingly rough, considering the smallness of its extent and the calmness of the day. Here the dogs appeared suddenly to vanish, leaving their pursuer gaping in silent wonderment. In the spirit of idle frolic, he continued his search for the wayward animals along the banks of a larger lake, which lay within thirty paces of the other little sheet of water. The chase, however, was a vain one ; and our tourist began to remark that the sun was fast sinking behind Ghoul Mountain, and that, wholly unacquainted as he was with the locality, he had better lose no time in retracing his steps while light remained, to his quarters for the night in the lonely inn where he had left his servant.

While these reflections passed through his mind, he returned to the smaller lake, when incautiously advancing to the verge of the

bank, he fell through a matted canopy of heath and gorse into a little natural chasm in the ground, on the very brink of the lake, in which was a turf seat occupied by as strange a looking mortal as he ever had beheld. His person was spare, wiry, and muscular; his legs, bare from the knee to the foot, were mottled red and blue, by the influence of air, fire, wind, and rain, to all which, the luckless shins had been alternately exposed from infancy upwards. His face was dark and swarthy; its expression half sinister, half humorous. His dress was as singular as his person. It consisted of a high peaked hat, without a brim; a blue jacket, with faded scarlet seams, and tarnished gold buttons; short breeches of strong pilot cloth, and a leather belt in which was stuck a broad, sharp knife. The two dogs which had baffled their pursuer, lay panting at the feet of this personage; at his side was a large basket of provisions. He did

not testify either surprise or alarm at our hero's unceremonious entrance, but said in Irish, with the most philosophic calmness,

"That's a queer way you thought proper to come in, Sir. Now if *I* was *you*, I'd rather walk in easy at the door of a house than jump down through the chimney."

"Really, my friend," replied the intruder, in the same language, "I had not the slightest intention of making so abrupt an entrance—I thought I was standing on firm ground, and your treacherous furze gave way beneath my feet."

"And you nearly came down on my head," replied the guardian of the provision basket.

"Sir, I did not mean to make so free with your head, I assure you."

"You might have knocked my brains out," said he of the mottled shins.

"I protest," said our hero, "I should have been exceedingly sorry had I done so."

“But that would not have been the least satisfaction in life to me for the loss of my brains,” replied this singular genius, tapping his forehead; “and I’ll engage *you* would have been picking them up for the sake of the larning that’s in them, and glad to get them too. But since they had the luck to escape, and are still in my brainpan, what say you to a glass of grog?”

The traveller gratefully accepted the offer, for the heat of the day, and his pedestrian exertions, rendered the refreshment very acceptable.

Suddenly two shots from a double-barrelled gun were heard in quick succession.

“Well banded, ould Father Jack,” exclaimed Padhre, (the strangely dressed peasant,) “I’ll warrant there’s a brace of grouse down, at any rate.”

“Father Jack?” repeated the traveller, “pray who is that?”



“My master, Sir,” replied Padhre; “where did you come from at all at all, that you haven’t heard of him?”

“Heard of whom, my friend? I do not know your master’s surname yet.”

“Father John O’Connor, Sir, parish priest of Lisnadinish; the best brother, the best friend, the best man, the best priest of a parish, and,” continued Padhre, approaching the climax with increasing enthusiasm, “better than all put together, the best sportsman in all Ireland: and now, in earnest, did you never hear tell of him?”

“No, indeed, I am ashamed to say.”

“Why then, ashamed you may well be! are you Turk, Jew, or Connaughtman, never to have heard tell of ould Father John, the best friend of *souls*, and the bitterest enemy of grouse and *patricks*—Pop! there goes another bang at the grouse, I’ll engage he’ll have his game-bag full to-night.”





“Has he any sportsmen along with him?”

“Not a Christian,” answered Padhre, “barring a couple of foreigners—Englishers, they are, I think—one of them’s a *donny* little crature, that would start at his shadow—got tired of walking before they got up to Cnocnabruish—he’s gone back to Tom Howlaghan’s cabin, the poor devil, to wait for his comrade and the priest—I never yet seen such a pair of uncivilized legs as he had—they wouldn’t carry him five miles.”

“And are *your* legs civilized?” demanded the traveller, laughing at this estimate of civilization, and looking at Padhre’s uncouth, uncovered limbs.

“Civilized? yeh! to be sure and they are! These are the legs,” and he slapped his muscular thigh with an air of triumph; “these are the legs that would trot twenty miles without stopping to take breath. But the other Englisher, to give the devil his due, is a smart,

supple chap enough, and wonderful handy at his gun."

"What are the names of these Englishmen?"

"Mordaunt, Sir—they're brothers."

"The night is approaching, my good fellow," said the traveller, "and I am a stranger in this place: will you tell me the nearest way to Beamish's inn, where I left my horse and servant; I think I came a considerable round."

"Your shortest way is by the ould castle of Glen Minnis, and keep to the left up the little bohereen, and you'll pass both the streams at the stepping stones.—But, bluranagers! don't go till father John and the Englisher come back—they must be here now in no time—and his reverence will give you a bed with all the pleasure in life, and keadh mhile faultha\*. You'd be a fool, Sir, saving your presence, to put up with no great things of a bed at

\* Keadh mhile faultha—A hundred thousand welcomes.

the *Shebeen*<sup>\*</sup>, when his reverence will give you sheets as white as snow, and a welcome as large as a horse."

But our traveller felt scarcely inclined to depend on the second-hand invitation of Padhre, whom he deemed a sort of crackbrained humo-rist ; and as the shades of night at length began to close around, he hastened down the mountain, in the hope of reaching the bohereen beyond the castle with the aid of the remaining light. He was, however, mistaken, as his utmost exertions only brought him to the mountain's base, exactly as the night set in.

The day had been warm, and the evening clear and fine ; but as he re-entered the large marshy meadow already mentioned, black, ominous clouds quickly chased each other over the hill tops, large rain-drops fell at intervals, the wind began to rise, and in less than half an hour

\* *Shebeen*—public-house.

he found himself in the centre of the marshy plain, in total darkness, wholly unacquainted with the neighbourhood, and exposed to a drenching hurricane of rain and storm. This, indeed, was no formidable penalty for a seasoned sportsman; but his total ignorance of the locality rendered his situation extremely embarrassing. There was nothing, however, to be gained by remaining stationary; so he walked quickly onward, although he knew not in what direction he was moving.

At length he reached a tall crag at the foot of a mountain, and casting his eyes earnestly around, he could not discern the slightest spark of light in any quarter. Not a dog barked—not a sound was heard, save the howling of the wind, and the heavy patter of the rain. The mountain was a formidable barrier to any farther progress in that direction; so he faced about, and again pursued his way across the marsh, until he suddenly plunged up to his middle in a slow, muddy stream, which soaked

its oozy way through long sedgy grass and *flaggers*. Scrambling from this Stygian pool, he found himself among low, ruined walls; and advancing a few paces farther, he discerned in the gloom the tall tower of Glen Minnis. Never sailor entered harbour with more joy than he felt on entering this old, dark, ruined fortalice: all it afforded, no doubt, was shelter; but shelter was extremely welcome upon such an occasion.

Our hero was dripping wet, and, notwithstanding his constitutional strength, he soon began to experience a cold shivering; the consequence, in part, perhaps, of his being rather lightly clad. But ere many minutes had elapsed, his attention was diverted from the personal inconvenience he sustained, by the sound of voices approaching the building. They ceased; and steps, as of several persons, were heard ascending the steep rocky bank to the door of the castle. They entered the apartment in which he had taken shelter; and he



presently became sensible that they ranged themselves along the wall against which he was leaning. Some moments of silence ensued. At length one of the party asked :

“ What sort of looking fellow was that stranger ? ”

“ Troth, a good-looking fellow enough—he had as keen a pair of black piercing eyes as ever I seen—eyes, now, that would run in at one end of you, and out through the other.”

“ A pair of piercers, truly. Had he much the appearance of a gentleman ? ”

“ A gentleman every inch, I’ll go bail for him.”

At this moment the querist, who stood next our hero, happened, in changing his posture, to become aware that he occupied a corner of the building. Instantly his shoulders were enclosed in a grasp of herculean strength, and a rough voice exclaimed :

“ Who is lurking here ? ”

“ A traveller,” he answered, “ who entered this ruin to take shelter from the storm.”

“ Then,” returned the voice, while the iron grasp was clutched still deeper in his shoulders, “ whoever you are, you shall pay dearly for this intrusion.”

Our traveller struggled to release himself, but he was as a child in the powerful gripe of the Unknown.

“ Padhre,” he exclaimed in Irish, “ strike a light.”

A light was soon struck from a gun-flint in some tinder ; a bit of *gewsh*, which lay in a corner of the ruin, was lighted, and disclosed the figure of a tall, patriarchal personage, with a long blue cloak, two gentlemen in shooting frocks, the eccentric and strangely dressed Padhre, and a couple of boys, who carried game bags.

“ Oh !” exclaimed Padhre, recognising our hero, “ there’s the gentleman himself, your

reverence;—scold him now, as he well deserves, for cutting off in such a hurry before you came up.”

“ Sir,” said the blue-cloaked personage, “ all waifs and strays appertain to the lord of the manor, and in that capacity I seize upon you. You shall spend the night with me. As soon as the rain subsides, you accompany me home, and I think you will do me the justice to say that I provided a better lodging for you than you did for yourself.”

The person addressed was at no loss to guess that his peremptory friend was “ Father John ;” he thanked him for his kindness, and frankly accepted his hospitality\*.

\* This chapter, and one or two other portions of this work, have already been printed, with Mr. Moriarty's permission, as detached descriptive sketches, in an Irish literary periodical, now extinct. The scenic descriptions are correct delineations of actual localities; of which some of the real names have been retained.

## CHAPTER II.

Who are you? ———

SAMUEL LOVER.

“MAY I beg to ask,” said father O’Connor,  
“to whom I have the happiness of speaking?”

The traveller presented the priest with his  
card—“Mr. O’Sullivan.”

“Mr. O’Sullivan?” repeated O’Connor,  
“O’Sullivan Bear, or O’Sullivan Reagh? or  
O’Sullivan Spaniah?”

“To none of those families was he allied,”  
the traveller replied; “his ancestors had long  
been settled in a distant part of the kingdom.”

“ O’Sullivan Lyra, perhaps ? ” inquired O’Connor.

Mr. O’Sullivan bowed assent.

“ Then, Sir, allow me to assure you, I feel particularly happy at the pleasure of knowing you ; I was extremely intimate, for many years, with a very near relative of your’s—an uncle probably—who held a commission in the Austrian service.”

“ I am equally happy to know you,” said O’Sullivan ; “ I have often heard my uncle mention you in terms of the warmest affection.”

“ Poor fellow ! ” said O’Connor, “ *requiescat in pace*. But permit me—Mr. Mordaunt—Mr. Fitzroy Mordaunt—Mr. O’Sullivan.”

The gentlemen bowed.

“ Padhre,” said O’Connor, “ look out at the night, and see if the storm is clearing off.”

Padhre obeyed, and the English gentlemen, anxious, no doubt, to repair to more comfortable

quarters, accompanied Padhre to the door, to examine the state of the night.

“ Are you long acquainted with the Mor-daunts ?” asked O’Sullivan.

“ Not I—I never saw them till last week ;—they did not like the inn, so they beat up my quarters a few days since, with their writing boxes, portfolios, pencils, pallettes, and double-barrelled guns ;—they were quite made up for writing books, taking views, and knocking down grouse and partridge. So they graciously solicited my poor aid in both their literary and sporting capacities ; and you know it would not have given them a favourable impression of Irish hospitality and courtesy, to refuse their request. I accordingly escorted them to Mullaugh, Oulteen, Cnocnabruish, Wheeough, and all our euphonious hills and eminences.”

At this moment the Englishmen and Padhre re-entered, with a dismal account of the night.

“ The rain is dreadfully heavy,” said the elder Mordaunt, “ it would be utterly impossible to return to your house at present.”

“ Could we not procure good quarters in some neighbouring farm-house ? ” suggested O’Sullivan.

“ Aye,” said Padhre, “ in Bonaparte Howlaghan’s cabin.”

“ Nonsense ! ” cried the priest, “ we are famously off where we are. The old castle is far better quarters than poor Bonaparte’s tenement, whose broken thatch admits the rain ;—this vault is dry enough for sportsmen, in all conscience.”

Mr. Fitzroy Mordaunt did not seem to relish the prospect of spending the night in the ruin ; his thoughts turned anxiously towards his comfortable quarters at Dwyer’s-Gift (O’Connor’s cottage).

“ How far are we from Dwyer’s-Gift ? ” said he to Bonaparte Howlaghan, a wild-looking,

athletic peasant, who had attended the shooting party during the day, and who now entered, dripping wet, with a large bundle under his cota-mhor.

“ How far from Dwyer’s-Gift ? ” repeated Bonaparte, “ why, let us see, your honour—it’s six mountains off.”

“ But pray how many miles ? ” persisted the Englishman.

“ Ogh,” replied Bonaparte, throwing down his bundle on the floor, “ we knows nothing about miles in Glen Minnis. We always reckons distance by the rocks and the bogs. We say such or such a place is three rocks away, or haulf-a-dozen bogs, or six mountains off, or something of that sort. Miles ! ’pon my conscience a man would be kicked that talked about miles in Glen Minnis, and it’s very well for *yous*, a pair of foreign jantlemen, that you had the luck to ax a man of my edication and jintility. Miles ! arrah sure we have neither



miles nor milestones here, but the rocks and the mountains, which are Heaven's own finger-posts and landmarks, planted by the hand of nathur."

After such a sublime declaration, Fitzroy Mordaunt did not feel much inclined to pursue his topographical inquiries. But he clasped his hands, as if in admiration, and exclaiming, "Poetry! rude poetry, but genuine!" he proceeded to minute in a pocket-book the effusions of Bonaparte, whose shrewdness enabled him to guess that the English tourist was taking down his words, and who looked prodigiously important thereupon. When Fitzroy closed the book, he turned to O'Connor, and asked him if he liked poetry.

"No—certainly not," replied the priest.

"No? Are not you ashamed to confess your want of taste?"

"Why, in fact," said O'Connor, "I do not think that any idea, or sentiment, or narrative,

worth being preserved, has ever been written in poetry, which might not have been much better expressed in unpretending prose. Poetry may do very well for a song, or a sonnet, or some trifle of that sort—but for any lengthened production, the unmerciful shackles of metre, or the constant clink of rhyme, always give me a headache.”

“ Why, Sir,” replied Fitzroy, looking shocked, and contorting his brows into a fine expression of poetic ecstasy ; “ there are some ideas so ethereal, so sublime, that you cannot possibly give them utterance in prose.”

“ Then what is your definition of poetry ?” demanded O’Connor.

“ Poetry, like wit,” replied the poet, “ is exceedingly hard to define—but I think I may say that every strong emotion, every overwhelming sensation, is poetry.”

“ Then hunger is poetry,” said the priest, “ for it is a pretty overwhelming sensation—

and I am a poet at present, for I wish I had my dinner."

"Hunger is cursed bad poetry," said Bonaparte; "I'd rather have a pratee and salt herring than as much of that sort o' poetry as ever you could give me."

"I wish we were snugly housed at Dwyer's Gift," said the elder Mordaunt.

"I wish so too," echoed his brother, shivering, and looking perished.

"Pooh! we shall all do very well where we are, in a very few minutes," said the priest; "Boney, where's the gewsh?"

"The boy's bringing it, your reverence," answered the gigantic peasant.

And presently a ragged urchin made his appearance, bearing a large bundle of gewsh, or bogwood, on his back, which in less than five minutes was ignited into a blazing mass of light and heat, that diffused its cheerful warmth through the ruinous old vault. Bonaparte

untied his bundle, containing some cloaks of comfortable frieze, which the sportsmen wrapped around them while they dried their garments at the gewsh fire: the clothes were soon dried, and resumed by the party, who immediately turned their attention to the cravings of appetite, which the labours of the day had rendered pretty keen.

Meanwhile the wind howled, the rain resembled a waterspout, intermingled with occasional volleys of hail-shot: as the storm raged without, the Mordaunts appeared to enjoy the increasing comforts of the vault; and while Fitzroy became again busily engaged with his pocket-book, his wiser brother, and the priest, undertook to cook for the party. The game-bags were full; and the other provender was excellent and plentiful. Father John washed and dried the grouse. He produced his sporting stewpan, and placed on the bottom of it some slices of his own Glen Minnis bacon, half fat, half lean,

the fat as transparent as mother-o'-pearl. Upon this foundation he deposited his grouse, breast upwards, sprinkled them with flour from his dredging box, threw in a few shredded shalots, along with three tablespoonfuls of mushroom catsup, and half a tablespoonful of walnut catsup; he added a wineglassful of port, a pinch of red pepper, and some salt. Mordaunt eyed his preparations with manifest delight and admiration.

“ Oh, Sir,” said the priest, interpreting his looks, “ I am perfectly *au fait*, I assure you, in the sporting cuisine.”

Mordaunt, emulous of Father John's skill, manufactured a brace of hares in glorious style; he cooked away with his little apparatus in a manner which no novice could have imitated, and the two stewpans simmered, sputtered, and hissed upon the fire in merry rivalry.

Bonaparte's mouth watered, and his jaws expanded into a grin, at all this goodly

whizzing and sputtering—at length his feelings found utterance.

“*That’s* the real music !” he exclaimed,—  
“hunger may be poethry, but give *me* the  
chirruping of the pot.—By gosh, Mr. Poet, *my*  
music is bettther than *your* poethry.”

Fitzroy felt angry at this uncouth familiarity ;  
but he shrank from exhibiting his displeasure,  
when he looked at the mighty bone and muscle,  
thew and sinew, of the colossal speaker. In  
truth, a lurking expression of subdued ferocity  
about Boney’s eye, induced Fitzroy to court his  
good opinion ; for which purpose he com-  
menced, while arranging some sketches in his  
little portfolio, a song about Daniel O’Connell,  
to the tune of Patrick’s Day in the Morning :—

“ Come gather around, while I sing you the praises  
Of one who is dear to each Irish heart,  
O’Connell, whose native nobility raises  
One light in our land, though all else depart.”

He continued to mince out two or three

verses, and then stopped, from failure of memory. “Ogh,” exclaimed Howlaghan, “your cramped English throat was niver made for Irish music—yout can’t drive out the *keöl\**, in the slashing, dashing, tearaway, burn-the-world style that a song about Daniel O’Connell ought to be drove out;” and forthwith Boney proceeded to exemplify his lesson with a stentorian strength of lungs that astonished his auditors. The musician seemed strongly excited by the spirit of his melody, for towards the close of his song he assumed an attitude of bold defiance, and menacingly shook a huge oak stick, which was loaded at the end with a knob of lead.

“Come, come, Boney,” said Father John, laughing, “you must not shake *Baus gaun Saggart* at us—I never like to see you

\* Music.

wheeling it about; it looks as if mischief was brewing."

Fitzroy Mordaunt, struck with the formidable appearance of the weapon, inquired its name and use, with the purpose of transferring to his book a drawing and description of it, "under the head of *Irish weapons*."

"Pray, Mr. Awlegan," said he to Boney, "what is the use of your large stick, may I ask?"

"To thrash rascallions wid, and smash their skulls!" roared out the giant Boney—(I should rather say the *Boney* giant)—and he spoke with the zest of an ideal slaughtering match.

"Bless me!" ejaculated the soft voice of the little Englishman, what a formidable purpose! Now, *ow* do you use this heavy stick, Mr. Awlegan? I can *ardly* lift it."

"This way!" shouted Boney, whirling the



stick a dozen times round the querist's head, with such force as to whirr through the air like a whole covey of partridges rising. Fitzroy's terror was excessively diverting. He crouched and cowered, and at last exclaimed,—“ I request you may not smash *my* skull, Mr. Awlegan.”

“ Niver fear,” responded Boney, flinging down the stick; “ I only thought you 'd like a thrifle of instruction, my boy.”

“ Oh, thank you, Mr. Awlegan—I'm sure I am much obliged—much obliged, indeed. What do you call the weapon, Mr. Awlegan?”

“ Is it the stick?” answered Boney; “ why I calls it “ *Baus gaun Soggarth*” (with a most ferocious expression and attitude), “ which means, d'ye see, death without clargy.”

“ Death <sup>■</sup>without clergy!” exclaimed Fitzroy; “ bless me, very characteristic—very ferocious, I meant to say. May I ask you, Mr. Awlegan, to repeat its Irish name once more?”

“ The throuble’s a pleasure,” said Boney, exceedingly gratified at the interest excited by his implement of war. “ Baus gaun Soggarth, Sir, is the name of him.”

“ Bosken sogga! bless me! Thank you, Mr. Awlegan;” and down went a drawing of the stick into the book, and the formidable name, as well as the writer was able to catch it.

The cooks had now completed their culinary labours, and Padhre proceeded to spread a cloth on a table which had been brought from Bonaparte’s dwelling. The table had improved by the transit, for the heavy rain had washed it clean; a purification which, in all probability, was of rather rare occurrence.

“ Come, gentlemen,” said Father John, “ take your seats.” The party accordingly seated themselves on gewsh logs round the table, and the priest said grace.

“ Ah, my defunct flutterer,” said Father

John, apostrophizing a grouse which he carved, “to *my* taste you look far more picturesque *en grillade*, than when you were winging it to-day over Wheeough.mountain.”

“How do you pronounce the name of that mountain?” asked Fitzroy.

“Wheeough,” replied O’Connor, with a strong guttural accent.

“Wee-aw, Wee-aw — Is that it?” said Fitzroy.

“No—not half guttural enough.”

“I’ll tache you, Sir, if you plase,” interposed Boney, who stood behind Fitzroy’s seat; “just whistle, as if you were calling in your black setting spaniel bitch.”

Fitzroy took Boney’s advice; and the effort thus made afforded him more practical instruction in bringing the aspirate into operation, than his own obtuser genius would ever have devised.

Dinner now occupied the sole attention of priest, poet, traveller, and sportsman; and conversation was suspended by the eager assiduity with which they assailed the good things that smoked before them. All was quiescent for several minutes, when suddenly the report of a gun was heard outside the castle walls, and a ball, which entered at a loophole, whistled over the heads of the party.

“Heaven defend us!” exclaimed Fitzroy Mordaunt, starting up, “we shall all be murdered.”

“Pooh, never mind it,” said Father O’Connor; “it’s nothing in life but a little rebellion, may be, or some such thing. Finish your sherry, man! I’ll engage that wild wag, Boney, fired the shot just to help your digestion; it’s twice as good, a start like that, as one of Hunt’s dinner pills.”

As O’Connor spoke, Boney, who had gone

out a few minutes before, walked into the apartment, and picking up an object which lay on the floor near the wall, exhibited a starling, which the lights and bustle had frightened from its nest in the wall, and which Boney had shot through the loophole.

“ Wasn’t that nate killing ?” exclaimed Boney, triumphantly. “ I just whipped off his head with the ball, in two two’s. There’s a power of the cratures, Father John, fluttering hither and over about the old castle ; for the boys have lit splinters above, and the birds are bothered entirely with the lights.”

This pacific explanation of the shot, which had terrified Fitzroy to such a ludicrous degree, seemed in some sort to restore him to tranquillity.

“ That’s a noble view,” said O’Sullivan, “ from the top of Mullaugh.”

“ Indeed, yes ; it is one of the best scenes of wild grandeur in Ireland.”

“ I think I saw a large house on a hill about four or five miles off ?”

“ Yes—that is Knockanea, Lord Ballyvallin’s place.”

“ Lord Ballyvallin’s place ?” repeated O’Sullivan, with rather an air of surprise, “ I had not an idea it was so near us.”

“ Do do you know Lord Ballyvallin ?”

“ A little ; I have met him in London.”

“ You may, if you wish, have an early opportunity of renewing your acquaintance ; for Lady Ballyvallin gives a fancy ball, to which I have received a card, and have also been honoured with permission to bring any friends I pleased. The ball is an electioneering manoeuvre, to acquire popularity ; but persons of all parties will go, attracted by the rarity of the scene ; such a thing has never occurred in our wild district since the days of the deluge.”

“ Attractive, indeed,” said Fitzroy.

“ Would you like to come ?” said O’Connor. “ I am certain that my privilege will include you both.”

“ We shall feel extremely happy,” said Mordaunt, “ if you think that our appearance will not be considered intrusive.”

“ Oh, not in the least ; Lady Ballyvallin likes crowds, and the rooms are immense ; I am sure she will think you quite an acquisition.”

“ I may pick up some scenes for my book,” thought Fitzroy.

“ Now I hope,” said O’Connor, “ that my going to this fancy ball may not be considered outrageously unclerical. To frequent such assemblies in London or Dublin, is totally different from going, once in one’s life, to see fine folk make fools of themselves on the top of a wild hill in the country.”

“ I hope,” said O’Sullivan, laughing, “ that the Ballyvallins will not regard your acceptance

of their invitation as a pledge of political friendship, or neutrality ?”

“ Pshaw !” cried O’Connor hastily, “ his lordship knows me of old ; he knows right well I will fight it out against his party to the death, when we meet upon the hustings.”

The night wore away not unpleasantly, despite the *désagréments* of the ruined castle of Glen Minnis. When Mordaunt’s repeater told the hour of ten, the whole party rose to look out upon the night. The storm had fallen, the night was now dry, and the moon was rising over the hills.

“ What a beautiful scene !” said O’Connor, as they stood on the grassy mound before the door of the castle.

“ Down, Sir ! down ! down, Ponto ! down, Flora ! down the whole set of yees !” cried Padhre, endeavouring to get rid of the boisterous caresses of nearly a dozen dogs, who were



exhibiting their glee in various gambols, at the prospect of returning home.

“ This is a scene,” said O’Sullivan, “ that none but a sportsman can properly enjoy.”

“ I believe you are right,” said the priest.

“ How delightful,” continued O’Sullivan with energy, “ to stand on this patch of smooth green grass, on a clear frosty autumn night, after a good day’s sport, with your game-bags exceedingly plethoric, and your dear, faithful dogs barking and leaping in an ecstasy round you ! and the cold, clear moon sailing broad and round, high over the top of Mullaugh, and the rough, rocky fragments which lie scattered in the heath glancing white in the moonlight ; and the short, quick baying of the dogs echoing through the dark hills, which are rich with to-morrow’s sport—Oh ! it is rapture ineffable !”

“ Upon my word,” thought Fitzroy, “ that’s rather prettily expressed—I’ll transfer it to my book ;” and accordingly he returned to the gewsh

fire, by whose light he made an entry of O'Sullivan's enthusiastic exclamation. He also recorded in his note book, that Howlaghan acquired the soubriquet of Bonaparte, from his noted political zeal.

"Come, genteels," said Bonaparte, leading up a horse, and followed by a boy who led two others, "mount, and get home with yees."

O'Sullivan and Mordaunt mounted each a steed; Fitzroy was placed on the crupper of O'Connor's horse, and the troop sped merrily away, over hill and dale, until they arrived at the hospitable cottage of "Dwyer's Gift."

## CHAPTER III.

————— Ah! whither now are fled,  
Those dreams of greatness, those unsolid hopes  
Of happiness? those longings after fame?  
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?  
Those gay-spent, festive nights?

THOMSON.

THERE were other persons in whom the approaching festivity at Knockanea excited some anxious palpitations.

“ If *my* wishes were attended to,” said Mrs. Henry Kavanagh, widow of the younger brother of a gentleman of ancient family, “ if *my* wishes were attended to, Isabella should not go to the ball to-night.”

"What are your objections?" asked her brother-in-law, Mr. Kavanagh.

"Oh, I am sure some shocking accident will happen; the nights are dark, a new avenue has been opened, I hear, through the park—Lord Ballyvallin always sends off his visitors' servants to the village, where John will in all probability get drunk; so that even if we had the advantages of moonlight, and a road that one knew, we should still run the risk of being upset in the dykes."

"Well, sister," replied Kavanagh calmly, "you need not go, you know, if you do not like it."

"What! after accepting the invitation?"

"Well, you need not have accepted it."

"But that's too late to think of now—I would have accepted it only for you."

"Only for me?"

"And I do declare I am seriously alarmed."

"A fair alarmist had an inveterate propensity

to affect opposition to any family plans which she secretly wished to take effect; in order, that if their completion were attended with any unpleasant occurrence, she might refer to her prophetic objections in proof of her sagacity. On the present occasion, as was generally the case, she had suffered her daughter Isabella to overrule her opposition; but her terrors returned with full force upon the night appointed for the ball. She expressed a thousand wishes that the ball had never been thought of, and repeatedly regretted that she had not sent an apology. In vain did Isabella endeavour to allay her apprehensions; Mrs. Kavanagh was resolved to be desperately frightened, and preserved her resolution with the most unflinching pertinacity.

“I hope,” said Kavanagh, “you may be upset.”

“How cruel! thus to sport with my nervous apprehensions!”

“No, really—but an economist of fear, such as I am, cannot bear that so much excellent terror should absolutely go for nothing.”

“Well, but brother, don’t you remember hearing that Mr. Walton’s carriage was blown down the hill on which his house stands, while waiting for Mrs. Walton to go out to dinner?”

“Certainly—and I would not by any means have you despair of being blown down the hill at Knockanea to-night.”

“Oh, uncle,” interposed Isabella, who thought that his sarcasm annoyed her mother, “that could not possibly happen, as the weather is perfectly calm.”

This conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a Mrs. Curwen, who praised Lady Ballyvallin extravagantly.

“She is one of the most amiable beings in existence! Poor thing, she was so vexed that I did not bring Flora to see her, as soon as she

arrived at Knockanea. She reproached me so good naturedly, you haven't an idea."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Kavanagh.

"And then this delightful fancy-ball—I can tell you, in confidence, that her ladyship gives it chiefly on Flora's account."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Kavanagh.

"Yes—but I should not have consented to bring Flora, only that Lady Ballyvallin made it a very particular request; for I had resolved that Flora's first appearance should be made at court. However there was no refusing her ladyship, you know."

"Indeed!"

"To *you*, Mrs. Kavanagh, who have lived so much the life of a recluse, this fancy ball will afford a delightful variety. As for *me*, I have seen every thing worth seeing, over and over."

"You are fortunate."

"My sister," said Kavanagh, "had just been

expressing her fears lest the darkness of the night, and the alteration recently made in the approach to Knockanea, might occasion some accident."

"O! very likely," replied Mrs. Curwen, "young Welder's horse stumbled over a heap of stones in the half-finished avenue on Monday night; and the poor fellow's collar bone was broken."

"How shocking!" exclaimed Mrs. Kavanagh. "Isabella, my love, this is really too frightful! One would not for the world be impolite, of course—but our personal safety supersedes every other consideration—I have made up my mind; we cannot possibly go."

"Yes," said Kavanagh drily; "and I dare say when you are entering the carriage this evening, you will exclaim the very moment you are seated and driving off to Knockanea, 'I have made up my mind; we cannot possibly go:'"



and your exclamations will probably continue until your arrival there."

"But poor Welder!" said Mrs. Kavanagh, "how is he?"

"Rapidly recovering. I believe the worst part of his confinement, at least in his own estimation, is, that it suspends his attendance on the young ladies at Listrevor. He generally spends his time escorting them all day, on Arabella's unfortunate grey horse. Really I wonder how the animal survives it. The seven girls have only one horse among them, and immediately after breakfast every morning, Arabella mounts her charger escorted by Welder on his poney, and rides to the mountains: she is succeeded in turn by Miss Evelina, and Miss Celestina, and Miss Cecilia, and all the other Misses."

"What despicable gossip!" muttered Kavanagh, as he walked away to a window from his communicative visitor.

“ Lady Ballyvallin and her three daughters will form an enchanting groupe to-night,” said Mrs. Curwen; “ they personate Venus and the Graces. Her ladyship looks quite as young and as lovely as any of her daughters.”

“ I believe, Isabella, love, we *must* go,” said Mrs. Kavanagh.

“ Oh, certainly, mamma.”

**CHAPTER IV.**

Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,  
Mix'd and evolv'd, a thousand various ways.

THOMSON.

MRS. KAVANAGH forgot the tale of terrors with which she had prepared to meet Lady Ballyvallin, from the impression produced by the brilliant scene around. Her nervous horrors vanished, as she advanced through the splendid apartments, in which luxury and taste had presided over all the arrangements. The softened lustre of the lamps; the enchanting perfume which exhaled from fragrant plants; the gay and varied colours of exotic flowers, transported Isabella, whose appearance unquestionably justified her mother's partiality, while her lovely

and intelligent countenance displayed the animation of youthful enjoyment.

Kavanagh observed that Lord Ballyvallin seemed engaged in earnest conversation with three gentlemen whom he did not know ; the groupe stood rather apart from the rest of the company.

“ Can you tell me,” said he to Father O’Connor, “ who those strangers are ?”

“ Yes—they all accompanied me here—a Mr. Mordaunt and his brother ; and a gentleman whose family, at least, should not be totally strangers to *you* ; O’Sullivan Lyra.”

“ Ah, I know—an excellent young fellow, as I have heard—long pedigree, short patrimony. He means, I believe, to go abroad.”

“ I know nothing of his personal affairs ; he has been my guest for this week past, and I like him much from what I have seen of him.”

“ I knew his father some twenty years ago,” said Kavanagh.

“Look !” exclaimed O’Connor, “look at lawyer Lucas—only look at the devoted assiduities he pays Miss Isabella—he seems to have an excellent opinion of his own attractive powers.”

Kavanagh regarded Mr. Lucas’s attention to his niece, with a smile at the self-complacent air of the legal swain. “He will tease her,” said he, “for a few minutes, and then she will contrive to get rid of him.”

“Has he any professional talent?” asked O’Connor.

“Lucas *a non lucendo*, I believe,” answered Kavanagh; “I do not know that he has yet shown any. It is a sad mishap to be rather the cleverest member of a very dull family; all the rest regard you as such a superlative genius; that your self-esteem is enormously inflated, which renders the self-confident puppy the more keenly alive to disappointment and contempt, when he finds his proper level in the world.”

“ Lucas is not quite a blockhead though,” observed O’Connor. “ He is formal and pedantic, and was always deemed an oracle at home.”—At this moment the young lawyer’s father approached Kavanagh.

“ Happy to see you, Mr. Kavanagh; one very rarely meets you on festive occasions.”

“ Indeed, Lucas, such occasions are of very rare occurrence in our part of the world.”

“ Ay—that’s precisely what my son Jonathan says; he invariably complains of the want of social feeling in this neighbourhood; he means to propose establishing a club, to bring the gentlemen more frequently together.”

“ I doubt whether such a plan of artificial sociability would succeed; if people do not visit each other of their own accord, the stimulus of a club will scarcely increase their general intercourse.”

“ And that’s what Jonathan says, too: he has doubts, though he thinks the thing worth

trying; I assure you, Mr. Kavanagh, my Jonathan always looks at both sides of a question; he is cautious, extremely cautious."

Something led the conversation to snipe-shooting—a favourite subject with Father O'Connor.

"Some sportsmen were at Coola yesterday," said Kavanagh; "I believe they were pretty successful. I had ordered the place to be preserved, but they met no opposition, as my gamekeeper was from home."

"There's magnificent snipe-shooting at Coola," said O'Connor eagerly; "the snipes get up in wisps—you need only shut your eyes and let fly—they rise in such crowds that you *can't* miss."

"The sportsmen yesterday," said Lucas apologetically, "were myself and my son Jonathan; I trust Mr. Kavanagh had no objection."

"Your son," replied Kavanagh, "is so seldom

in the country that it would be very churlish to deny him the pleasure of shooting on my grounds on his few and brief visits."

"He's a first-rate shot," said Lucas; "he always hits the swinging pigeon in the shooting gallery with a rifle ball at three hundred yards—there are few such shots."

Miss Jermyn, a rather superannuated belle, was attending to the saucy apology of Mrs. Denville, whose marriage had but recently raised her to a station that entitled her to mingle with the gay and mazy throng at Knockanea. O'Connor, a shrewd observer of everybody's foibles, felt some little anxiety to learn for what misdemeanor Mrs. Denville would condescend to apologise to Miss Jermyn.

"The reason I delayed you so long when you called," said Mrs. Denville, "was because I was engaged in fixing my diamonds, which require considerable time to arrange."

"When you are more accustomed to them,"



retorted Miss Jermyn, "their arrangement will occupy less time."

"Do you know," said Lucas to O'Connor, "that poor Denville was obliged, shortly after his marriage, to sit up at night to watch his lady's jewellery, until a safe place was constructed to store it in."

"Who told you?" asked O'Connor.

"My son Jonathan."

Kavanagh was accosted by a lady, who was

"Clad in the sombre guise of widowed weeds,"

while a face in which the decent sobriety of sorrow had given way to "wreathed smiles" and "witching glances," surmounted the gloomy habiliments which custom rendered necessary, as the outward demonstrations of the fair widow's regrets for her third husband. Piously resolved not to suffer the torch of Hymen to expire in the ashes of the departed, she was, *on disoit*, indefatigable in her exertions to obtain a fourth.

“ Mr. Kavanagh ! I did not see you till this moment ! where is our dear Isabella ? I have been waiting to introduce Baron Leschen to her ; he has remained at my side for an hour with exemplary patience, expecting her appearance.”

“ Miss Isabella is talking to my son Jonathan,” said Lucas.

“ How kind you were to think of her,” said Kavanagh, “ and the Baron at your side. How did you contrive to amuse him for so long a period ?”

“ Indeed,” replied Mrs. Mersey, “ it was not particularly easy—I wanted him to try the effects of galvanism on Miss Jermyn, as it makes all old things tender ; but he ‘ vas so shock ’ at the proposal that he ran away, and I believe he is now in the music room, listening to the warblings of Lady Jacintha.”

“ Miss Jermyn must have interested his feelings, I should think, since your remark produced so strong an effect upon him.”

“ Probably ; for when I mentioned that she had got five thousand pounds, he immediately asked, ‘ if it vas for de one year, or for de every year ; ’ and had it been for ‘ de every year, ’ I suspect he would have tried any experiment to galvanize her heart.”

“ Do not allow Lady Jacintha to engross him altogether.”

“ Not if I can help it—the perverse creature is my leading star to-night, although he refused to introduce me as a partner to a prodigiously grand, hairy old *Von*, who accompanies him.”

“ What plea could he urge for his refusal ? ”

“ Oh, he said ‘ his friend’s dance be stopped, for he vas married. ’ ”

“ These quadrilles are not nearly as sociable dances as our old fashioned country dances,” observed Kavanagh.

“ Lady Jacintha, I think, talks of introducing a new Greek dance,” said Mrs. Mersey ; “ it

is danced at—at—let me see—I cannot recollect——”

“Have you ever seen it?” asked Kavanagh.

“Poh! how excessively provoking that I cannot at this moment recollect where they dance it,” continued the widow with an air of inexpressible annoyance.

“I can find out for you, ma’am, in an instant, if you wish,” said Lucas, politely pitying her apparent vexation.

“You? Sir, I am much obliged, I am sure—how can you ascertain?”

“I’ll just ask Jonathan,” said Lucas, “he knows all about Greek and the Greeks.”

“Oh, Sir, don’t trouble yourself, I beg—I shall recollect it presently, I suppose.”

“How beautifully Captain Bingham dances,” said Kavanagh, “quite like an opera-dancer.”

“No wonder,” observed Mrs. Curwen; “he learned at the battle of Waterloo.”

“At the battle of Waterloo! I fancy that

the Waterloo dances were of a very different description."

"No; he told me that Monsieur le Foudroyant, who had been a maître-à-danse, deserted from Bonaparte's army, and instructed several British officers in the intervals of the engagement."

The company were now in motion. All were dancing, walking, talking, laughing, or flirting. Fitzroy Mordaunt sauntered towards Kavanagh's groupe, and eyed the dancers through his glass with an air of nonchalance.

"You strange and silent being," said Mrs. Mersey, who had known Fitzroy in London, "you scarcely move—you scarcely speak—you scarcely smile. Do you know it is apprehended that you will become a spectre at the awful hour of twelve, which is fast approaching?"

Fitzroy Mordaunt smiled superciliously.

“Nay,” said Mrs. Mersey, “that smile is not ghastly enough for a spectre.”

“How can you expect him to smile,” said O’Connor, “when his mind is engaged in deep and solemn contemplation of our words and deeds, which are duly noted down, to re-appear in a hot-pressed three-volume post-octavo?”

“Oh, don’t put *me* in print, for pity’s sake,” said Mrs. Curwen.

“When does your work appear?” asked Mrs. Mersey.

“I know not,” replied Fitzroy.

“Am *I* your heroine?” demanded Mrs. Mersey.

“My work will not be a novel,” said Fitzroy.

“And do you suppose that *I* could not figure to advantage except in a novel? What a very impolite supposition! Your book, then, I fancy, will be ‘Sketches of Society in Ireland,

interspersed with Statistical Details,' or something of that kind."

"Something of that kind," repeated Fitzroy.

"Then, my good Sir, I think you will acknowledge that a light and brilliant sketch of female character will be absolutely requisite, to relieve the sombre tedium of dry statistical information, and to impart *légèreté* to the narrative."

"If you are writing a book about Ireland, Sir," said Lucas, "allow me to inform you that I have a son whose assistance will be quite at your service—he is bred to the bar, Sir—he understands all about topography, and history, and mineralogy, and geology—and if you want a chapter about cock-fighting or horse-racing, Jonathan's your man. I wish you heard him talk."

"Heaven forbid!" thought Fitzroy.

"This fête will afford you materials for a chapter," said the widow.

“ I don’t know that it will,” said the poet ;  
“ ordinary fêtes have never much interested me,  
since I dined with Lord Waterford upon the  
top of Pompey’s Pillar.”

“ Observe,” said Mrs. Curwen, “ the ingenuity with which Mr. Langton manœuvres a partner for his daughter.—Really, Mr. Mordaunt, you should keep your eye on these peculiarities of character—look at Langton now—he is sitting next Sophia, and watching until some suitable match appears, to whom he may resign his seat.”

At this moment Mr. Jervis approached, and as Mrs. Curwen predicted, Langton immediately rose and motioned Mr. Jervis to the seat he had vacated, saying, “ Will you have the kindness to keep my place till I return ?”

“ Till he returns !” repeated Mrs. Curwen, “ do, pray, Mr. Mordaunt, put that in your book ; perhaps he may return in five hours, but certainly not sooner.”



Baron Leschen returned to Mrs. Mersey, whom his heart perhaps reproached him for deserting, and assured her he 'would be quite happy if she would valse vid him.' The lady consented to make him quite happy, and the rotatory evolutions immediately became general.

"Do you like this whirling?" asked Mrs. Curwen.

"N—n—no," replied Fitzroy, to whom the question was addressed.

"Is it not exceedingly graceful?"

"I cannot say I think so. The only whirling I have seen, worth looking at, is that of the Dervises in the Tower of the Winds at Athens."

"Could you not introduce it here?"

"I fear not, it is too breezy; and I do not think Irish agility could achieve anything better than a clumsy imitation."

"What renders it so difficult?"

"The absolute perfection of grace which is requisite. The dancers first revolve slowly,

and their persons are as perpendicular as if they were fixed on pivots. By degrees the rapidity increases, until at length they whirl with such swiftness, that a spectator cannot possibly discern the features of their faces."

Meanwhile Mr. Jonathan Lucas, the young lawyer, had been busily rendering himself as agreeable as possible to Isabella.

"Mrs. Curwen told me," said he, "that Mrs. Kavanagh felt strongly disinclined to come this evening, but now that you *are* here, I am sure you would have regretted remaining away."

"Mamma is very timid, and as the nights are dark, and the new approach unfinished, she felt rather afraid."

"Do you know, Miss Kavanagh, that I think you have a vast deal of natural logic about you."

"Logic? Oh no! the last acquisition I should have ever dreamt of possessing."

“ That is your modesty—the remark you have just made admits of being thrown into a syllogistic form.”

“ Really ?”

“ Just observe now—danger excites alarm in Mrs. Kavanagh—that is the major proposition ; the dark night and the unfinished road, are dangerous—that is the minor ; therefore Mrs. Kavanagh felt afraid to come—that is the corollary.”

Isabella did not feel much interested in this illustration of her logical powers, and spoke of some lawsuit in which she understood that Mr. Lucas held a brief.

“ Do you think that Mr. Edmonds is in any danger of having his uncle’s will in his favour set aside ?”

“ Unquestionably not, Ma’am—his title, as I apprehend, is thoroughly impregnable ;—I would venture to defend it singly against all

the lawyers of the empire. Sir Edward Coke defines a title, in his First Institute, as follows : ‘ *Titulus est justa causa possidendi id quod nostrum est ;*’ and applying this undeniable maxim to Mr. Edmonds’s case, I defy the united faculty to deprive my client of his rightful inheritance.”

“ I am told Miss Edmonds is soon to be married.”

“ So I have heard : she is a beautiful creature, and I think it a pity she is throwing herself away on young Marsh.”

“ I believe,” said Isabella, “ you are a warm admirer of her’s.”

“ I wish I were permitted to declare admiration elsewhere.” This was said with an air of bashful consciousness, and was followed, *selon les règles*, with a sigh of ineffable meaning.

“ I would not recommend you to declare

admiration," said Isabella, purposely misunderstanding him; "unless you were previously aware that its expression would be acceptable."

"Ah! I would make love in syllogistic form!" pleaded Jonathan, in tones of the most tender pathos.

"How on earth could you manage to do so?" said Isabella, laughing at the whimsical idea of her learned admirer.

"Have I permission to give you a specimen?" said Jonathan, in accents of pathetic entreaty.

"Of a syllogism? Certainly."

"Then," said Jonathan, with eyes, voice, and manner, all taxed to the utmost to furnish a respectably amorous expression; "then *I* am the major proposition; *you*, my adorable Miss Isabella, are the minor proposition; and the consequential corollary will, I trust, with your kind concurrence, be the matrimonial ceremony, performed upon any day, at any moment, you

may do me the superlative favour to appoint. Hey, Miss Isabella? What do you think of my syllogism?"

Isabella was not even *touchée* enough to blush. She laughed at Jonathan, and said, "Your syllogism is well enough—as a jest;—but pray observe," she impressively added in a very low voice, "if you meant it seriously, I beg you may dismiss it from your mind—it would only lead to disappointment."

Kavanagh looked around for O'Sullivan, and found him in another apartment engaged in an all-engrossing and delicious tête-à-tête with the beautiful Lucinda Nugent. To Kavanagh's keen eye, it appeared from their manner to each other, that they had met before. In this surmise he was not mistaken. O'Sullivan had formerly visited at Martagon, the seat of Lucinda's brother, Colonel Nugent, and his delight at meeting Lucinda on the present occasion was enhanced by surprise. She met

him with an air of the most flattering consciousness, and taking his arm, accompanied him to a sofa, "to talk over," as she said, with bewitching simplicity, "the happy, happy days, when they used to gather shells upon the sandy shore at Martagon, and trace the woodland path together."

"Those were indeed delightful days," said O'Sullivan warmly.

"Then why not renew them?" asked Lucinda in all artless kindliness; "my brother, I know, will be delighted to see you;—I have heard him say a hundred times that he never loved any friend so well:—O, *do* come, Henry, and make us all so happy."

To resist so affectionate an invitation, proceeding from a being of such incomparable loveliness, was utterly impossible. And Lucinda had called him by his Christian name! No doubt she had always done so at Martagon, and their former childish intimacy jus-

tified the freedom; yet, since then three years had passed; she had shot up into womanhood, and her renewing the terms of familiar intercourse on which they had last met, was a proof of unabated affection, that afforded O'Sullivan the most exquisite gratification.

“ And is Martagon unchanged ? ” asked O'Sullivan.

“ Quite as unchanged, Henry, as the hearts of its inhabitants. My brother wanted to throw down the summer-house that overhangs the sea, and to build a new one on a larger scale, but I would not permit him to remove it. You do not forget the trouble we had in building it, Henry—a wonderful effort for children—indeed we were little more than children then:—you and the gardener were the masons, and I—wild creature that I was ! carried sticks, and mortar, for which I entailed upon myself certain serious lectures from my governess.”

“ You sometimes played mischievous tricks



upon Miss Davidson, in retaliation for her lengthy lectures," observed O'Sullivan, pursuing the full tide of reminiscence; "where is she now?"

"Poor, poor thing," replied Lucinda very feelingly, "she would have been destitute indeed, if my brother had not given her a cottage when she left us; her family refused to receive her, so we have felt it a duty ever since to contribute to her comfort as much as we possibly could."

While they thus conversed, Colonel Nugent, who was many years Lucinda's senior, approached, and cordially shaking hands with O'Sullivan, reinforced his sister's invitation by pressing his friend to spend a month at Martagon.

The Ballyvallin family played their part to all their guests with the most electioneering affability: Lord Ballyvallin shook his grey

head, and regretted to Kavanagh the days of their youth, when they both had been members of the Dublin Whig Club.

Lady Ballyvallin enchanted Mrs. Kavanagh, by expressing her admiration of the lovely Isabella; and Lady Frances, Lady Jacintha, and Lady Henrietta, took appropriate opportunities of hoping that they might frequently see all the ladies of the neighbourhood at Knockanea.

When the hour of departure arrived, Mrs. Kavanagh caught her brother-in-law's arm, exclaiming:—

“ Did I not tell you some accident would happen to-night ? ”

“ Yes, but you have frequently given me similar warnings, unattended with any result.”

“ Will not anything convince you ? I knew what would happen ! the Narevilles have been upset.”

“Of what use is your prescience, since you did not inform the Narevilles of the impending disaster? If you wish to act a friendly part, tell Mrs. Nareville that she must expect similar misfortunes as long as she continues to crowd eight people into her coach, and to drive four half-broken, blood colts full gallop down hill.”

“I hope we may reach home alive,” said the lady.

“It will not be John’s fault if we do not; for he has been drinking safe home to us for the last five hours at the village.”

Mrs. Kavanagh reproved her brother for his ill-timed mirth.

Mr. Langton, elate with the success of his manœuvre to secure Mr. Jervis as an attendant on his daughter for the greater part of the evening, determined to try the effect of another *ruse*; and pretending to mistake

Mr. Jervis's carriage for his own, as it stood at the door, he deliberately handed in Miss Langton. But Jervis resisted this second attempt on his liberty, and very ungallantly restored the intrusive fair one to the arms of her parent.

## CHAPTER V.

In these lone walls, their days' eternal bound,  
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crowned,  
Where awful arches make a noonday night,  
And the *dim windows shed a solemn light.*

POPE.

“ WHY so pensive, Isabella ?” asked Mrs. Kavanagh, as Isabella, on the morning following the ball, rested her head in a contemplative attitude upon her hand. Isabella answered not, and her mother repeated her question.

“ Ma'am !” she exclaimed,—“ I beg pardon—I believe—I did not hear ——”

“ Well, my love, now that your attention is fixed, may I ask (for the third time), why are you so very pensive ?”

“ Was I pensive, mother ? ”

“ So exceedingly pre-occupied, that you did not even hear my question :—Does any tender reminiscence of young Lucas occasion this abstraction ? ”

“ No indeed, mamma.”

“ No, indeed ? Then perhaps you were thinking of that young Englishman who danced two sets with you—Mordaunt, I think they call him ? ”

Isabella's crimsoned cheek at once informed her mother that this last surmise was not very far astray from the truth.

“ Child ! you do not answer me—Mordaunt paid you a good deal of attention ;—I am then to conclude that his attentions were not unacceptable.”

“ They were not, mother,” replied the conscious Isabella, in a voice scarcely audible to an ear less interested than that of her auditress.

“ Well, my love, you act rightly, to be candid with your mother—Do you think he likes you ?”

“ It is hard for me to tell, mamma ; but his manners were very—very—how shall I express it ? they were *more* than attentive.”

“ Isabella, take care you do not lose your heart, without gaining this Mordaunt’s in return.” Isabella sighed.

“ I wish I knew who he is,” resumed her mother.

“ Mrs. Mersey knew him very well in London ; she says his family are persons of high consideration.”

“ But is he an eldest son ?”

“ I believe so.”

“ Well, in that case we will—inquire more about him.”

“ Mrs. Mersey knows every thing about him, mamma.”

“ Isabella, do you know who was that tall,

elegant looking young man, who conversed so much with Lucinda Nugent?"

"Dear me, mother! you must have been exceedingly absent! My uncle pointed him out to you twice, and told you that he was O'Sullivan Lyra, the nephew of his old friend—he means, I believe, to ask him here."

"In that case," replied Mrs. Kavanagh, "Mordaunt will have a formidable rival."

Isabella shook her head incredulously.

"Look, Isabella—some carriage is coming up the avenue—whose can it be?"

An extraordinary equipage arrived at the door, which Mrs. Kavanagh recognised as Mrs. Curwen's; it was made by her nephew, the accomplished Jonathan Lucas, and resembled a huge square leathern box, braced, buckled, and strapped in a very original manner, and was deemed *one* proof, among many others, of the original genius of its maker.

"Well," inquired Mrs. Kavanagh, when her



visitor had entered, "how did you like the fancy-ball?"

"Ah, I was sadly disappointed—had Lady Ballyvallin consulted *me*, I could have pointed out many improvements."

"What were the deficiencies?" asked Mrs. Kavanagh.

"I could not perhaps explain them to you now : but had you asked me last night, when we were both on the spot, I could easily have shown you fifty things, in which a better taste might have appeared."

"Well, I must congratulate myself on my want of taste—the scene struck me as being very brilliant."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Curwen, "my expectations were too high ; I had reckoned on a scene from the Arabian Nights, at least ; but at all events Flora was greatly admired. Lord Ballyvallin asked who could have expected to see so

enchancing a creature at the foot of the mountains, like a myrtle, he said, in the regions of the Alps. Pray, Mr. Kavanagh, have you heard her sing Italian songs?"

"I have," replied Kavanagh.

"Candidly, what do you think of her style of singing?"

"Candidly, I wish she would sing in Greek, which you know is a much more sonorous language, and quite as intelligible as Italian to nine out of ten of her hearers."

"Ah, really that is a novel idea. Mr. Fitzroy Mordaunt told Mrs. Mersey last night he had got some Greek melodies, and if one could possibly manœuvre them from him, it would be quite delightful, for I *do* like to have every thing unusual and unique."

We must now transport our readers for a while to Mrs. Mersey's boudoir. This lady had been upon a visit to Martagon, and had accom-

panied Colonel Nugent and Lucinda to Knockanea, where Lord Ballyvallin had invited them to pass a few days.

The widow reclined upon a sofa, and surveyed with indolent pleasure the reflection of her graceful figure in a large toilet glass. Thoughts of the past, and visions of the future, chased each other through her mind, but she banished these intrusive visitors, and devoted the full energy of her soul to the fixed consideration of that point of time, which her general habits of thinking and acting induced her to deem the most important—namely, **THE PRESENT**.

“Let me reflect,”—such was the tenor of Mrs. Mersey’s ruminations,—“how the grand game of **MAN** is to be played—What cards are on the table? there is Baron Leschen with his stars and ribands, and his sixteen quarterings—can the baron be caught? He is the king of trumps. Last night the pressure of his hand was incomparably tender; but undoubtedly I

cannot yet pronounce a conquest—I shall try what a little apparent indifference will do; I will devote myself for this day to our huge, furry, hairy, snuffy friend, Prince Gruffenhausen—the hairy prince has got a very copious princess on the banks of the Rhine—n'importe—I do not want to disturb the matrimonial quiet of his Serene Hairiness—I only want to pique the baron by affecting indifference.

“ Then, should the baron, with his ribands, stars, and quarterings fail me, there is the Reverend Anastasius Montgomery Wingcote—noble family—large private fortune—an interesting repentant *roué*,—somewhat fanatical and *evaporé*; he is rather *passé*, and looks shattered, but all things considered, he might answer pretty well—he likes female preachers—admired Mrs. Fry and Alice Cambridge.

“ *I* could preach—I should certainly be altogether irresistible as a female pulpit orator. Let me see how I should dress; I think a sable

robe, which should extend from head to foot, parted over my forehead, would answer admirably; the contrast between the black muslin, and my snow-white forehead, would be extremely effective. My dark hair should be divided into two unequal bands, and a single curl should descend, as if unconsciously, to the dimple in my left cheek. Heavens! if Wingcote could but see and hear me in the pulpit! Never was a finer opening for display—and my white and beautifully rounded arm, might escape from the sable folds of my dark robe, flung aloft in the impassioned energy of oratorical gesticulation. Should other projects fail, I look upon *this* as a *certain* game—so Wingcote may be booked as a corps-de-reserve.

“ But there are others, *en attendant*, whom I certainly confess I should prefer attacking—I am strongly tempted to assail young O’Sullivan Lyra—Oh, what a husband—what a charming husband he *would* make, if I only allowed the

little blind god to gain the ascendant! I never, never saw so sweet a smile ——”

Here Mrs. Mersey paused, as the soft remembrance of the smile suspended for a moment the course of her reflections.

“ He appears to admire Lucinda Nugent,” she resumed, “ and Lucinda is certainly beautiful; but she wants experience, and O’Sullivan is also young, and extremely inexperienced: I think if I regularly set to work, I could conjure him away from Lucinda—but Langton says he heard O’Sullivan’s estate was much involved, and I cannot say I like involved estates—yet *if* in a moment of softness I *could* make a sacrifice, my heart too plainly tells me it would be for *him*.

“ Then there is Jervis—a desirable match in some respects, undoubtedly—but he cannot talk of anything except his regiment and the turf; if I seriously thought of entangling his affections in love’s fairy snare, I should prepare

for the enterprise by studying the army list and the racing calendar. No—I will have nothing to say to Jervis—positively nothing—I never could tolerate a husband with such an unprecedented nose—such a crimson beak, like the tail of a boiled lobster,—and then the vision of O’Sullivan’s elegant aquiline, rising in perpetual and tantalizing contrast—oh, O’Sullivan ! if my lot were cast with thine ——

“ But O’Sullivan cannot make me a baroness ; and then an encumbered estate is unpromising—and Leschen is abundantly good-looking.

“ How *shall* I manage to achieve the Baron ? Alas ! I am timid, retiring, and incapable of attempting those prodigious master-strokes with which other women have not hesitated to conquer all obstacles. Albertina Gruffenhausen loved the young Count Klaukenberg—he had sailed in a steam-boat down the Rhine to escape the unpleasant predicament of seeing daily marks of an attachment he never could return—

Albertina's brother pursued, overtook, and brought him back in triumph.—He induced him to enter a solitary summer-house with Albertina, who locked the door, and brandishing a lighted torch, informed him that a train of gunpowder had been laid in the apartment, and that she would blow up the house that instant, if he did not consent to an immediate marriage. The Count was terrified into compliance. Now, really I never could do such a thing, to become Empress of Austria.

“ But the Baron—*how* to achieve him ! Lady Jacintha would be a useful confederate, if her ladyship could be trusted, which I fear would be a very equivocal chance. But—*alerte à la muraille*—I linger unnecessarily here—I must play my game according to circumstances.”

And the widow started from her sofa, and dressed to accompany a party who were going to explore the ruins of the abbey of Kilconnel. She was as yet undecided respecting the tactics



she ought to adopt; she hesitated whether to appear wholly engrossed by Prince Gruffenhausen's conversation, or to seem fascinated by the charms of Leschen's broken English, when she reached the drawing-room where the Baron, the Prince, Lady Ballyvallin, and Lady Jacintha, were seated.

“Dat ruins of Kilconnel,” asked the Baron, “is it goot distance off?”

“I believe three or four miles,” replied Lady Jacintha.

“Ach! but it is grand large ruins, is it not?”

“Pretty large, indeed; but extremely inferior to your beautiful ruins at the Schloss Leschènhaus.”

“Are we soon to set out?” asked Mrs. Mersey.

“I believe soon—whenever you please—has the carriage been ordered, mamma?” asked Lady Jacintha.

“ No—but I did not think we were to have it—prince Gruffenhausen’s vrowtchsk will take four persons—will it not ?”

“ It does takes four beoples, madame,” said the Prince.

“ Bah ! it is not so pleasant and goot and delightful half at all to dravel in, as my German cabriolet,” said Leschen.

“ But your cabriolet only holds two,” said Mrs. Mersey.

“ Ach ! mine goot honour and wort,” said the Baron, in a very low tone of most promising tenderness, “ but I do tink dat is not an great disadvandages, not at all.—Dere are sometimes occasions, mein goot lady, when two beoples like to make much talk wid each oder dat dey would not wish—mine heafens ! no !—dat any oder one should hear.”

“ Most true,” answered Mrs. Mersey sighing, and with a modest, downcast, widowed glance.

“Haf I not said true?” pursued Leschen, tenderly.

“Indeed you have,” replied the widow, in a tone of exquisite softness.

“Which do you prefer, the vrowtchsk or the cabriolet, Mrs. Mersey?” asked Lady Jacintha, from the other end of the room.

“The cabriolet, certainly,” answered the widow.

A footman now announced that both cabriolet and vrowtchsk were ready. Mrs. Mersey saw with pleasure Prince Gruffenhausen attend Lady Ballyvallin and Lady Jacintha to the vrowtchsk, into which he handed them; his serene hairiness still lingered on the gravel, as if expecting Mrs. Mersey would follow. Baron Leschen with infinite politeness assisted the widow to ascend the elevation of his airy cabriolet; she seated herself, and looked around in triumph, when Lady Jacintha provokingly called

Leschen, who attended her summons with apparent alacrity.

“ Come in the vrowtchsk with us,” said her ladyship. Leschen bowed, and turning to Gruffenhausen, said,

“ Mon prince, vil you haf de gootness to do me de honor to do yourself de habbiness to drive Mrs. Mersey ?”

“ I shall do so, mine goot baron, wid great habbiness,” replied the hairy man, and forthwith he ascended the cabriolet, took the reins, and flourished the whip, to the inexpressible chagrin of Mrs. Mersey, whose utmost efforts were put in requisition to conceal the vexation she felt at her very unexpected consignment to the care of Gruffenhausen.

Lord Ballyvallin’s coachman, an experienced whip, drove the vrowtchsk, (an *outré* sort of carriage, of Russian construction ;) while Gruffenhausen was detained for a quarter of an

hour by the efforts of a stupid groom to arrange some refractory bearing-rein. When the groom had settled the rein, his serene highness, emulous of the speed with which the vrowtchsk advanced, lashed on his steeds, to the infinite terror of the widow, whose alarm was increased by observing that her serene Jehu was exceedingly awkward and unskilful in his new vocation. Terrified and provoked, she still retained her usual sense of the ridiculous, and on Gruffenhausen's bumping the wheel, to the imminent danger of their limbs, over a solitary stone that encumbered the centre of the road, she could not help saying,

“Your serene highness is an excellent marksman.”

“Pofe!” returned the imperturbable man of hair, who thought she intended to compliment his skill as a sportsman, “you do joke, madame; I haf nefer been consider no goot marksman, not at all.”

“ But I think you an excellent one,” returned the widow, “ for there was only one stone on the road, and you hit it.”

“ Pofe !” said the serene man ; and observing that the vrowtchsk having now attained the bottom of a distant hill, was advancing at an increased speed, he whipped his horses furiously down the declivity, and the cabriolet swung, and rattled, and bumped, over the inequalities of a steep and rather ill-repaired road.

“ For heaven’s sake, do not go so fast,” implored Mrs. Mersey, “ we shall be upset.”

“ My vrowtchsk is going fery vast, and I do wants to be at dose great ruin as soon as milady Ballyfallin.”

“ Oh; we shall be there time enough—you will certainly upset us.”

“ Pofe ! dat may not be no harm not at all—I upset de Princess Klinkerbergenbüttel and de Countess Starenhaus, two times, on de

road from Bälz to Ehrenbreitstein, and der was not von bone in deir body was broke.”

“ But we might not be equally fortunate.”

“ Bah! you do not understand de great and weighty and ponderous mystery of de Fatalism—” (Here the vehicle was nearly overturned, from the headlong speed with which Prince Gruffenhausen thundered over some deep ruts, which the greater skill of lady Ballyvallin’s coachman had enabled him to avoid; Mrs. Mersey screamed in vain—) “ de grand and ponderous mystery of *die vorher bestimmung*,” continued his serene highness in a tone of the most philosophic placidity: “ Ach! mine goot Misdress Mersey, if Fate haf wrote in her book that we *are* to be upset, dere is noting in de world dat could hinder us to be upset—mine heafens! no—if I drived dis cabriolet as slow as de snail do creep. But, mine wort ——”

“ I implore your Serene Highness to keep out of the way of that heap of broken stones.”

“ But, mine honest wort ! if Fate haf wrote in her book dat we are *not* to be upset—mein heiligkeit ! we would be quite safe, Misdress Mersey, if I drived dis cabriolet as fast as de grand Peolphon, whose fader was de lightning and his moder de east wind. Ach ! you haf not been instructed in the grand and mighty secrets, Misdress Mersey ; but I can insdruct you ”—(here the whip smacked and whistled afresh about the sides and ears of the prancing horses). “ Our destiny is wrote bevore we see de light, and, mein himmel ! it is not in our powers and our hands to change it.”

Mrs. Mersey now gave up remonstrance as useless, and threw herself back in her seat, awaiting the result with a feeling of agonized despair. His Serene Highness continued to thunder along, in defiance of all ordinary chances



of overturns and dislocation, as if for the purpose of ensuring Mrs. Mersey's recollection of his lesson in fatalism, should she have the good fortune to survive the present excursion. It was true, that the carriage conveying Lady Ballyvallin speeded along with nearly equal rapidity; but then her ladyship possessed the advantages of much more manageable horses, and a skilful coachman, who was not a fatalist.

Every stone, or inequality, that deranged the smoothness of their rapid course, only elicited from Prince Gruffenhausen the contemptuous exclamation of "pofe!" At a narrow part of the road, several carts impeded his impetuous career, and his highness's philosophy had given way to a somewhat irate state of feeling long before he was able to extricate his cabriolet. When at length he succeeded in doing so, he again lashed his horses, to urge them to overtake the vrowtchsk, which had now gained the abbey cemetery;

the animals became utterly unmanageable; they pranced, kicked, plunged, and finally set off in a tremendous gallop, which continued till they reached the ruined abbey of Kilconnell; where, rushing to the side of the road, they overturned the cabriolet against a low stone enclosure, and Mrs. Mersey was pitched into the expanded arms of Baron Leschen, who, with his fair convoy, had just descended from the vrowtchsk. "I believe, Baron," said Lady Jacintha, "you are the first philosopher who ever caught a falling star."

"Good heavens! is she seriously hurt?" asked Lady Ballyvallin, coming forward to examine the sufferer.

"Pofe!" cried Prince Gruffenhausen, getting up and shaking himself, "she did not fall against der stones—It vas wrote in de Book of Destiny dat she vas to get dis oberturn—Mein heiligkeit! she almost knock down poor Leschen!"

“ I dare say,” whispered Lady Jacintha to her mother, “ Mrs. Mersey would have no objection to fifty upsets, provided they were all to end like the present, in the Baron’s arms.”

Lady Ballyvallin was assiduously applying salts to the nostrils of the fainting widow, which pungent application at length elicited a sneeze. Still, however, she looked miserably pale, her eyes were closed, and she spoke not. An attendant brought cushions from the carriage, and laid them on the grass, for her accommodation; but her arm was so firmly clasped round Baron Leschen’s neck, that it was impossible to disengage her from him, even although she continued apparently insensible.

Her insensibility seemed so pertinaciously resolved to resist all efforts to dispel it, that Lady Ballyvallin, who felt much curiosity to

survey the ruins, deemed it useless to wait any longer in the hope of Mrs. Mersey's revival; and, taking Prince Gruffenhausen's arm, "Come," said she, "Jacintha may remain with Mrs. Mersey, if she wishes—some of our friends are here already, I perceive—let us join them."

"Oh, mamma," said Lady Jacintha, "I will go too."

Her ladyship accompanied Lady Ballyvallin and the Prince into a neighbouring cloister, where, separating from her party on some trifling pretext, she looked through a loop-hole at Mrs. Mersey, who had opened her unparalleled eyes, and was gracefully, yet faintly, thanking Baron Leschen for his attention.

"But, oh!" she suddenly exclaimed, shrinking from him with a look of horror, "we are left ALONE! What will the world say—what will be thought of me, when it transpires? oh!

what *will* the world say? I cannot endure the idea! why did you allow every creature to leave us?"

And Mrs. Mersey supported herself against a tombstone, in pitiable agitation. Leschen seemed exceedingly perplexed how to answer such a startling appeal, or how to soothe her modest perturbation. He walked over to a monument, at some little distance, and appeared intently engaged in an effort to decypher the inscription.

"Baron Leschen," said the widow, "how can you possibly be so much engrossed by the dead, when the living demand your attention and sympathy?"

"I beg tousand pardon—but I tought you vas shock at my being too near you—Dis is curious tomb—I tink I haf read of dis tomb in some history."

"Cruel man! it would not be amiss if you

were under it. But what can at this moment make it so interesting?"

"I do try to make out dis inscription, which is all about—I do tink—is all about—all about—a tale—of murder."

"A tale, indeed! but nothing to the tale of modern times, which will ring through the world, when my having remained alone here with *you* becomes generally known.—Oh! I shall never survive it!" And Mrs. Mersey wrung her snowy hands in agony.

"Vat shall I do, Misdress Mersey?"

"What shall you do? Ask your heart, inhuman! what you *have* done—you invited me to take a seat in your cabriolet, and when I accepted it, you handed me over to the care of Prince Gruffenhausen, who is certainly possessed with a devil, and who narrowly missed killing me."

"I vas shocking wrong, to be sure," said the

Baron, deeply penitent, and approaching the interesting widow with a look that seemed earnestly to deprecate her displeasure: "I was shocking wrong, Misdress Mersey, but vat could I do, when milady Jacintha ask me to go into de vrowtchak?"

"What could you do? You might have told her that you could not leave *me* to the tender mercies of Prince Gruffenhausen, you might have told her——"

What further suggestions Mrs. Mersey was going to make, we do not know; for just at this moment Lady Jacintha, who had watched the whole dialogue from the loop-hole in the cloister, and who felt alarmed at the tender penitence displayed by Leschen, suddenly appeared, to terminate a colloquy which the widow's address might possibly have rendered rather a dangerous one.

"I flew back," quoth her ladyship, "to inquire how Mrs. Mersey is—I am delighted to see she has revived."

“ Thank you,” faintly articulated the  
..



“ I think they are the arms of the M‘Carthys,” said Mrs. Mersey, steadily surveying the shield, which surmounted a window in the second story ; “ a stag *courant*.”

“ Now *I* could not possibly discern that,” said Lady Jacintha ; “ these seem to be wonder-working ruins, for they have restored Mrs. Mersey’s sight. She has quite forgotten to use her eye-glass, and yet she decyphers a rude, old, moss-grown shield.”

Mrs. Mersey searched for her eye-glass in dignified silence, while Lady Jacintha endeavoured to assist her recollection by observing, that perhaps Baron Leschen might know where it was ; that it possibly had fallen from her reticule during her fainting fit—that perhaps it might be found among the cushions upon which she had reclined.”

“ I haf no knowledges about it, not at all,” said Leschen ; “ I haf not seen it dis day.”

Mrs. Mersey put an end to Lady Jacintha’s

officious suggestions, by saying, that she now recollected having left the eye-glass that morning on her dressing-table.

They ascended a spiral staircase to a broken doorway, that commanded the interior of the ancient church: beneath a distant arch appeared another groupe.

“ Does your ladyship knows who are dose beoples ?” asked Leschen.

“ Not at this distance,” replied Lady Jacintha; “ but perhaps Mrs. Mersey, whose sight is so peculiarly acute to-day, may recognise them.”

“ I think I do,” said the widow, with great sweetness, which she intended should *tell*, as contrasted with her ladyship’s sarcastic manner. Nor was she wholly mistaken in her calculation, for Leschen, struck with the contrast, was surprised into the mental ejaculation of, “ Sweed, goot creature.”

“ I think,” pursued Mrs. Mersey, “ that the

gentlemen are your guests, Colonel Nugent and Mr. O'Sullivan; and the lady is the beautiful Lucinda. Oh, Baron! She is a most lovely being, is she not? You *must* admire her as much as I do."

"She is beautiful lady, certainly—very beautiful. She is going to draw pictures of the abbey, I do think—see, she has her paper stretch out before her."

The Baron was right: Lucinda, whose accomplishments had all been improved to perfection, was proceeding to sketch the picturesque and broken aisle.

"How gracefully," said she, "the ivy twines its winding spray, as if to conceal the ravages of time upon this desolate fabric! what a subject for a painter! Henry," she continued, addressing O'Sullivan, "you will be so kind to fold your arms, let your hat rest negligently on the grass at your feet, and lean your back against that shattered pillar—a scene such as

this is much improved by figures, and I must put *yours*," she said with a bewitching smile, "in the foreground of the groupe. Nay, now," she added, starting up, "you are awkward—you must allow me to arrange your attitude; fold your arms thus—there—that will do—look upwards—a little more—more—that will do—as if you were gazing on the

' Old solemn, royal Night,  
That wraps her purple round the Stars august,  
As though she called them children \*.'

So far very well—cross your feet—oh, you can surely do *that* without my assistance. Sir, your attitude is quite too constrained for a picture—do throw a little more ease into it."

" Lucinda, it is very hard to please you."

" Well, well, Henry," she answered, laughing, "do as you like yourself. There, now—

\* Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.

Oh! that is really majestic—just remain as you are, and look exceedingly contemplative. Now, brother, I want *you* to frown over Henry's shoulder—yes, that will answer very well—I will make a monk of you—patience, now—patience for a very few moments.”

And Lucinda sketched with taste and scientific accuracy, the arches, the pillars, and her little groupe, carefully preserving the awful and mysterious frown of Colonel Nugent, whom she metamorphosed into a monk, by enveloping his figure in monastic robes, and depriving his head of its dark brown curls.

“Do you wish,” asked Colonel Nugent, “to introduce a wild, hyperborean satyr into your sketch?”

“Not in character,” answered his sister.

“For if you do, just look up to the arch upon your left.”

Lucinda looked up, and beheld the Serene Fatalist staring at her labours through the

uncouth and frizzled mass of hair with which his visage was encumbered. When he saw he had arrested her notice, he walked off, uttering a supercilious "pofe!" at the unimportant nature of her occupation.

"Really, sister," said Nugent, "I can't stay frowning here all day to suit your convenience—I think I have frowned enough now—I want to speak to Leschen, who, I think, has just descended the stairs of that tower with Lady Jacintha and the Mersey."

"Well, go—go by all means—I do not want you any longer."

Thus dismissed, Colonel Nugent went to join the Baron, leaving Henry and Lucinda alone.

"Have you finished *me* yet?" asked Henry.

"Oh, yes—quite—come and see how you look on paper."

Henry accordingly stooped down to look at Lucinda's drawing, and was struck with the accurate resemblance of his features and form,

which the fair artist had contrived to impart to the very diminutive sketch to which the limited proportions of her drawing constrained her.

“ Will you give me this drawing when it is finished ?”

“ No, Henry—do not ask me : I shall keep it myself.”

“ Will you ever gaze upon *this*,” (pointing to his own figure in the groupe) “ when the original is toiling under Indian suns ?”

“ What—what do you say, Henry ? Indian suns ? You surely are not thinking of going to India ? or did I hear you aright ?”

“ Even so, Lucinda,” answered O’Sullivan, in a tone of solemn and melancholy determination. “ If I were possessed of wealth, or even of a moderate competence *at home*, I never should wish to leave the shores of my beloved Ireland ; I never should wish to leave ——”

He paused, and seemed to hesitate ere he

finished the sentence. Lucinda blushed deeply, and resumed her pencil, with which she became busily occupied.

“ To leave you, Lucinda,” O’Sullivan found courage to say.

Lucinda worked away at her drawing with intense assiduity.

“ Oh, forgive my boldness,” continued Henry, “ have I offended you?”

“ Indeed you have not,” replied Lucinda, in soft, low accents, and still bending her eyes upon her drawing; but her hand trembled with intense emotion, and the pencil fell from it.

“ Oh, dearest Lucinda, how exquisitely sweet and precious are these fleeting moments—the last, perhaps, I may for years be permitted to enjoy—Oh ! let me tell you that I love you—love you to distraction—I have loved you, have borne your dear image in my heart ever since we met at Martagon—can I—can I venture to



hope, that these feelings are mutual—I know I am inexpressibly presumptuous—but yet, I had flattered myself ——”

“ Hush!” said Lucinda, “ here is Prince Gruffenhausen.”

And as she spoke, his Serene Highness approached from a postern door, inhaling huge quantities of German snuff from an enormous gold box. His moustache was thickly powdered with the “ titillating dust.”

“ Baf! I know not for why beoples go to see such place as dese ruin—dey were goot enough in de daysh of de old monksh, ven der vas goot store of gold and silber plate, and moche great ponderous riches on dese altar, dat beoples could make sack and plunder of. But, mein himmel! I cannot understand how der is any pleasures, or enjoyments, or habbiness, in looking at old empty tumbling walls like dese—pofe!”

O’Sullivan said something of the interest

excited by the splendid works of other ages—the memorials of men who had long since crumbled into dust.

“Mein wort, Mr. O’Sullibans, dat is de most foolishest reasons as I efer heard—and what goot are memorial of dose dusty old shentelmans? A life dog is better than a dead king—pofe!”

This conversation was an extremely unwelcome interruption of poor Henry’s tender ecstacies; but politeness required that he should make some remark in answer to Prince Gruffenhausen, who, however, soon relieved him of his presence, by going in pursuit of Lady Ballyvallin and some friends who had joined her party.

“And now that his execrable highness is gone,” said Henry, “may I venture to express a hope—a prayer—Oh! pardon me, dearest Lucinda—that Lucinda may accept this hand? My heart is long since her’s, and her’s most devotedly.”

Lucinda unresistingly abandoned her beautiful hand to the caress of his, and murmured a timid, and yet not reluctant consent to their union, whenever Henry's circumstances should have improved so far, as probably to disarm any opposition on the part of Colonel Nugent to the match.

“ Oh, my beloved Lucinda !” cried the successful lover, “ you have made me the happiest of men—I will go instantly and speak to Nugent.”

“ Do not, Henry,” said Lucinda, “ for heaven's sake do not ! allow matters to remain as they are for a while—grant your Lucinda this request—she has excellent reasons for it.”

“ May I ask what they are ?”

“ You may not inquire any further, dear Henry—at present ; in the meanwhile I expect you will rely thus far upon my prudence. But Henry—dear Henry ! surely you cannot be

serious in your notion of going to India? oh, do not, do not quit Ireland."

" Lucinda, I *must* leave Ireland for a while. I do not now stand in a position that could render me an eligible match for you, in the eyes of either your brother or of the world. Dearly and intensely as I love you, I do not press you to an immediate union, because I possess not at present the means to afford you those comforts which habit, to you, has rendered necessary. My estate is embarrassed, and the debts of my father ——"

" But why go to India?" interrupted Lucinda, " have you any prospect of obtaining an appointment there?"

" I have not got a positive promise. But a powerful friend, who is going to India, has pressed me to accompany him, and he tells me that *when there*, he is nearly certain of being able to procure me a lucrative appointment."

“ But in case you should fail,” said Lucinda, “ you will have incurred much expense in going and returning ?”

“ That expense my generous relation has engaged to defray ; and the appointment he believes he can procure for me, will enable me, should he succeed, to return in three or four years, and to claim my Lucinda. Oh ! with what intense anxiety I shall look forward to the happy, happy period of our meeting, never more to part !”

Lucinda permitted Henry to press his lips to her's, and the lovers had exchanged repeated vows of eternal, inviolable constancy, when Colonel Nugent and the rest of the Ballyvallin party approached from the adjoining cemetery, in order to inform Lucinda that they were now about to return to Knockanea. Lady Ballyvallin's manner to O'Sullivan was exceedingly affable and courteous, for which, perhaps, he was partly indebted to her ladyship's discovering

that he had long been the intimate friend of the Nugents. Before they separated, Colonel Nugent made him fix a day for his journey to Martagon, which was distant some thirty miles from Knockanea.

Mrs. Mersey reascended the cabriolet, on the express terms that Baron Leschen, and not the prince, should drive it; Colonel Nugent and Lucinda mounted their horses; Lady Ballyvallon, the lovely Jacintha, and Prince Gruffenhause entered the vrowtchsk, and the whole party returned to Knockanea.

O'Sullivan retraced his steps to his hospitable quarters at Father O'Connor's.

## CHAPTER VI.

O, woman's smiles ! O, woman's smiles !  
Who can resist their witching wiles ?

SONG.

LUCAS, the young lawyer, continued to persecute Miss Kavanagh with various indirect attentions, of which the object was sufficiently intelligible. Isabella did not mention this annoyance to her mother or her uncle, as old Lucas was an intimate and long-trying friend of Mr. Kavanagh's, and she did not wish to act in a manner which might tend to interrupt their friendship, as might have been the case had Kavanagh felt himself compelled to wound old Lucas's paternal pride, which was marvellously

sensitive where the incomparable Jonathan was in question. She had also hopes of inducing the aspiring swain to relinquish his designs upon her hand ; and, finally, she looked forward to the approaching departure of Jonathan for Dublin, which was his usual residence, as a certain termination to the present disagreeable predicament.

But Miss Kavanagh did not prove altogether so inexorable to the elder Mordaunt ; who, after making numerous prudential inquiries regarding her fortune and *her expectations* (the latter always form a considerable portion of a lady's possessions in Ireland), concluded that he could not do a wiser, or more prudent thing, than to make her an offer of his hand.

Isabella's heart pleaded strongly in her lover's favour ; she referred him to her mother for an answer, and she begged that her mother might accept his suit.



Mrs. Kavanagh took an early opportunity of asking Mrs. Mersey certain questions respecting Mr. Mordaunt.

“ You met him in London, did you not ? ”

“ Yes,” replied the widow, “ very frequently.”

“ Did he seem *recherché* ? ” asked the anxious mother.

“ Yes—to make up whist parties,” answered Mrs. Mersey.

“ Hum—and was that his sole merit in society ? ”

“ Oh, dear, no—he danced extremely well too.”

“ His connexions are good ? ”

“ Very good—he is cousin to Lord C—— and Lord D——.”

“ Have you any idea, Mrs. Mersey—that is, did you ever hear any one mention what his property may be ? ”

“ My dear madam, your inquiries are so

very minute, that I begin to fancy you must have a personal interest in making them."

"*Entre nous*, he has proposed for Isabella," said Mrs. Kavanagh.

"Indeed? I congratulate you most sincerely. But his property—may be anything, or nothing, for what I know. I certainly never saw any experienced mammas laying traps for him, which could have hardly been the case if he were at all worth looking after; but I heard—that is, I *think* I heard, some old uncle, or cousin, or aunt—indeed I am not certain, I paid so very little attention to the circumstance—but I think I heard some person say that Mordaunt had an estate in Yorkshire, or Wiltshire, or somewhere. Oh! I believe the man has certainly got something—he was always extremely fortunate at cards; *that* I know."

"Has he a house in London?"

"I believe not; when I met him he was quite domesticated at Lord C——'s."

“ Was he said to be a *roué* ?”

Mrs. Mersey laughed. “ How can I tell ?” said she : “ not more so, I suppose, than the rest of the world.”

“ Oh, but really,” said Mrs. Kavanagh, “ I am anxious upon this point, for I never will allow Isabella to marry any one whose moral conduct, at least, is not unexceptionable.”

“ My dear Mrs. Kavanagh, I quite coincide in your sentiments, and I should certainly write to London, to know if Mr. Mordaunt enjoyed the reputation of being a *roué* there, only that my friends might possibly accuse me of planning to convert him, by matrimony, and I would not incur that suspicion on any account. The world, you know,” said the prudent widow, in a moralizing tone, “ is so very censorious.”

“ But you never heard,” said Mrs. Kavanagh, “ that he *was* a *roué*.”

“ Not I. I never heard whether he was or not.”

“ Have you had any opportunity of knowing if his temper was good? Temper is a leading consideration where marriage is in question.”

“ Temper? let me see. I have certainly seen him bear a vast deal of petulance from Lord C—— at whist; Lord C—— is dreadfully ill-tempered at cards, whether winning or losing. Mordaunt stands it all in perfect silence, and never moves a muscle of his apathetic countenance.”

“ Perhaps Mordaunt’s temper was mere sullenness.”

“ Really,” replied the widow, “ I don’t pretend to analyze his motives—all I know is that he looked unmoved and philosophical, and contrived to lose the game for Lord C—— (whose partner he was), most probably in order to take his revenge for his lordship’s impertinence.”

“ I earnestly wish that I could ask some perfectly impartial person about his dis-

position," said Mrs. Kavanagh; "you must certainly know some of his intimate acquaintance in London, Mrs. Mersey; will you oblige me by writing a letter of inquiry to some of them; you can manage it so as to disarm suspicion of any particular design."

"Pardon me, but that is precisely the thing I could *not* manage—and as to an *impartial* person, pray who is impartial upon any subject?"

"But you'll write—won't you?"

"Oh, certainly, if you wish it," replied Mrs. Mersey, briskly. And down she sate to her *escritoire*, and quickly wrote a letter, requesting information from a female friend, concerning all possible particulars connected with Mordaunt; "you need not apprehend," said she to Mrs. Kavanagh, "that my friend's replies will flatter Mordaunt, for she easily will guess that these queries involve some matrimonial scheme, and being herself a dis-

appointed spinster, of old standing, she will not feel particularly anxious to expedite, for thers, that felicitous consummation which she has never been able to accomplish in her own case. See," continued the widow, showing Mrs. Kavanagh her letter, " I have conquered, for *your* sake, all my delicacy, and have put my inquiries under their several heads, with all the precision of a geologist classifying strata."

" Thank you, dear Mrs. Mersey—a thousand times thank you; I shall feel most wretchedly impatient, till your correspondent's answer comes."

The answer came at length, and was not by any means unfavourable; especially as the writer's *préjuges* were presumed to be inconsistent with a favourable statement.

" ESTATE—in Yorkshire, an ancient family possession—its value reputed 3000*l.* per annum—say *two* in reality. CHARACTER—she was wholly unable to say what it might be, as she

never had heard it either censured or praised. With respect to the word '*roué*' which Mrs. Mersey had used in her letter, she (the writer) begged that it never might again be addressed to her, as she understood that it implied a description of person that she could not exactly approve of, and wished to hear nothing about."

"She is perfectly right," said Mrs. Kavanagh.

"Pooh! all cant and hypocrisy," answered the widow. "Well—TEMPER—never heard that his temper was bad; in fact, on the contrary, she was inclined to estimate it very highly, from having seen Mr. Mordaunt's patience most cruelly tried one evening, by being compelled to sit out a sonata from Miss Ethelinda Fancourt, a cavatina from Miss Henrietta, a *capriccio giocoso* from Miss Frances (who chose to be called Fanchette), a bravura from Miss Medora, and a grand *quartetto*

*maestoso* from Ethelinda, Henrietta, Fanchette, and Medora in full chorus; all which inflictions Mr. Mordaunt endured with a temper that would have done honour to the primitive martyrs."

"How she hates those four women!" interjected the widow, "and all from the spirit of rivalry."

"Read on," said Mrs. Kavanagh.

"Oh, the rest only tells us what we all know already, that Mordaunt's descent is distinguished, and that his mother traced her pedigree from Rollo, Duke of Normandy."

Kavanagh followed up his sister's sagacious inquiries by writing to some persons of consideration in Yorkshire, to learn the reality of Mordaunt's possessions, and the answers he received were in every respect satisfactory.

Meanwhile the ardent lover rose higher every day in Isabella's estimation; his conversation,



if not brilliant, was at least eminently rational and pleasing; his person was strikingly handsome; and no one better could assume the tender tone, and point the insinuating glance, which woman's heart has a thousand times found so fatally delicious.

## CHAPTER VII.

La vérité est, qu'étant ambitieuse, elle n'avoit voulu épouser qu'un homme de grande qualité.

PAUL ET VIRGINIE.

LADY JACINTHA engrossed so much of Baron Leschen's admiration by the inimitable style in which she warbled her German songs, of which she had an endless collection, that Mrs. Mersey found it absolutely indispensable to take some decided step, to arrest the formidable progress her ladyship was hourly making in the Baron's heart; a progress which was rapidly tending to a very unequivocal monopoly.

But what could Mrs. Mersey do? Of musical talent she had none, and the Baron was passionately fond of music. *Here* Lady Jacintha had a formidable advantage. Oh! it was killing,—absolutely killing to the widow, to see Leschen, rapt in admiration, gazing in ecstasy upon the lovely songstress, while his soul drank in the rich and languid melodies of his distant native land, or was whirled aloft to the third heaven on the wings of a brilliant, sparkling *allegretto*, which was trilled forth in tones of exquisite and fairy lightness by lips whose beauty distanced all the loveliness which poets have ascribed to the “parted cherries” of their heroines. “Something *must* be done,” thought Mrs. Mersey, “and quickly too—for matters have become very critical.—She engrosses so much of his time and attention—if *I* could engross as much in *any* other way, I might trust to my own *savoir faire* for the rest—her ladyship’s talents are all in the

musical line—mine are rather in the literary department—I have it—I have it!” exclaimed the fair widow, as a plan occurred to her inventive brain, of counterpoising Lady Jacintha’s formidable influence; “I will learn German from Leschen—yes! that will do—I have some slight knowledge of the language already, but I need not tell him so—he will be the more astonished at the ease and quickness with which I shall acquire it—Yes! I will be Leschen’s pupil; and oh! what innumerable opportunities will be thus afforded, of bringing into play the exhaustless artillery of love.”

Accordingly, Mrs. Mersey, with the Baron’s assistance, commenced a spirited attack upon the mysteries of German verbs and nouns, and the nearly impregnable difficulties of Teutonic idioms, in which she speedily acquired so great a proficiency, that Leschen from time to time exclaimed, “De marvellous creature! der wonderful genius! mein goot madame,

your intellect is—oh ! mein heafens ! all von grand astonishment—oh, yes indeed ! I do feel moche surprise at de most wonderful and ponderous brain you do haf, for to conceive tings wid quickness, and to retain dem wid certainty.”

Lady Jacintha was startled and chagrined at these encomiums, but her ladyship's fears were increased as the Baron's praises occasionally assumed a more tender and equivocal character, such as, “oh ! mein heafens, how rare do we see such woman ! Mein goot lady, it is de mighty and colossal pleasure, yes indeed ! to haf *you* for a pupil.” And then would follow some amatory or encomiastic verses from Schiller, or Goëthe, or Winderspohl, the tendency of which was not the less clearly intelligible to the jealous apprehension of Lady Jacintha, that she did not understand one syllable of the language in which they were uttered ; for the Baron's raptured gaze on his “marvellous

pupil," and his softened, conscious cadence, were all, all, too explanatory.

Mrs. Mersey soon discovered, in the progress of her literary intercourse with Leschen, that the Baron was a passionate admirer of all the legendary tales of Germany, with their mixture of historical interest, and the mystic machinery of demons and wizards.

"You haf some fine old castell here in Ireland. Now, I nefer hear you tell any wonderful, terrible legend about dem—legend dat would make,—yes indeed, mine most excellent pupil,—dat would make your fleashes creep, creep, creep, as if thousand mouse vas running ober your body. Not dat I beliefs dese ting—oh no! dat vould be not philosophe—but we *do* beliefs dem for de vat you do calls *illusion*,—yes,—just as we do beliefs scene on de stage, or any oder fantasies."

Mrs. Mersey having ascertained the Baron's

legendary taste, next occupied her genius in devising the most *effective* mode in which it could be gratified.

Ere long, an exploratory visit was proposed by Lady Jacintha to the ruined castle of Glen Minnis; in which, as our readers will remember, the Mordaunts, O'Connor, and O'Sullivan, had passed such a jovial night. Her ladyship's object in proposing this excursion, was avowedly to gratify the Baron's antiquarian predilections; and she said so many pretty and flattering things, and evinced such a sympathy of taste with Leschen, that the fears of any rival less accomplished than the dexterous widow, might well have been excited.

"Now she thinks that this visit to Glen Minnis will afford her a magnificent field-day,"—such were Mrs. Mersey's reflections,—“but I shall turn her artillery against herself. She

may rave about waterfalls, and oak copse, and mountains—but *I* ——”

The party set off in Prince Gruffenhausen's vrowtchsk, and consisted merely of the Lady Jacintha, Mrs. Mersey, the Baron, and the Fatalist. Notwithstanding his highness's affectation of indifference, his attention was always excited by the remnants of ancient fortifications; and he surveyed with considerable interest the mouldering fragments of bastions and outworks, of which the foundations were, in many parts, all that remained, around the lofty keep, or central tower of Glen Minnis.

“ Dis is fery fine ruins; fery fine indeet !” said Leschen.

“ And the scenery,” said Lady Jacintha, “ is bold and striking.”

“ Fery bold, and fery striking indeet. Ach ! but a castell like dis, or not half as better as dis, would haf its own legend on de bank of de



Rhine. But in Ireland you haf marvellous lack of dese history. Now, I would give goot golden coin to know all about dis place,—yes, indeed ! and who builded it, and who lived here, and what broke down dat great rent all down from de top to de bottom of dat tower.”

“ You shall know, my dear Baron,” said Mrs. Mersey, “ without its costing you one golden coin ; I have lately been collecting the history of this castle from several authentic sources ; and I have woven a portion of it into a tale, which I flatter myself will interest you a little ; and which I hope I shall have your assistance at a future period to translate into German.”

“ Mein excellent pupils !” cried Leschen, his eyes sparkling with delight, “ and when shall I haf de habbiness to see dis histories ?”

“ This instant, if you like,” replied the widow, producing her manuscript ; “ I brought it, as I thought its effect would be enhanced

by my reading it for you in the midst of the scene to which the story refers."

"Delightful!" exclaimed Lady Jacintha, who had acquired too much *tact*, from Mrs. Mersey's example, to allow her vexation to appear; "and who was the ancient proprietor of this castle?"

"It belonged to a singular character, the Lady Honoria O'Sullivan, who lived in the reign of Elizabeth; an ancestress of the handsome young O'Sullivan, who danced with Lucinda Nugent at your fancy ball."

The party took their seats on a stone bench, and Mrs. Mersey began to read for their amusement, her

### **Legend of Glen Minnis.**

"It was beneath the glowing noontide sun of one of the hottest days in June, 1602, that the gallant, gay, and handsome Gerald Fitz-Walter, attended by a few of his retainers,

journeyed onwards to Cork, through a wide and healthy plain in Imokilly. Fitz-Walter was nearly related to Sir George Carew, the Lord President of Munster, in virtue of which connexion, he assumed considerable state, especially when travelling. Among his more favoured attendants were the two Fitz-Johns; of whom the elder, Gilbert, was directed by Sir George Carew to watch over his youthful relative, and supply his want of prudence by his own experience. The younger brother, John Fitz-John, resembled Gerald Fitz-Walter in the leading features of his character: the same ardent love of adventure, the same contempt of danger, the same extravagant impetuosity, distinguished both.

Gerald, oppressed by the heat, had thrown the bridle on his horse's neck, and loosened his attire to enjoy whatever breath of air might wave along the sultry plain; a look of heated languor pervaded his face; and his graceful form,

expert in all the warlike and courtly exercises of the age, seemed listless and enervated. The plain through which they travelled, afforded no shelter from the burning ray, and Fitz-Walter interrupted an erudite discourse on hawking, with which John Fitz-John was trying to amuse him, by pointing his attention to a distant part of the horizon, where a wood of ancient trees appeared.

“ ‘There is shade enough yonder, I wot,’ said Gerald, ‘if we only could reach it. Spur forward, John, and see if thou canst not find some place whereat we may refresh ourselves.’ Instantly John prepared to obey this mandate, when Gilbert approached, and in a low tone stated to Fitz-Walter, that as they were now in the territory of the hostile seneschals of Imokilly (the Fitz-Geralds), it were better not to divide their small party. ‘John,’ continued Gilbert, ‘hath a better hand than head, and if made prisoner, the varlet’s wagging tongue may

peradventure betray us, so as to risk the safety of us all.'

" ' Made prisoner ?' repeated Gerald haughtily, ' and who shall dare to make him prisoner ? Is May so long passed, that my Lord President's name is forgotten in these parts ? credit me, Gilbert, that if the kerne should dare to meddle with John, nay, if they but dare to wag a finger at him discourteously, the best head that ever sat upon the shoulders of a Geraldine shall answer it. What ? dost think the kerne have brazen bodies, to fight beneath this sweltering sun ? Would that *I* had had their sense to abide beneath the shade, and not to have taken horse till eventide.'

" ' Heaven forbid,' returned Gilbert, ' that you, or any of my lord's near kin, should journey on this ground in the eventide.'

" ' Gilbert, thou art fainthearted. Are not my Lord President's forces dipersed throughout this neighbourhood ?'

“ ‘ Yes; but that is no surety against ambush.’

“ ‘ Cast fear away from thee, Gilbert—thou art over-fanciful,’ said John Fitz-John.

“ ‘ Tush, foolish boy,’ replied his elder brother. ‘ I bethink me now, I have been a constant dweller in this vicinage since the year of grace 1580; and truly I opine I should therefore know its dangers somewhat better than thou canst.’

“ Fitzwalter gave John a private signal to disregard the prudent admonitions of his brother Gilbert; and he accordingly spurred forward his steed in the direction already pointed out, without awaiting any further reply from Gilbert.

“ The party still continued slowly to advance, Fitz-Walter being amused with the reproachful glances with which Gilbert occasionally ventured to regard him. In less than an hour John returned.

“ ‘ You have seen her ? ’ whispered Gerald mysteriously.

“ ‘ I have kissed her fairy feet—Oh, Sir, I never gazed on such transcendant beauty—if your wooing prospers, you will be supremely fortunate.’

“ Gilbert frowned upon the whisperers, whose colloquy, he doubted not, concerned some wild frolic which he could not approve of. He continued to preserve a sullen, moody silence, until they reached the wood, near the verge of which was a rude shealing, or hut, constructed of green branches, and thatched with heath. This wigwam appeared to have been recently deserted by some of the Irish, for bones, and the fragments of festivity lay scattered around. In a corner was piled a considerable quantity of hay, of which the provident Gilbert gladly availed himself for the horses of the party. As he watched the animals while feeding, he took occasion to entreat that Fitz-Walter would not

separate from him, and pleaded the danger which his experience had taught him to connect with these woody defiles. Fitz-Walter smiled, and the moment that Gilbert's attention was otherwise occupied, he quitted the hut unobserved; and, attended by John Fitz-John, who acted as guide on the occasion, descended an adjoining dell, through a steep and narrow crevice in the overhanging rock, and after following the empty channel of a brook for nearly a quarter of a mile, reached a low, natural arch in the rock, to which John immediately directed his attention.

“ ‘ This is the entrance to her dwelling,’ said John.

“ ‘ John,’ said Fitz-Walter gravely, ‘ *shall* I enter? I do confess to thee, that I feel, for the first time in my life, some slight touch of fear. Thou knows't that we have heard strange things about her.’

“ ‘ My brave master,’ answered John, ‘ I



would not for the best horse I e'er saw, that any person else should behold you in this mood. What ! after winning my Lord President's permission to come on Gilbert's expedition, which he was marvellous ill inclined to grant, and after giving the slip to my ever-watchful brother, —to turn back when you reached the lady's very door—Sir, every true gallant in the world would cry you shame for a craven hearted knight.'

" ' I verily believe thee, John. But yet—Is the dame so *very* beautiful as men say ?'

" ' When you see her, Sir, you will confess that she is nature's masterpiece. And she hath heard of *you*, and wearies till she sees you.'

" ' I must go in,' said Fitz-Walter, ' it is my fate.'

" They entered beneath the low browed arch, and soon found themselves in a natural chamber of considerable size, whose roof was supported by a ponderous stalactical pillar. The only

inmates who at first appeared, were a page in a Spanish dress, and a beautiful girl, both engaged in preparing refreshments. The girl uttered an exclamation of surprise, on beholding Fitz-John.

“ ‘ Surely, Petronilla, you are not surprised at our finding your haunt here ?’

“ ‘ No, Fitz-John; but I marvel at your boldness in venturing hither.’

“ ‘ It were boldness truly, if we came unasked,’ replied John. ‘ Commend this noble gentleman, master Gerald Fitz-Walter, to your noble lady, and tell her that he craves permission to approach her nobleness.’

“ Petronilla accordingly retired through an entrance that resembled a rich Gothic archway.

“ The sound of a lute now mingled with the murmurs of a streamlet that flowed through the rock, and a voice of exquisite melody sang the following stanzas to a simple, plaintive air :

- ‘ Here, in this lonely cave,  
Far from man’s prying eye,  
I list the bubbling wave  
That wanders by.
- ‘ And oft I think its stream,  
So like man’s checquered state,  
An emblem well may seem,  
Of human fate.
- ‘ Now, it flows smoothly past,  
In clear serenity,  
Reflecting in its breast  
Each rock and tree.
- ‘ Eftsoones it wheels, anon!  
In angry whirls of foam,  
And dashes madly on,  
To reach its home.
- ‘ That home is Ocean wide,  
Beneath whose briny wave  
The little streamlet’s tide  
Shall find its grave.
- ‘ Thus fares weak man’s brief power,  
Upon Life’s eddyng stream,  
Until the fated hour  
Dissolves his dream,

‘ And launches forth his bark  
Upon that mighty sea,  
Cheerless, unknown, and dark,  
Eternity !

‘ Then let us LOVE and LIVE,  
While LIVE and LOVE we may,  
Nought else a ray will give  
To our brief day.’

“ When the strain ceased, Petronilla returned, and courteously announced to Fitz-Walter that her mistress was ready to receive him. They entered a short passage, which led to a chamber somewhat circular in shape. In the centre of this apartment a stalactical column arose from the cool and sparkling water, which rushed, in a rapid stream of liquid crystal, through its channel in the floor of polished granite, and was afterwards lost amidst the mazy wildness of the dell. The branches of young oak and birch without, threw their waving shadows on the walls of the cave, as they quivered in the

slightest breath of air; the delicious freshness and repose of everything around, formed a delightful contrast with the fervid heat that Gerald had so recently endured on his journey through the sultry plains of Imokilly. Several bottles of rich Spanish wine stood cooling in the streamlet; no unpleasing prospect to our youthful traveller."

"Dat vas goot, fery goot," interrupted Prince Gruffenhausen, smacking his lips; "dat goot wine is de bettermost part of de story as I haf heard yet."

"On a couch that fronted the entrance," resumed Mrs. Mersey, "reclined the Lady Honoria O'Sullivan, who put aside her lute on the approach of Gerald and Fitz-John, and rose to receive them.

"Gerald was accustomed to the bright array of beauties who graced the court of Elizabeth, but even *their* charms were eclipsed by the radiant loveliness of the Lady Honoria. She

was evidently gratified at the silent homage of his admiration ; surprise, which partook of a feeling of awe, at her resplendent beauty, held him actually mute and motionless for a very few moments ; when, recovering himself, he thanked her, with natural courtesy, for her gracious condescension in permitting him to visit her.

“ Among the most beautiful of old Isaac Oliver’s exquisite miniatures, is that of the ‘ Dame of the Cave.’ In this she is represented as about eighteen, her fair complexion finely blended with carnation ; her eyes, of darkest hazel, shaded by their long, soft, silken lashes, and her whole contour and features delicately Grecian. Even while gazing on the silent portrait, the spectator is compelled to acknowledge that

——— ‘ Those lovely lips, though mute,  
Tell an eloquent tale of love.’

“ Her luxuriant chesnut hair had escaped from its confinement in a golden net, and partially shaded her bosom.

“ ‘ Sit, noble Sir,’ said the Lady Honoria, with the air of a princess; ‘ sit, and partake of some refreshment; and *you*, Sir,’ she added, turning to Fitz-John, ‘ you have travelled far, and must needs feel weariness.’

“ ‘ My attendant, gracious lady,’ said Gerald Fitz-Walter, ‘ will partake of Petronilla’s hospitality; his quality beseems not your board.’

“ The Lady Honoria gracefully bent her head towards John, who immediately retired with Petronilla, grateful to his master for affording him, although somewhat at the expense of his dignity, so fair an occasion of furthering his suit with the maiden.

“ Methinks, lady,’ said Fitz-Walter, ‘ you lack not courage, thus to abide here in the vicinage of wild kerne, with so small means of

defence in case of an incursion. But in you, this is not overmuch boldness ; for those charms which exercise despotic sway over all hearts, would even tame the wildest savages.'

" ' Nay, fair Sir, the boldness is on *your* part, in venturing hither so nearly unattended. For myself, I bear about me a talisman wherewithal I can ever charm down the rudeness of the wild kerne into fealty. But since the noble Fitz-Walter hath adventured thus much for a visit to the ' Lady of the Cave,' I were most ingrate; were I not to reward his bold venture as I best may.'

" She took her lute, and renewing the strain which the entrance of Fitz-Walter had suspended, his soul was quickly imparadised in visions of elysium, by the dulcet notes of more than mortal melody."

" But did he drink de goot Spanish wine?" asked Gruffenhausen.

" I must beg," said Mrs. Mersey, that your



Highness will have patience; he *did* partake of a most exquisite banquet, and drank largely of the wine that interests your curiosity so much.

“ The hours sped rapidly upon the wings of mirth, and love, and music; and ere evening closed, the lady gave Fitz-Walter a pressing invitation to visit her in the course of the ensuing week, at her castle of Kilcrow, which crowned the steep crag whose name it bore, and beetled over the Atlantic, apparently as solid and as durable as the rock on which it stood. Gerald accepted the attractive invitation with alacrity, and bade farewell to his mysterious hostess; and, followed by John Fitz-John, soon regained the verge of the wood, where Gilbert had awaited his return with anxious apprehension.

“ They proceeded to Cork, where they arrived on the following day. Fitz-Walter, impatient to visit the Lady Honoria, soon

found a pretext for advancing further west, attended by his faithful John; and they slacked not in their journey till they reached the ancient castle of Kilcrow. The castle could only be approached by water, for the pier that had formerly connected the highland which it occupied with the neighbouring mainland, was so broken and dilapidated as to be totally unavailable for the purposes of communication. By water, then, Fitz-Walter approached; and great was his astonishment, when, on announcing his name and quality to the porter, he received for answer, that the lady of the castle knew of no such person, and could not possibly admit unaccredited visitors. ‘Beshrew my heart,’ he exclaimed, ‘here must be some strange mistake. I am Master Gerald Fitz-Walter, my friend, nephew to the Lord President of Munster; you have not delivered my name aright unto your noble mistress; I am here to wait upon her, by her special invitation.’

“ Again was the name of the visitor transmitted to the Lady Honoria, and again did the lady refuse him admission to her halls, declaring that she had never even heard of such a person.

“ Fitz-Walter, stung with the insult, returned to his boat, when, on passing the angle of the castle, a billet was dexterously flung into his lap from a loop-hole in the wall. He opened it, and read as follows:—

“ ‘ Come to-night; there be those here in whose presence I could not have dared to admit you. Moor your bark beneath the casement to the west of the round-tower. A slight serenade will tell me when to aid you from the boat; I shall need this, *for I cannot watch at the casement.* And do you, fair Sir, fear nought; for the sentinels will be deep in the carouse for two hours after midnight.’

“ Overjoyed at this flattering billet, Fitz-

Walter was punctual in keeping the appointment it contained. The rock on which the castle stood had been hollowed by the ceaseless workings of the ocean into a stupendous arch, beneath which the little bark of the adventurous Gerald was moored at midnight.

“ The dark form of the solitary pilot might soon be seen stealing up the rock, under the huge black walls of the fortress, which flung their sullen shadow on the water, on whose waves the moonlight elsewhere sported in ten thousand glorious sparks of rippling silver.

“ Fitz-Walter stood beneath the casement which the billet had described; he saw that its lattice was open; no taper burned within, and uncertain whether its fair inmate still watched his approach, or had consigned herself to slumber, he chaunted forth the following serenade, in tones of rich, expressive tenor:—

‘ Bright the moon shines o’er the wave,  
As I guide my bark to thee;  
Love! thy shadowy slumbers leave,  
And look upon the quiet sea.

‘ Soft visions now, with potent spell,  
Surround thy couch at midnight hour,  
And music’s wild and fitful swell  
Enchains thy soul with magic power.

‘ Oh! be thy dream of peace and bliss,  
Of smiling eyes, and features bright,  
Of bowers sweet, a lover’s kiss,—  
Visions of harmony and light.

‘ Yet, wake from slumber, love! and see,  
Beneath the moonlit summer skies,  
Him who would dangers brave for thee,—  
Awake thee, love! arise! arise!’

“ In reward for the lover’s serenade, a ladder of ropes was forthwith suspended from the casement; and a soft voice above, sweetly uttered the delightful words, ‘ Welcome, dearest Gerald.’

“ In the midst of his ecstacies, he could not avoid observing that the ladder of ropes ap-

peared as if it had seen service ; but stifling all emotions of suspicion, he ascended to the lady's apartment, which was fitted up in a style of luxurious magnificence that the rude and storm-worn exterior of the castle never could have led him to expect. The lady placed her finger on her lips, and taking Gerald's hand, conducted him to a gallery, which was closely curtained with the richest crimson damask. Gently raising a fold of the curtain, Gerald looked down upon a large and lofty hall, superbly lighted ; its floor was thronged with persons whose appearance bespoke wealth, and rank, and splendour : but Gerald soon observed that the revellers were principally foreigners ; and from their rich and grave attire, and proud and solemn bearing, he concluded that, at least, the greater number were Spaniards. They conversed with each other apart, in groupes of two or three, and with an air of energetic earnestness that seemed to intimate that the

subjects in debate were of the last importance. When Gerald had gazed upon the stately throng, he was led by the Lady Honoria to the chamber into which he had at first been admitted, and the lady put in requisition all her powers of unrivalled enchantment, to make the hours pass delightfully. She conversed, she sang, she extracted from the chords of her lute the most entrancing harmony; and when dawn arrived, and the household were sunk in slumber, Gerald was dismissed to his bark, and departed with his whole soul rapt in a wild and bewildering whirl of ecstasy, that scarcely left him consciousness sufficient to mind his footing on the well-worn and slippery ladder.

“ The following night Gerald repeated his visit to the Lady Honoria; but he never again returned from the castle, which was soon besieged and taken by a foreign foe. His fate is

involved in total darkness; whether he died in the defence of the fortress, or whether he escaped, his trusty follower, Fitz-John, was unable to discover.

“ The Lady Honoria was next heard of at her castle of Glen Minnis; and surprise, not unmixed with awe, was excited in the mind of Fitz-John, who had many opportunities of watching her motions, by her numerous, sudden, and secret transitions from the castle to the cave, and from the cave to the castle; especially as the distance exceeded forty miles, and rail-roads and steam-coaches were then, as now, alike unknown among Milesian hills and defiles.

“ ‘ Your lady is a strange and awful dame,’ Fitz-John once ventured to say to Petronilla; ‘ and I often have misdoubtings about my poor master.

“ ‘ He is not the first who hath gone



the same road,' answered Petronilla, impressively.

" ' Merciful heaven ! hath he then had foul practice ?'

" ' I enjoin thee everlasting silence on this matter,' answered Petronilla ; ' only this do I say, that I would not live another hour with my lady, only that a powerful spell constrains me, that thou wotst not of.'

" ' But my noble master, Gerald Fitz-Walter ? Out upon thee, wench ! I *will* speak.'

" ' For the love of heaven, do not, John, unless thou wouldst see me dead. Thou can'st not recall the noble gentleman's life, and thy tongue might cost me mine.'

" John Fitz-John was horror-stricken, but his love for Petronilla kept him silent.

" Years, long years, passed away. The Lady Honoria was absent from Glen Minnis, and many persons said that she had gone to

Spain. The old seneschal of the castle died ; he was succeeded by his son, who died in his turn, and was again succeeded by another. Still, whoever died, no one heard of the Lady Honoria's death ; although generations passed away, all the orders addressed to the members of the household were still transmitted in her name. Two monarchs were successively gathered to their fathers ; another was cruelly murdered by a parricidal faction, and his race was expelled from Britain : the usurper, who succeeded him, also passed away, and joy filled the empire at the prospect of the restoration of the ancient dynasty. It was at this period,—nearly sixty years from the time of the Lady Honoria's departure from Ireland, that her ladyship's return to Glen Minnis was spoken of. At length a day was fixed, and the lady arrived at the castle, surrounded by a splendid train.

“ ‘ Now, so may heaven help me at my

need,' exclaimed the porter of the castle, in astonishment, 'but my lady must be either a saint or a devil. Trow ye not she is reputed ninety years of age, and here she comes, with a skin as fair, and a face as young—Blessed saints! she does not seem older than eighteen, and is of a most rare and surpassing comeliness, withal.'

" 'Hush, rash youth,' replied the wary old seneschal, to whom the remark was addressed, 'let not the stone walls hear thee touch upon that matter. *I* am an old man now, and have been an inmate of this castle since my childhood, and yet never saw I my lady. Ninety years?—ay, and ninety more on the back of that. Seal thy lips, Yamon—thy lady hath danced galliards and corrantoes in the court of King Henry the Seventh—but seal thy lips, I charge thee.'

" By those who claimed an acquaintance with that mystic art '*that none may name,*'

it was rumoured that the Lady Honoria O'Sullivan was an adept in its darkest practices; the story readily gained credence, supported, as it was, by her ladyship's protracted possession of her youthful charms, long, long after her contemporaries had fallen, one by one, beneath the reckless hand of death. However, as the *great world* was then as indifferent as in later ages, to infernal agency, Glen Minnis continued the resort of the titled and the gay.

“ One delicious day in spring, when the soft languor of the air, and the humming of unnumbered insects, produced a soporific effect upon the idle votary of pleasure, the lady of the castle retired to her latticed bower, where she was engaged in the matin amusements of the times, with a numerous party. This apartment was situated next a small tiring-room, in the eastern tower of the castle—it was lighted by a high and narrow casement.”—[Look, Baron yonder is the very casement]: “ and

its gloomy appearance was increased by the black, yawning chimney, whose recess was reflected in a mirror that occupied a grim and massive frame of native oak, carved in such forms

‘As the fancy feigns, but fears to think on.’

The Lady Honoria was engaged in lively conversation with her guests, when a domestic entered, and informed his mistress that a stranger of remarkable appearance desired to speak with her. How he had entered the castle was unknown, for the porter had refused him admission at the gate, and he had departed, apparently without any intention of returning. Surprise soon pervaded the festive company, when the lady of the castle, rising from her seat, desired the domestic, in a tone of imperious command, to inform the mysterious visitant that she could not, for some hours, have leisure to admit him to an audience.

“ The servant retired, but re-appeared in an instant, with a message from the stranger, to the effect that if the Lady Honoria did not instantly comply with his request, he must seek her in the midst of her associates, as his business was too urgent to brook delay.

“ ‘ Noble lady,’ said Sir Geoffry Pelham, a distinguished English knight, ‘ this stranger’s message is too insolent. Is it your ladyship’s pleasure that I go out, and take order that he be scourged from the castle ?’

“ ‘ No, brave Sir,’ returned the lady; ‘ since he insists on an immediate audience, I will grant it, and get rid of him as soon as I may.’

“ And the Lady Honoria quitted the apartment, leaving her guests in a state of suspense which the darkening atmosphere around increased to lively awe; sulphureous clouds obscured the face of day; the floodgates of heaven seemed opened; a lambent flame was

emitted from the dusky mirror, and played upon its surface; peals of thunder shook the castle to its lowest donjon vaults; the wall of the tower was rent from its summit to its base by the bright electric bolt; and the noxious exhalations, which floated through the gloom, increased the horror of the scene.

“An hour thus elapsed; and the terrified party, who awaited the return of their hostess with anxious eagerness, desired an attendant to seek out the Lady Honoria. The darkness began to disperse, and the more courageous guests accompanied the domestic to the apartment where the lady of the castle had received the mysterious stranger.

“There a corpse was found. It was that of an aged, withered female, attired in the gay and youthful garb which the Lady Honoria had worn, when she left her guests not an hour before. On her wrinkled, skinny finger, glowed a sparkling gem, which had, that very morning,

elicited the admiration of many of the thoughtless groupe; it was a ring, bestowed by Sir Geoffry Pelham, to propitiate her smiles. What were the feelings of the knight, as he gazed upon the form he had sought so recently to possess! Not a trace remained of the transcendant beauty that had graced the castle halls that morning.

“The domestic who first announced the arrival of the stranger, had ventured to look through a crevice in the door of the apartment to which the Lady Honoria had retired to receive him. His swarthy visage expanded to a fearful size, and assumed a demoniac expression, as he held to the lady an hour-glass. Her cheek blanched with terror, and some words were exchanged in a language of which the domestic was ignorant; but he could give no account of what subsequently passed, as the darkening horrors of the scene deprived him of consciousness.

“The vapours which ‘gramarye’ had conjured,



disappeared. The sultry air of May was refreshed by the commotion of the elements; the broad, bright sun shone out in golden splendour; and smiling nature wore her freshest garb, unconscious of the mighty elemental war through which a fallen spirit had departed to the horrors of a dark and drear eternity.

“The heir of the Lady Honoria deserted the Castle of Glen Minnis, which was suffered to crumble to decay. His descendants ultimately settled in a distant part of the kingdom.”

“Pofe!” exclaimed Prince Gruffenhausen, when Mrs. Mersey had finished the perusal of her tale, “dat is goot story enough, only dat I tink it is a little too long.”

“Too long!” repeated Leschen, “oh, how can your highness say dat? Mein heafens! what genius! what great, big, huge talents!” and finding his knowledge of English altogether inadequate to furnish phrases expressive of his enthusiastic admiration, the Baron had recourse

to his native German. “ Ach ! welche eine übersteigende naturgabe ! welche eine bezau-bernde weib ! O ! welches reizende talentvol-les frauenzimmer ! ”

“ Really,” said Lady Jacintha, with a smile of the most generous approval, “ your story is delightful. Will you, dear Mrs. Mersey, give me a copy of it, as a very particular favour ? I am exceedingly anxious to have it in my album ? ”

Mrs. Mersey graciously acquiesced ; and Prince Gruffenhausen resumed his critique on her legend. “ I do not moche like dat notion of de old, bad, wicked womans, living one hundred and eighty year, and looking as beautiful and fresh as a yungfrau. Den dese devil, and wizard,—dese hexenmeister,—I don’t nefer beliefs dat der is no such ting at all ; no, indeed.”

Leschen remarked, aside, to Mrs. Mersey, that his Serene Highness was one of the most superstitious mortals in existence, and that his

mind was thoroughly imbued with all the mysterious doctrines of the Rosicrucians ; and that his belief in the prognostics of dreams was so full and undoubting, that he kept a dream-book, in which he regularly minuted, each morning, the shadowy omens of the night, with the view of comparing their mysterious “ signs and portents ” with their actual accomplishment.

Meanwhile, the party diverged from the castle, in order to examine the adjoining buildings ; and the Prince’s military predilections led him to those remnants of the edifice which wore the appearance of having once been fortified.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Such were the thoughts that swelled his breast,  
And each high feeling was expressed.

BROWNE.

THE day on which our antiquarian party visited the ruins of Glen Minnis Castle, was the same that had been fixed for O'Sullivan Lyra's departure for Martagon. The Nugents had returned there from Knockanea some days previously.

"I will ride part of the way with you," said Father O'Connor; "we will not probably meet again for a long time, and I like to enjoy as much as I can of your conversation."

As they were going to mount their horses, an

old man appeared, leading up an elderly woman ; and approaching O'Connor, he imploringly said,

“ Won't your reverence just try your hand at the cure ? ”

“ Impossible,” replied O'Connor ; “ I have fifty times told you I can work no cure.”

“ What cure ? Who is to be cured ? ” asked O'Sullivan.

“ This ould woman, plase your honour,” said the mendicant. “ Ah now, your handsome honour,” (coaxingly,) “ do just put in a word for poor ould Molly with his reverence.”

“ A word for poor old Molly ? ” repeated O'Sullivan, while O'Connor stood looking on and laughing ; “ Why, what is to be done ? ”

“ Just coax his reverence to work a *maracle* on Molly, to restore her to her speech ; she has been stone-dumb, poor crature, for fifteen years come May-day next.”

“ Why, how can *I* work miracles, you silly

old fellow?" said O'Connor; "how often must I tell you I have no such power?"

"Barney O'Guggerty would not believe the world but your honour's reverence could do it if you liked"

"A mad beggarman," said the priest, turning to O'Sullivan, "has persuaded this man that I am possessed of miraculous powers; and ever since he has taken this idea into his head, he has incessantly been tormenting me to restore speech to his wife."

"Ah, your raverence, just thry your hand at the maracle; *do*, your honour's raverence, as far as you can."

"Why, how do you know but if I worked the miracle of curing Molly, you old fool, and set her tongue once going, you'd give your eyes to get me to work the counter miracle of making her dumb again? When your wife is quiet, my good friend, I would advise you, by all means, to keep her so."

“Ogh no, your honour’s reverence; just set her talking once, and I’ll be the happy man.”

“Very well,” said O’Connor, with a lurking smile of humour, “I’ll do my best.”

Accordingly the priest re-entered the kitchen, and turned every person out of it excepting old Molly, and O’Sullivan, who felt curious to witness the success of the miraculous experiment. “Now I need not tell you,” said O’Connor, “that I know I’ll fail; but it will free me, I trust, for the future, from this disagreeable importunity.”

There was a poker heating in the fire, and when it was red hot, O’Connor seized it, and making a feint to run at Molly, who was sitting on a straw boss by the fire,

“Talk now, you old goose!” he exclaimed, “or I’ll run this red hot poker down your throat!”

“Oh, ogh, ough—heaven preserve us!” roared out Molly.

“ By all that’s comical, you’ve worked the cure !” exclaimed O’Sullivan, in utter astonishment.

“ By all that’s comical, I have !” exclaimed the priest.

Such was the fact. The influence of the strong and sudden shock of fear upon the nervous system had actually loosened the organs of articulation, which had for so long a period been bound up ; and Molly was eloquent in her professions of gratitude. “ Now that’s very well so far,” observed O’Connor ; “ but the worst of it is, that my sanative abilities will henceforth acquire such celebrity, that every old woman with a tooth-ache will insist on my putting them in requisition ; and red hot poker, you know, are not medicine for *every* case\*.

They now mounted their horses, and, at-

\* This circumstance is fact ; I had it from the lips of the worthy and facetious old priest who officiated as THAUMATURGOS on the occasion.



tended by the everlasting Bonaparte Howlagan, who followed them on foot, keeping up with the pace of the steeds in a long-breathed swinging trot, they pursued their pace through the hills for some miles, until the noble bay of Dunmanus at length broke upon their sight; a magnificent sheet of water, nearly fifteen miles in length from its inland extremity to the harbour's mouth. The hills that bordered its shores were bolder, higher, and far more abrupt than any of those through which they had hitherto travelled.

O'Connor slackened his horse's pace, to converse with a parishioner who wanted to speak with him apart, and while he was thus occupied O'Sullivan entered into conversation with Bonaparte.

“ You are always in attendance on the priest, I think ?”

“ Not always, Sir, but I am very often, and

I wish I was oftener ; it would have kept me out of a power of mischief, any way."

" How so ?"

" Bekase, your honour, I had always,—may heaven forgive me !—a sad trick of fighting at fairs, and his raverence has preached himself hoarse to me about it ; and I like to keep near him, for somehow, when I do, I don't feel so wickedly inclined."

" But what on earth tempts you to engage at anytime in so barbarous and unchristian a practice ?"

" I don't know on earth, Sir ; it's bekase it's my timptation, I suppose ; just as one man likes drinking, and another likes cockfighting. It's wicked, and devilish, I know, but for the life of me I could not keep quiet if I saw a nate bothering bit of a fight going on, and had a grip of *Baus gaun Soggarth*—I couldn't but *wheel*" (i.e. flourish my stick) " among the best of them."

“ Then I hope that you abstain from fairs, and factions, since a skirmish has such powerful temptations for you ? ”

“ Troth then I do ; I keep out of the way, and that 's the only thing that saves me.”

“ You do right, since nature has given you such a bad and savage heart, to abstain from scenes that would excite its evil dispositions.”

“ Troth, Sir, you just named it right ; it is a bad and savage heart ; but it once was worse than it is, by odds ; and all I 've for it is to pray to God to mend it.”

O'Sullivan mused on the strange variety of human character that this peasant presented to his observation ; a temper naturally wild and ferocious, which its owner was trying to subdue by Christian discipline. A strong warfare still subsisted between the originally evil propensity, and the influence of awakened conscience ; and, as often occurs in such contests, the dominant vice would occasionally overcome the restraints

by which it had not yet been sufficiently schooled to obedience.

“ Poor Boney,” said the priest to O’Sullivan, “ it is a great pity that his character should be stained with such a terrible propensity ; the savage creature has his virtues too. He is honest and honourable, strictly observant of all his engagements and promises ; and, excepting his pugnacious dispositions, has in general been a moral and well conducted man. But that blot, I trust in God, will be henceforth removed from his character.”

O’Sullivan’s attention was arrested by the wild scenery, which at every step was presented in a different point of view, from the picturesque inequalities of the country. Cultivated spots appeared here and there interspersed through the broken, hilly waste. The parish church of Durrus, and the neat and compact glebe house of the Protestant rector, occupied a rising ground overhanging the upper end of the bay,

where the water narrowed to a point. The thatched, whitewashed cottage of the parish priest of Durrus, embosomed in its snug and thriving orchard, stood further inland among verdant meadows. At the distance of some miles along the bay, were visible the ancient castles of Dunbeacon and Dunmanus almost verging on the water's edge.

“ Those castles,” said O'Connor, “ were formerly inhabited by hardy buccaneers, who retired to enjoy the profits of their dangerous and stormy occupation on these desolate shores. As one gazes on their roofless walls, the mind irresistibly reverts to the wild wassail, the rude licence, of which those abodes have been formerly the scene ; and one painfully contrasts the riotous festivity of other days with the death-like stillness that now prevails in the long deserted edifices.”

“ What building is that ? ” asked O'Sullivan,

by which it had not yet been sufficiently schooled to obedience.

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in the year—let me see—1795, I think ; and he possessed to the very last, the buoyancy of spirits and the warmth of affection which more properly belong to youth. Poor fellow ! he sometimes indulged in a sigh at the fallen fortunes of his house, but it was not a sigh of bitterness. When he died, there was less of the customary tumult of *wakes*, and more of deep and genuine feeling exhibited among the people, than, at that time, was usual on such occasions. His virtues and benevolence had made an impression on all.”

“ Pray,” said O’Sullivan, “ was not he the interesting old man on whose death you *confessed* to me, yesterday, that you once made verses ? ”

“ He was,” said Father John, looking downwards with the becoming diffidence of authorship.

“ Will you do me the favour to repeat them ? Fitzroy is not here, to take them down in short hand for his book, and *I* shall not laugh at

detecting that your hatred of poetry was merely simulated."


"Oh," said O'Connor quickly, "I never protested against *short* scraps of poetry; it was your merciless bookfulls of clink, clank, clink, clank, that aroused my enmity."

"But you must not escape from repeating your verses on M'Carthy," said O'Sullivan.

The priest immediately commenced the recitation in a tone of unaffected feeling.

"I saw an old man laid within his shroud;  
A placid smile sat on his lifeless face,  
Which told the faith that cheered his dying hour,  
And lingered still, like some lone golden beam,  
Cast on the silent heaven at eventide.

"His few thin hairs were snow-white, and his brow  
Still showed the wrinkles of life's carking cares,—  
Cares that were ended and forgotten now!  
While children, and their children flocked around  
Their parent's bier, and sobs unbidden told  
How well belov'd the soul that hence had fled.  
The open heart, the bounteous hand, were all  
Remembered in that sad and solemn hour.





“ Yet why lament ? why weep ? His hour has come ;  
The Christian has been gathered to his God.  
We weep not when the summer flowers fade—  
We weep not when the leaves of autumn fall,  
And strew with russet brown the forest glade—  
We weep not when the full-eared corn bends down  
Its golden load beneath the reaper’s sickle ;  
For the sweet flowers will blow again in spring ;  
In spring the trees will ope their soft green buds ;  
In spring the corn will push its tender shoots.

“ Old man ! hast *thou* no spring ? O yes, thou hast !  
THY spring is heaven, bright, glorious, and unfading.  
Hence thou hast gone, from hearts that loved thee well ;  
Hence thou hast gone, from those, whose infant hours  
Thou watchedst with a parent’s tender care.

“ We weep, for sorrowing nature claims a tear ;  
But, ’mid our tears a glow of hope ariseth,  
And we pour forth our souls in humble prayer,  
That heaven’s good and bounteous King may deign,  
For JESUS’ sake to bind anew those ties,  
In happier worlds, that death has broken here.

“ Old man, farewell. Earth closes o’er thy form,  
To God we tremblingly commend thy spirit.  
O ! may we meet thee, when Eternity  
Unveils its awful wonders to our view.”

Involuntary tears rose in the eyes of Father John, as the lines he repeated recalled to his memory the ancient friend of his early days. O'Sullivan tried, with very little tact indeed, to change the subject.

"No," said Father John, "let us speak of poor M'Carthy. I earnestly hope," he added, looking upwards, "to meet him where we never will be separated. It is good for us, my young friend, to speak upon these subjects; by keeping before us the evanescence of life, they teach us so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

"Indeed it is good for us," said O'Sullivan, solemnly.

"I received my poor old friend's last breath," resumed O'Connor. "Oh, it is a deeply, unspeakably awful hour, when the human soul, dismissed from her perishable house of clay, appears in trembling nakedness before her God,

to answer for all the deeds done in the body,—  
for every thought, every word, every action,  
from the first hour of dawning reason up to  
the moment of her exit from this world. Every  
sin, every frailty, minutely recorded in God's  
book ! What a scrutiny ! And, O ! what inex-  
pressible insanity in the children of the world,  
to live as if no such scrutiny awaited them !”

## CHAPTER IX.

Is he, quoth I, a safe companion? Ay, answered Peter, safe no doubt, if the Devil is safe.

STEPHEN RACKET'S ADVENTURES.

“WHY, then plase your raverence,” said Bonaparte Howlaghan, “I’ll tell you a chap that lives much as if there was no judgment before him at all at all.”

“Whom do you mean, Boney?”

“Mr. Fitzroy Mordaunt; a boy that can play the quare capers.”

“Is it that foolish fellow? I think you must mistake; he seems to be a harmless, though somewhat impertinent coxcomb, who devotes

his chief attention to his drawings, and this book he means to write."

"Troth, your raverence would be of another opinion, if you heard of some of his pranks."

"Upon my word I must inquire into this. A guest in the parish-priest's house, playing pranks in the parish, is not quite the most creditable thing in the world."

"I should not wonder if Boney were right," observed O'Sullivan, "for, from two or three expressions which escaped Fitzroy, I should not be inclined to deem him a very strict moralist."

"Indeed?" said O'Connor, turning short round to O'Sullivan; "you should have told me this before."

"Why, I thought that he scarcely would exhibit any of his frolics while his short stay at your house lasted; but, judging from what he says of himself, the man is a confirmed libertine."

"Oho! then he shall soon get the turn-out."

There is not a character," continued O'Connor, writhing his features into an expression of superlative contempt, "there is not a character so inexpressibly despicable as the libertine, the absurd scoundrel, who, while boasting of his liberty, is the *bond-slave* of his passions instead of their *master*. There is not a puppy in existence, whose practical blunders are more outrageously egregious than his; the fellow seeks enjoyment by effecting the destruction of his health, and happiness by pursuing the broad road that leads down to hell. A pretty fellow, truly !"

"A thoroughbred donkey," said O'Sullivan.

"My dear young friend," resumed O'Connor, in a tone of affectionate counsel, "you have had the inestimable advantage of a moral and religious education, which has hitherto been the means, under God, of preserving you from many of the nets in which the devil ensnares his miserable victims. May God of his infinite

mercy continue to preserve you, my young friend ! You are going, you tell me, to foreign countries ; and in your passage through the world you will meet with numberless emissaries of Satan, in the shape of dissipated youths, who, being entangled in the toils themselves, endeavour to involve in vice all those who are as yet unsullied. Laughter is invariably their engine ; they will try to drive you out of what is right by ridicule. But remember that the wretch does not deserve the name of *man*, who can be driven by an idiot laugh from the service of his God ; who can basely surrender the convictions of his reason and his conscience to the husky cachinnation of some profligate coxcomb's half-decayed lungs. Remember, too, my man, that in the long run *you* will have the laugh at your own side—while *they*—Oh ! God help them ! one shudders to think of their fate ! Poor, wretched slaves of Satan, their laughter will be turned into wailing and gnashing of

teeth, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched ;—unless the grace of contrition and amendment be vouchsafed them, which may God of his infinite mercy grant.”

Their roads now separated : O’Sullivan thanked the priest from the bottom of his heart for his counsel, and promised, with God’s help, to follow it to the best of his ability.

“ Farewell, my dear young man,” said Father John ; “ keep God for your guide in all possible predicaments of life ; be faithful to **THAT MASTER** ; ‘ Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, when the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh in which thou shalt have no pleasure.’ Farewell, dear O’Sullivan ; farewell.”

They shook hands with affectionate cordiality ; O’Sullivan, attended by his servant, pursued the road to Martagon, and O’Connor proceeded to visit a gentleman in the neighbourhood, in order to transact some business.



Bonaparte Howlaghan, left alone, returned homewards; and in order to make amends for the time he had lost in escorting the equestrians, the athletic fellow scampered like a deer over hills and dales, bounding lightly across drains, ditches, brooks, and all the impediments that lay in his way. Onward he speeded, his rapid career unchecked by any obstacle; and in less than an hour he had reached the old castle of Glen Minnis, which, as the reader will doubtless remember, Lady Jacintha and her party were exploring. It was just as her ladyship and Baron Leschen were expressing their delight at Mrs. Mersey's legend, that Prince Gruffenhausen descended to the outworks of the castle in order to try if he could discover the remains of the fortifications. His Serene Highness was picking his steps through a marshy patch of ground that immediately adjoined an outer town, the angle of which abutted on

the very path, on which our friend Howlaghan was careering with such headlong speed.

Neither party saw the other, being hidden by the intervening angle of the tower, until both came in sudden and violent contact. The concussion upset his Highness as well as Boney, and they rolled down the steep rocky ledge, upon a carpet of the softest, greenest moss, that lay at its foot. Howlaghan got up, laughing at the incident, and extended his hand to assist the fallen Fatalist to rise. But Gruffenhausen was too highly incensed at his tumble, to accept the proffered aid; he rose from the ground, cursing Howlaghan in German and English, and struck him a violent blow on the breast.

“What the devil sort of usage is this?” exclaimed Boney, his ire greatly roused; and clutching his alpeen in his left hand, he planted with his right a blow upon the prince’s ribs,

that sent the Serene Man staggering over to the rocky bank. "How dare you strike me?" roared Boney, "and I only offering civility?"

"Mein goot friend," said the Prince, whose taste for hostilities was very much diminished by the energetic emphasis of Boney's blow, "it vas because I could not help it; I does assures you dat it vas my destiny to strike you, mein goot peasant; we are not de masters of our actions always—not at all! it vas my most unlucky destiny; oh, yes indeed!"

"By dad, then," retorted Boney, "it is *my* destiny to beat your bones as soft as pap, my man;" and he squared his huge arms at the terrified prince in an attitude of awful defiance.

"Hold, hold—mein excellent friend," said Gruffenhausen in a deprecatory tone, "not so fery fast—Hold! hold! I vil convince you, mein goot peasant, dat it is not your destiny to beat my bones as soft as de vat you call pap;

not at all—you do not knows who I am ; I am de Prince Ernest-Adolphus-Frederick Gruffenhansen, of the House of Krunks-Doukerstein."

" And *I* am Jerry Howlaghan of the house, or the cabin, of Gurthnahuckthee, son to ould Murtough, and namesake to all the Howlaghans; a breed that never took a blow from king nor cat without paying back two in the place of it."

" Tousand tenfels !" exclaimed Gruffenhansen, his anger at Howlaghan's undaunted freedom mastering his fear ; " you do not knows how to speak to von shentelmans ; you are like a wild savages—mein heiligkeit !"

" If *I* am like a wild savage," retorted Howlaghan, " 'pon my conscience *you're* like a wild beast, with that tundhering muff of hair upon your face—Troth it's just like the big dirty bear the showman had. I'll tache you, Mr. Dolphus M'Gruffus, how to aggravate civilized

people with your impudence." And Boney began to *wheel* Baus gaun Soggarth alarmingly.

"Mein most excellent friend," said the fatalist, whose indignant ire was again tamed down by fear, "I told you dat I vould convince you dat it vas not your destiny—oh, no indeed! to strike me or to beat me. Look at *dat*, mein friend! look at *dat*, mein excellent peasant," producing a guinea; "dere is a goot golden coin for you to put into your pocket, and to go quiet away, widout not to beat me not at all."

"Keep it, you poor ould spladhereen," said Boney, making a strong effort to control his passion, and marching off in transcendent disdain. "On second thoughts I won't strike you, and second thoughts, they say, are best. You've got off dog cheap, this turn; but pray take care how you lay violent hands

on a Howlaghan of Gurthnahuckthee in a hurry again."

"Mein peasant, I trust dat it vil not be mein destiny to do so," replied Prince Gruffenhausen, "but upon mine honest and true wort, I does assures you dat I could not help it."

But Boney was now out of hearing, and the fatalist was glad to get rid of him. "Pofe!" he exclaimed, "dat man is von big blackguard; von fery grand blackguard indeet! but I am glad dat he did not take de guinea at all event—pofe!"

While Boney continues his rapid homeward course, we must relate the events which had been taking place for the last half-hour, in his cabin.

Mr. Fitzroy Mordaunt had walked out, book in hand, after breakfast, and strolled leisurely along the banks of the river that flowed through Glen Minnis, until he reached the cottage of

Gurthnahuckthee, the paternal abode of the Howlaghans. The external appearance, and interior neatness, of this mansion, had recently been very much improved beneath the auspices of Nancy Howlaghan, Boney's favorite sister, who had lately returned to reside at Gurthnahuckthee, from a visit to an uncle in a distant county. During her absence from home, which had been of considerable length, Nancy had acquired many new ideas, and among her acquisitions was an ardent taste for neatness and comfort, which had hitherto been scarce commodities at Gurthnahuckthee. Within one short month, this active, bustling girl had achieved a valuable revolution in the domestic economy of her brother's house. She made him mend the broken thatch, and get the chimney cured of smoking; she effected the cleansing and white-washing of the dingy, sooty walls; she had got the furniture repaired and painted; and she had procured the erection of a

separate abode for the pigs, who did not now, as formerly, partake unreprieved, the hospitality of the cottage kitchen. Boney grumbled a little at these numerous and sweeping innovations; but Nancy was so gentle, so obliging, so sweet-tempered, and affectionate, that he could not resist her entreaties, especially as her whole heart seemed set on her success. To wash the chairs, tables, and dresser, and to sweep up the floor, was every morning a task which Nancy performed with zeal and alacrity, before she set about the duties of her own simple toilette. The day was then devoted to some one or other of the various branches of domestic industry.

Fitzroy had seen her once or twice, and her appearance attracted his notice. He now entered her cottage, where he found her alone, sitting quietly knitting by the fire.

“ Good morrow, Nancy,” said the learned tourist.



“ Good morrow, Sir, and thank you kindly,” replied the maiden.

“ You are always busy, I believe,” pursued the observant visitor, bending his glance upon her knitting.

“ No good is ever got by idleness,” quoth Nancy.

“ She is devilish handsome,” ruminated the young gentleman. “ Pray, my girl, where’s your mother ?”

“ Dead, Sir, these two years, Lord be good to her.”

“ Poor woman ! Is your father dead too ?”

“ No, Sir ; he’s gone to the fair of Barna-Gowlauns, to sell pigs.”

“ At what time will he be home ?” demanded Fitzroy.

“ He doesn’t live here, Sir ; he has given this farm to my brother Jerry ; he lives at the other farm, near the sea.”

“ Jerry ? that ’s the stout young fellow they call Bonaparte ? ”

“ The same, Sir. I wish,” thought Nancy, “ that the man would go away.”

“ And where ’s Jerry to-day ? ” demanded the inquisitive catechist.

“ Gone to Father O’Connor’s.”

Fitzroy cast a keen and scrutinizing glance about the cottage ; and, under the pretext of admiring the painting of the dresser, he peeped into the inner apartment, the door of which adjoined the dresser, and ascertained that no person was there. He then walked out into the bawn, or farm-yard, which was equally deserted, all the inmates of the cottage having, in fact, gone to the fair, with the single exception of Nancy.

Having satisfied himself that Nancy was thoroughly unprotected, he returned to the cottage, and placing his chair by the girl,

proceeded to pay her certain personal compliments, in a tone so little relished by the party to whom they were addressed, that Nancy rose from her seat, moved over to the opposite side of the fire-place, and entreated that her complimentary visitor would favour her by quitting the cottage.

But the gallant youth was not quite so easily got rid off. He also rose, and made an effort to encircle Nancy's waist in his arms, when Nancy suddenly whisking from the fire a pot of boiling water, held it as a shield of defence before her person, loudly declaring that if he dared to lay a finger on her, the scalding contents of the pot should be instantly discharged at him. She had managed this defensive operation with such quickness and dexterity that Fitzroy was completely at fault, and he stood in an attitude of ridiculous perplexity, alternately gazing at the maiden's glowing face, and at the bubbling pot that intervened between them.

“ Wait where you are a very little longer,” said Nancy, “ and my brother Jerry will be home with *Baus gaun Soggarth*, and if he sees you here, he’ll lay open your rascally scull with one *plaesk* of his stick, as you’ll well deserve.”

But our amorous youth felt incensed at being thus easily counterworked by the girl, and disregarding her threat of Boney’s return, which he probably considered as being merely held out *in terrorem*, he caught up one of the chairs by the back, and engineered with its legs so efficiently as to render it a matter of necessity on Nancy’s part to drop the pot in self-defence, in order to prevent the scalding water from being splashed about her feet.

The instant she had laid down the pot, the terrified girl ran screaming to the door, pursued by Fitzroy ; when, O sight of joy ! Bonaparte appeared, with his usual accompaniment of *Baus gaun Soggarth* in his hand, springing

over the style of the bawn ditch, and another instant brought him to the succour of Nancy.

“ Oh, Jerry, Jerry ! I thought I never would see you ! Thank God you’re come ! ” cried Nancy, throwing herself into her brother’s arms.

“ Why—how now—what the devil is this ? ” shouted Boney, frowning awfully on the unlucky intruder, and disengaging himself from his sister, in order to be able to “ *wheel*,” unimpeded, at Fitzroy.

That nimble personage had immediately comprehended that the case was not one that admitted of very much deliberation, and on the first startling vision of Boney, he took to his heels with all the speed that terror could furnish, and cleared the bawn ditch at the nearest point, with an agility such as he had rarely exhibited before. Bonaparte, justly incensed at his brutal aggression upon Nancy, and feeling his own temper, too, not very much soothed by his recent *démêlé*

with Prince Gruffenhausen, was resolved that the amorous fugitive should not escape quite so easily; and pursuing him with swift and giant strides, he overtook him at the bank of the river, and laying on a blow of Baus gaun Soggarth with equal force and science, he dislocated Fitzroy's right arm at the elbow.

"There's for you now, my merry lad," said Boney, "that will spoil your embracing for a while, I think." He then flung away his stick, as if afraid that he might be tempted to sanguinary extremities, and suddenly resolved upon another mode of punishing the culprit. Catching Fitzroy by the nape of his neck, he dragged him to the verge of the water, and standing on a large projecting stone, which afforded great facilities for his purpose, he plunged him into the stream, and kept ducking him for a quarter of an hour, saying, at every successive plunge, "Take that, and that, and that, and that.

hot you were awhile ago, my young

masther ! you were badly in want of a good cooling, and bad luck to my buttons but I'll give it to you with the vengeance."

Fitzroy made repeated efforts to implore mercy, but his accents were inarticulate, from the bubbling of the water in his mouth.

"Do you remember," said Boney, "how eager you were to know all about Baus gaun Soggarth, the night we all dined in the ould castle? I believe you know more than you like about him now. You must needs draw his picture, too, in your book—Faix I dhrew his picture on your elbow ! 'Irish weapons !' 'Pon my conscience, my buck, you'll be able to give 'em a good chapter about Irish weapons, *now*, I think, and Irish girls, faix ! and Irish duckings, too."

When Bonaparte's anger was in some sort appeased, he pulled Fitzroy out of the water, and bestowing a sound kick upon his dorsal extremity, sent him, dripping and shivering

about his business, with the further admonition, that he had better take care how he returned to Father O'Connor's.

This admonition was unnecessary to the trembling, perished, mangled, half-drowned wretch, who crawled rather than walked, to Beamish's inn at the cross roads, whence he sent a boy to Dwyer's-Gift for his servant and portmanteau. The servant soon arrived, and the instant that he changed his clothes, and got his arm bandaged by a cow-doctor (the vicinage not affording a more expert practitioner in the surgical art), he mounted his horse, and rode to the village of Knockanea, whose Esculapius dressed his arm, and recommended quiet. But Fitzroy was desirous to escape from the neighbourhood, and hired a chaise, in which he proceeded to Martagon, whither he and his brother had received an invitation to shoot, from Colonel Nugent. The elder Mordaunt had ridden over to Kavanagh's residence, in



the morning, to pay his devotion to Isabella. Fitzroy augured that his brother's chance of Isabella's hand might be somewhat affected, should his own adventure with the Howlaghans transpire. But he did not feel very despondent about this consideration, for his confidence in his brother's *sçavoir faire* was very great, and if the worst came to the worst, Mordaunt might disclaim all sympathy of feeling or affection with Fitzroy, and assume the horrified saint on the occasion, which, if necessary, no man could do better.

## CHAPTER X.

Do, sweet nymph, have pity on me, and let not the hardness of thine heart belie the softness of thine eye.

MUZROUR KUFFNOO ZYDDARQUI.

WHEN O'Sullivan reached Martagon, he was received with the warmest expressions of delight by Colonel Nugent and Lucinda.

"And so you *are* come at last," said Lucinda: "How anxiously my brother and I have expected this day! To-morrow we will revisit all our childish haunts together, and you shall come and see old Peter, our superannuated gardener; the poor old creature is still alive, and dying to see you."

The morrow came, and O'Sullivan accom-

panied Lucinda to the scenes which, from early recollections, were dearest to his heart. They sauntered through the woods, and along the sea-shore, and did not return to the house until the afternoon was tolerably far advanced. Ere the company retired before dinner, a chaise arrived, whose contents quickly appeared in the shape of Mr. Fitzroy Mordaunt, looking interestingly pale and woe-begone, with his arm in a sling.

“So, Fitzroy, my dear fellow—what has happened to you?” said Colonel Nugent, advancing to meet him.

“I met with an accident,” replied the invalid.

“An accident?” repeated Lucinda, “it must have been a serious one; do let us hear all about it.”

“Yesterday morning,” said Fitzroy, “I was walking among the wild steep crags that overhang the river of Glen Minnis, and at the narrowest and most dangerous part of the path I

met an old woman with a basket on her shoulder, picking her tottering and feeble steps along the giddy verge. The poor old creature seemed sadly oppressed with the weight of her burden, and she looked up at me, I thought, as if she implored assistance, although her humility, or diffidence, prevented her from asking it. In common humanity I could not avoid offering to carry her basket. She gratefully accepted my aid; but in trying to take it from her shoulder, she lost her balance, and fell over the edge of the steep into the river. I made an effort to save her, my foot slipped, and I fell into the water, receiving several severe contusions from the large rough stones that projected from the side of the steep. My arm was shockingly dislocated, but I do not mind the pain, as I had the inexpressible satisfaction of preserving the poor old woman from drowning."

O'Sullivan listened to the narrative of Fitzroy's generous self-devotedness, without any

very implicit faith in the narrator's veracity. An old clergyman, who was present, lauded him greatly, and compared his conduct to that of the charitable Samaritan. Fitzroy received his praises as a matter of course, interposing a few modest phrases of disclaimer.

"Where is Mordaunt?" asked Colonel Nugent.

"At Dwyer's Gift; he occasionally visits at Castle Kavanagh."

"Doing anything there? eh?" asked Nugent, in a low and confidential tone.

"Oh yes—he has been quite successful," responded Fitzroy in the same tone.

"Glad of it," said Nugent; "Isabella Kavanagh is a charming girl, and will have, I am certain, a very large fortune."

"Do you know precisely how much?" asked Fitzroy.

"No—can't say I do—your brother, I suppose, has ascertained all that—but her uncle

Kavanagh, and her other uncle, Browne, are both able to settle very handsomely."

Fitzroy was struck with the similarity of Colonel Nugent's answer, to all the answers that his brother had received to his inquiries. Every one had told him of the wealth of Miss Kavanagh's uncles; every one presumed they must make a very handsome settlement upon her, but nobody could ever tell how much they were to give, although young ladies are usually rated at a specified sum. No such specification appeared to have been made in Isabella's case; but some persons hinted that Kavanagh would make her the heiress of his large estates, as he was childless, and had not any near male relative who seemed at all likely to interfere with Isabella's succession. People spoke with greater certainty about her uncle Browne's intentions; he had repeatedly been heard to say he would make her the wealthiest match in the county, but had cautiously abstained from committing

himself further than by general declarations, which were never made personally, to either Isabella or her mother.

But the rumour of these promises and prospects, and the manifest and undoubted wealth of the family, seemed to Mordaunt to furnish sufficient security that he was perfectly *safe* in making the offer of his hand. "They're as rich as Jews," he argued, "and they certainly must and will give the girl something solid; they have no one else to give it to, unless that distant cousin, whom, by the bye, I understand old Kavanagh does not like. But after all, it is really strange, very strange, that living in the house with such a near and wealthy relative, by whom she seems beloved, Miss Kavanagh's fortune should still seem to float among the regions of uncertainty."

But Mordaunt thought that the chances in Isabella's favour far overbalanced this last mentioned drawback, and accordingly he plied his

suit with unremitting assiduity. He solicited permission from Mrs. Kavanagh and Isabella to correspond with the young lady, which was readily accorded. In the intervals between his visits at Castle Kavanagh, therefore, a brisk fire of sentimental billets doux was kept up, of which the greater number, indeed, were transmitted through the servants of the parties, although it sometimes happened, when the servants at Castle Kavanagh were otherwise particularly occupied, that a Pacolet was necessarily selected from some of the numerous loungers and runners who are often found loitering about a large establishment.

It chanced, at this period, that the persevering Mr. Jonathan Lucas made a grand final effort to obtain a promise of marriage from Miss Kavanagh. His hopes had been kept alive by the circumstance, that, notwithstanding the young lady's previous rejection of his suit, his visits were still permitted by her family ;



and her mother's manner appeared to him quite as friendly and hospitable as ever.

“ Either she has mentioned my addresses to her mother and uncle, or she has not ;” thus argued the logical swain : “ if she has, it is perfectly evident, from the continued friendliness of their manner, that they do not disapprove of the match ; if she has not, I take her silence as an evidence that I am not at all disagreeable to her ; and in either case, all her wincing and shying is the veriest coquetry. I will still pursue the attack ; as for Mordaunt, I do not fear his rivalry ; he's a handsome figure, certainly, but not quite so piquant as I am ;” [Mr. Jonathan Lucas was all but hump-backed ;] “ and as for conversation,—why the fellow has a vast deal of small talk, undoubtedly, but not one iota of logic in his whole composition.”

Full of his resolve to persevere, Mr. Jonathan Lucas embodied his pathetic and per-

suasive appeal in the form of a letter, which he sent to Castle Kavanagh, and awaited the return of his messenger with a lover's impatience. Thus ran the amorous effusion of Jonathan :—

“ TO MISS ISABELLA KAVANAGH.

“ Never, since the hour when the vital spark first enlivened the matter of which I am composed, did I feel so inexpressibly perplexed as on the present occasion. My faculties are involuntarily obfuscated; the concatenation of my ideas is thoroughly unhinged, and a mental chaos supersedes the usual logical order and precision of my sentiments. I have begun this letter seventeen times, and consigned to the flames sixteen different protestations of the deep, the ineffable affection with which you incomparable excellence inspires me.

“ I do not know how I should address you.

Profound respect and ardent love wage a bitter conflict for the mastery. If I should adopt a style corresponding with the former feeling, an air of frigidity might unwittingly pervade an effusion which comes straight from a heart that glows with the concentrated ardour of ten thousand furnaces. If, on the other hand, I should yield to the dictates of passion, they might betray my pen into expressions of familiarity altogether incompatible with the deep respect I unaffectedly experience for you. You perceive that I am wedged between the sharply-pointed horns of a cruel dilemma. *You* alone, adored Miss Kavanagh, are able to unhorn me, by the total annihilation of the wicked dilemma in question: for *you*, most beloved and respected of women! can tell me how I *ought* to address you; and oh! may I beg, may I pray, may I earnestly entreat, may I anxiously implore, that your answer may be kind and favourable? Permit me, beloved and respected

Miss Kavanagh, to suggest, that our union could not possibly be otherwise than supremely blissful; for, whence, I would demand, does connubial felicity arise? what is its origin? what is its source? Beyond a question, identity of taste, community of mind, between the married parties. Permit me, again, to insinuate, that this originating cause of married happiness exists in perfection between us. You are musical. So am I. You are literary. So am I. You are fond of children. So am I,—*very*. Your mind is naturally logical. *My* thoughts spontaneously frame themselves in syllogisms, sorites, dilemmas, and all the choicest forms of the art of reasoning. Blessed, then, with a perfect identity of mind, so unusual, and *to me* so flattering, how could our union be productive of other results than superlative felicity?

“ Permit me, once again, to present to your mind, a little picture which has frequently

floated, in colours of brilliant enchantment, before my entranced imagination; O! may it be found to possess equal charms for *you*!

“What, for example, do you think of a social, matrimonial evening; an accomplished pair gazing with intense affection on each other, as their highly intellectual conversation affords mutual delight and improvement. Wit sparkles, music enlivens, history instructs. Of the husband’s ponderous legal tomes, [N.B. last week I purchased half-a-hundred-weight of law books;] one or two volumes appear upon a writing-table, indicating that he carries with him, even into his hours of relaxation, an unceasing devotion to the noble study of our jurisprudence. Tokens of the wife’s light and elegant employments are also visible, while the social hearth is cheered by—O! Isabella! pardon a fond lover’s raptured dream!—two rosy cherubs, one of whom, a lively, sportive, little fellow, is named—

suppose we say Jonathan? and gives every promise to inherit whatever share of intellectual capacity his parent may be deemed to possess; while the other little pledge of love is christened Isabella, and is endeared to her father's doating heart by the strong resemblance she bears to her incomparable mother.

“ Confess, O ! loveliest of women, if Jonathan has not sketched off a little scene of paradise?

“ My hand and heart now tremble. My doom depends upon your breath. Despising the circumlocutory modes in which men of ordinary minds, in general, solicit an answer to the most important, the most interesting of all queries, I come directly to the point, and I ask, though with feelings of painfully intense anxiety,

“ MISS ISABELLA KAVANAGH, WILL YOU MARRY ME ?

“ Will you marry your affectionate, your admiring, your impatient, your devoted, your obedient, humble servant,

“ JONATHAN LUCAS?

“ Barrister-at-Law,  
(of Lucastown, county of Cork, and 191,  
Grafton-street, Dublin).”

Mr. Jonathan Lucas was compelled to wait for an answer to this letter until the following day, for Miss Kavanagh was from home, and the time of her return was uncertain.

The lady's reply was brief :—

“ Sir,

“ I felt extremely astonished at the subject of your letter of yesterday. I have sufficiently expressed, upon former occasions, my decided and unalterable rejection of your suit ; and I now feel compelled to desire that you

may, for the future, desist from troublesome and impertinent importunity.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ ISABELLA KAVANAGH.”

Pursuing the mistaken policy which had hitherto prevented her from speaking to her mother on the subject of Jonathan's attentions, Isabella was equally silent on the present occasion. She did not wish to excite the curiosity of the family by sending one of the servants to Lucastown with her letter; so she gave it in charge to a boy who had sometimes officiated as pacolet for Mordaunt, and who was now commissioned by Miss Kavanagh to bear an epistle to her more fortunate suitor. Our story requires the insertion of her billet to Mordaunt.

“ Many thanks for your's, which came while



I was absent from home yesterday. I was much pleased with what you said about the books. As to the other affair, why are you so cruelly pressing? you know you are possessed of my heart, although, perhaps, I ought not to confess it; but as I am anxious that Miss Wharton may be my bridesmaid, I am compelled to defer our marriage until her arrival.

“ Ever your affectionate

“ ISABELLA KAVANAGH.”

“ Now,” said Isabella, as she gave her letters to the boy, “ you are sure you know which of these letters to take to Lucastown, and which to Dwyer’s Gift ? ”

“ To be sure I does, Miss.”

“ Well, show me which.”

“ Dis one is for Mr. Mordaunt, and dis one is for Mr. Lucas.”

“ No, you stupid creature, you are quite wrong. I will tie a bit of silk about Mr.

Mordaunt's letter, and then you can make no mistake."

"That will do very well Miss, if you please."

Isabella tied the silk to mark her lover's letter, and the messenger went off with his despatches. He was proceeding rapidly along, when he met Mr. Jonathan Lucas himself, at a part of the road about a mile from Castle Kavanagh.

"I've got a bit of a letter for you, Sir," he cried, hailing Jonathan, who immediately pulled up; the boy extracted a letter from the intricate depths of a tattered pocket, and not only did the envelope of wrapping-paper in which it was prudently enclosed, rub off in the process of extraction, but the red silk rubbed off also, so that the urchin, losing his distinguishing mark, handed Mordaunt's epistle to Jonathan.

Jonathan immediately perceived that it was not intended for him; but being somewhat unscrupulous, he opened it without hesitation; his jealous curiosity being strongly aroused by

the direction on the cover, which he instantly recognized as Isabella's handwriting. His rage was great on finding, from the perusal, that Isabella was actually betrothed to Mordaunt; he panted for vengeance, and he mentally resolved to omit no opportunity of wreaking it, if possible, on the heads both of Mordaunt and the lady.

Fraught with these amiable intentions, our disappointed lover pursued his way, when his attention was caught by a letter he descried upon the road, and which he immediately dismounted to pick up. It was the very epistle Isabella had written in reply to his eloquent production, and had fallen on the ground through a hole in the pocket of the stupid messenger. Its perusal wrought up Jonathan's ire to the highest extreme of inveterate hatred. "I taught her *once*," soliloquised the discarded swain, "how to make love in syllogisms; I'll teach her now another form of logic—a dilemma;

and curse me if I don't get her into as tight a one as ever girl was wedged in,—*if I can.*"

Meanwhile Mordaunt was hastening on the wings of love to make a morning visit at Castle Kavanagh.

"Did you receive my letter?" asked Isabella.

"No—I suppose the messenger went the other road."

"Probably," said Isabella; it was not of any consequence."

The lovers said all they had to say upon the topics which pressed at the time, and the subject of the note was completely forgotten. Mordaunt pressed his suit with eagerness, and expressed a wish to see Mr. Kavanagh, in order to enter upon certain preliminary arrangements.

"You cannot see my uncle," said Isabella, "until he returns from France."

"From France! You astonish me. When did he go there?"

"He set out this morning, in consequence

of a very unexpected summons he received last night to attend the dying hours of a relative, from whom he had long been estranged, and who has recently become desirous of a reconciliation."

When Mordaunt took his leave, he was met by an acquaintance he had recently formed; one of those loose hangers-on of society, those idle, talkative, scampering personages, who are usually first in the field of gossiping intelligence.

"Happy to see you Mr. Mordaunt; fine day this," said Captain Webster. Mordaunt courteously returned his greeting.

"Have you heard—I suppose, of course, you have," said the communicative captain, "of the blow-up at Castle Kavanagh?"

"No," said Mordaunt, "I hope no misfortune has occurred."

"Why only that Browne, Mrs. Henry Kavanagh's brother, has failed for an immense sum of money, and has flown off to France, to

escape from his creditors; and Kavanagh, they say, has followed him there, being in some way involved in the scrape. Though I must confess I don't see precisely how Kavanagh can have been in any manner involved in Browne's failure, as he had not the smallest concern, that any body knew of, in Browne's mercantile establishment."

"So Browne was a merchant?" said Mordaunt.

"Yes; he was one of the first wine-merchants in Dublin. The pride of the Kavanaghs revolted against the connexion, and old Kavanagh would not speak to his brother Henry for many years after his marriage; but at length when Henry died, he relented, and has ever since been extremely kind to his widow and her daughter."

"He means, I believe," said Mordaunt, "to give Miss Isabella Kavanagh a large fortune."

"There is no saying what he will do; he is a whimsical oddity; sometimes he says he will

leave her everything, and 'at other times he says he will leave his estates to some cousin who resides in Dublin. I know I would not give much for Miss Kavanagh's chance, if her uncle took a crotchet in his head."

"But Miss Kavanagh will doubtless be otherwise very well provided for?" said Mordaunt, who felt rather uncomfortable at the nature of the information his talkative companion so liberally gave. "Her mother, of course, had a good fortune?"

"She *had* a good fortune, until her husband spent it: Mr. Henry Kavanagh was extremely extravagant, and ran through almost every farthing she had."

When Mordaunt arrived at Dwyer's Gift, the news of Browne's bankruptcy and flight, was confirmed by a gentleman who dined there; this gentleman did not believe that Mr. Kavanagh's journey to France had any connexion whatever with the movements of Browne; but

his information too fully demonstrated that *one* large source, at least, of Isabella's expectations, was cut off.

Painfully revolving in the mind this unpleasant intelligence, Mordaunt retired after dinner to his own apartment, in order to deliberate uninterruptedly upon the course he should adopt.

“ I have not any relish,” quoth he, “ for an Irish *take in* ; I fear I have committed myself rashly and imprudently. That Kavanagh *could*, if he pleased, give Isabella wealth, is nothing to the purpose, if the strange and capricious old oddity does *not* please ; and whether he will or no, nobody can tell. What can I best do ? I think I'll return to London, and leave them all in the lurch. It would be shabby, to be sure—but incomparably better than to marry a girl whose fortune is to be derived from a bankrupt and a whimsical old humorist, who does not know his own intentions two days



together. Oh! I was dreadfully imprudent, in not having learned all about Miss Kavanagh's fortune from her uncle's mouth, before I committed myself with Isabella; but there seemed such a certainty of wealth, that I thought I was safe; and I also considered that the course I adopted would wear an appearance of disinterestedness. What *shall* I do? I do believe I had better go to London, and leave the fair Bankruptina to wear the willow—or shall I stay, and fight something out of Kavanagh upon his return?"

## CHAPTER XI.

There is a tide in the affairs of man.

SHAKESPEARE.

WE ended our last chapter by detailing the woeful perplexity in which Mr. Mordaunt was placed, by the doubts that appeared to encircle Isabella's inheritance. His mind was pretty equally balanced between the project of returning to London, and that of waiting for Kavanagh's return, in order to try if he could extract from the old gentleman a liberal settlement for Isabella. In this state of indecision, he received a letter from a London friend, at whose house a certain Miss Celestina Fancourt was at present on a visit; and the said Celestina was stated in the letter to revert with infinite

tenderness to certain former meetings with Mordaunt, and to ask with the deepest anxiety whether Mordaunt was shortly expected to return to London.

“ In a word,” concluded the letter-writer, “ Celestina is dying for love of you ; she has got ten thousand pounds ; now is the critical moment of your fortune, my dear fellow ; you can have her if you wish ; such a promising *parti* may never again offer ; so come, secure your good fortune while you can, and marry Celestina.”

This letter determined our hero ; he bade a hasty farewell the next day to Father O'Connor, whom he thanked for his hospitality ; and taking what is termed “ French leave ” of the inhabitants of Castle Kavanagh, the faithless Corydon set sail for Bristol in the next Cork packet, speeded to London, and married Celestina forthwith.

Isabella was astounded, when she heard

that her lover had quitted the country without bidding her farewell; but great as was her astonishment on this occasion, it was increased when she read the following announcement in the newspapers, scarcely more than a fortnight after his sudden departure:—

“ Married on the 10th instant at St. George’s, Hanover Square, Augustus Stanley Mordaunt, of Mordaunt Hall in Yorkshire, Esq., to Celestina, third daughter of the late General Fancourt.”

Mrs. Mersey called on Mrs. Kavanagh, to offer her condolence on the loss of the expected bridegroom. “ How provoking,” said she, “ that you should have taken the trouble of making all those inquiries respecting Mr. Mordaunt’s temper, and his habits, and his property; I really feel very much for your disappointment, my dear friend; one looks so ridiculous in losing an acquisition such as Mordaunt would have been, after the whole

country had expected the arrangement. I really pity you excessively."

Mrs. Kavanagh endeavoured to make Mrs. Mersey comprehend that she did not feel any disappointment ; that Mordaunt would have been no acquisition ; and that she did not stand in need of pity. But Mrs. Mersey would not understand one syllable of this, and continued to inflict her commiseration with mortifying pertinacity.

" But how do you mean," asked Mrs. Kavanagh, " that the whole country had expected the marriage? I never heard it spoken of, and I really had believed that it was wholly unknown to every creature except yourself."

" My dear friend, I was really so delighted at the prospect of Isabella's happiness, that I could not resist the temptation of mentioning the affair to poor dear Lady Ballyvallin, who was equally delighted, I assure you. But nothing can equal her ladyship's indignation at Mor-

daunt's unhandsome desertion. She was really furious, when she heard it; and I can tell you that she will make it a particular point to speak of Mordaunt's ungentlemanlike conduct everywhere, and she will not spare him, you may rely on it."

" Good heaven, Mrs. Mersey ! do not, I entreat you, allow Lady Ballyvallin to render more public such a circumstance ; it is really bad enough to be ill-used, but it is intolerable to have it made the subject of universal commentary."

" Oh, all the world know it now : and really I think they *ought* to know it, in order that Mordaunt may at least incur the penalty of general censure."

Mrs. Mersey took her leave, having accompanied her amiable purpose of annoying and mortifying Mrs. Kavanagh in the highest degree. " And so, mamma," said Isabella, " every one is talking of the way in which

Mordaunt has treated me? it is dreadfully annoying, certainly—I cannot bear to remain in this part of the country. Do, dear mamma, let us go to Dublin at once ; it is torture to me to remain here.”

A journey to Dublin was decided on.

## CHAPTER XII.

There is a spot, a holy spot,  
A refuge for the wearied mind,  
Where earth's wild visions are forgot,  
And Love, thy poison spells untwined.

There learns the withered heart to pray,  
There gently breaks earth's weary chain ;  
Nay, let me weep my life away—  
Let me do all, but love again !

REV. G. CROLY.

A DIFFICULTY of rather an unwonted nature now presented itself. Mrs. Kavanagh's funds were rather low, and she had not any mode of replenishing them until her brother's return from France. He allowed her a fixed annual income, of limited amount ; her last supply of



which was now nearly exhausted. She could not write to her brother for money, being wholly unacquainted with his address; and Isabella's dislike to remain in a place where each day exposed her to incursions from Lady Jacintha, or Lady Ballyvallin, or Mrs. Mersey, or Mrs. Curwen, or other sympathetic and condoling friends, to whom the fair widow had sedulously communicated the desertion of the faithless Mordaunt, increased to such a painful degree, that her mother resolved on an immediate departure. To travel post was quite out of the question; so the plan resolved on was to proceed in Mr. Kavanagh's carriage as far as the town of —; whence they were to travel in the public conveyances to Dublin.

Accordingly they quitted Castle Kavanagh at the early hour of six, on a fine, frosty, starlight, winter's morning. The object of this early migration was twofold; firstly, to avoid all possibility of encountering any of Isabella's compas-

sionate female acquaintance on the road; and secondly, to spare the fat and lazy coach horses, by giving them ample time to perform their journey; a point on which the coachman expended much eloquence.

When the carriage stopped at the entrance to the park, Isabella said with a sigh, "How long it may be until I shall revisit these scenes!"

"You may do so under happier auspices, my love," replied her mother. "Mordaunt is a sad fellow, certainly: but from the exhibition he has made of his real disposition, I think you are exceedingly fortunate in being well rid of him."

This might be all very true; but it fell coldly and painfully on Isabella's ear; her heart had been wounded, and notwithstanding the abhorrence that her faithless lover's fickleness deserved, she could not hate him; his image still lay treasured in her bosom, and her

grief contained but very little mixture of bitterness.

Towards noon they stopped at a solitary inn on the road-side, to refresh John and the horses; and the fair travellers, not feeling inclined to enter the uninviting hostelry, proceeded to examine its immediate environs.

Leaning on the arm of Isabella, Mrs. Kavanagh crossed a low and broken wall, the remains of an enclosure which seemed to have once surrounded an extensive park. They were met by a peasant, of whom Isabella inquired the name of the desolate demesne in which they found themselves.

“ Conela, Ma’am,” was the peasant’s reply .

“ Conela !” repeated Mrs. Kavanagh ? “ we cannot be far from the convent.”

“ Yes, plase your honour ; it isn’t a quarter of a mile lower down by the sea-shore.”

“ Will you guide us there, my good fellow ?”

“ With all the pleasure in life, Ma’am.”

“ I never was here before,” said Mrs. Kavanagh, addressing her daughter, “ and I am really glad that John selected this road, for it gives me an opportunity of seeing my old friend the abbess, who has often invited me to visit her.”

They returned for a moment to the inn, to inform the servants of their destination, and then, under the guidance of the peasant, they re-entered the precincts of the ancient park.

The park of Conela was wild and extensive. The appearance of the mansion was heavy, as it once had been a castle, of which a part had been taken down, and the remainder modernised by the late proprietor, a Dublin merchant, who had purchased the estate from the Ballyvallin family, to whom it had originally belonged. It had subsequently been sold, to support its new owner's extravagance. The house had fallen into ruins. The front of the building was shaded, in part, by the clusters of luxuriant

ivy that hung at mid-height from a blasted ash, *almost* the only remnant of the woods of Conela. Still faithful in decay, it drooped its withered head, as if in sorrow for its venerable brothers of the forest, whose fall it had outlived.

Our travellers advanced through a path that ascended the side of a glen, which was thickly covered with dwarf coppice. The spray of a waterfall that fell from the rocks on the opposite bank, was caught through the partial openings among the trees: arbutus, holly, and other evergreen shrubs, skirted the path, as, emerging from the glen, it wound along the shores of a sheltered bay of the Atlantic. A little farther on was a grove of ancient oaks, beyond which, partly in ruins, stood the moss-grown convent of Conela. The trees with which it was surrounded, had been spared at the earnest intercession of the sisters who occupied the habitable part of the convent,

and afforded a magnificent specimen of the ancient grandeur of the forest. The oaks of ages past joined their massive and rugged branches over the ruined aisles and roofless cloisters, thus furnishing in summer a living canopy of foliage, where the work of man had fallen to decay.

Isabella was involuntarily soothed by the peaceful scene around, that slept beneath the noontide of a day, which, although in the wintry month of January, seemed to anticipate the warmth of spring. Its deep tranquillity was heightened, rather than disturbed, by the gentle murmurs of the sea below, which crept, with whispering steps, upon the sandy beach.

“What a lovely spot!” she exclaimed; “the very scene is sufficient to dispose the lightest heart to meditation! And *I* ——”

A sigh closed the unfinished sentence; Mrs. Kavanagh was also silent.

“Perhaps,” said Isabella, after a pause, “it

were happier for me to take refuge in the bosom of religious retirement, from the storms of this billowy life ! It might spare me many hours of disquiet and misfortune. I am sure these poor nuns enjoy a serenity unknown to the sons and daughters of the world. Beneficent, beloved by all around them, their existence is devoted to assuage the sorrows of their lowly fellow beings. Delightful occupation ! The blessings, the comforts they impart, return with rich interest to their bosoms in the happy tranquillity they enjoy."

"I do not think, Isabella," said Mrs. Kavanagh, smiling, "that you will ever adopt the veil, notwithstanding your present fit of conventual enthusiasm. But here comes my old friend—I am sure I know her step and her figure, although so many years have elapsed since we met."

As Mrs. Kavanagh spoke, the abbess appeared; she would not have recognised her

visitor, whose appearance had yielded to the changing influence of years, if she had not introduced herself. The meeting was warm and affectionate, and the abbess invited her friends to spend some time at the convent.

A few whispered words from Mrs. Kavanagh explained that Isabella's dislike to remain for the present at her uncle's, was the cause of their journey; on which the abbess pressed them warmly to continue for some time at the convent, observing that it afforded Isabella the desired seclusion from her unpleasant acquaintance, as effectually as a sojourn in Dublin could.

“Do, Mamma,” said Isabella; “*do* accept the abbess's kind invitation; I wish to have an opportunity of seeing conventual life, and of ascertaining, from my own observation, if the sisters are as happy as I am strongly inclined to imagine they are.”

But Mrs. Kavanagh was inexorable, and pe-



remptorily refused to remain at Conela longer than a day; which period she conceded, although not without some difficulty, to her daughter's importunity.

They were now at the gate of the convent, which they had reached by pursuing a natural terrace that led from the ruined cloisters.

“ Quite round the pile, a row of reverend *oaks*,  
Coeval near with that, all ragged show,  
Long lashed by the rude winds; some rift half down  
Their branchless trunks; others so thin a-top,  
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.  
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happened here;  
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs,  
Dead men have come again, and walked about,  
And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd.”

“ Beautiful lines,” said the abbess, when Mrs. Kavanagh had repeated them; “ but in some respects not precisely descriptive of the present scene; for our few old oaks are still healthy and luxuriant, and so far from being unable to accommodate *two crows*, their

branches, as you see, sustain a rookery. And the inmates of the tombs remain in quiet occupation of their dark abodes—they have never revisited us, I assure you.”

They now entered the low stone-roofed passage that led into the convent; at its inner extremity was the parlour, a plain, unadorned apartment, of small dimensions. On its whitened walls hung two well-executed pictures; one of them represented Saint Augustin composing his “Civitas Dei,” and the other was a portrait of Saint Ursula. A nun, who had been reading at the table, rose, as the abbess entered with her guests.

“Sister Martha,” said the abbess, “I commend these ladies, for an hour, to your hospitable care.” She then introduced them to each other, and left the apartment.

Sister Martha was still young, although she had passed the bloom of early youth; her features were expressive of refined benevolence.

She entered into conversation with Isabella and her mother, and the whole party soon became excellent friends. Isabella expressed a desire to see the convent, with which the nun immediately complied, and conducted her through the ancient building, of which the only portion worthy of inspection was the chapel. Isabella, who was somewhat fatigued, took her seat on a bench near the altar; the nun also seated herself.

“Do you like your conventual life?” asked our heroine.

“Extremely,” answered sister Martha. “I would not exchange it for the cares and disquiets of the world, on any account.”

“And tell me,” resumed the fair querist, “have you *never*, upon any one occasion, regretted your adoption of the veil?”

“I must acknowledge that I *have* once or twice regretted it, when my memory reverted to a happy home, and to the faces of my brothers

and sisters smiling in cheerful affection round our father's fireside. But that momentary feeling of regret was a sinful emotion, which I tried to check as soon as it arose; and, thank heaven, I have not experienced it often."

"Why," asked Isabella, "do you deem it sinful?"

"Because the Holy Scripture says, 'when thou hast vowed a vow unto the Lord, thou shalt not slack to pay it.'"

"Would you, from your own experience, recommend the veil to *me*?"

"Unquestionably not, unless I knew more of your temper, disposition, and habits, than it is possible I should upon so short an acquaintance."

"What! not if I told you I was thoroughly disgusted with the world?"

"No; for your disgust may arise from some temporary cause, which circumstances, perhaps, may soon remove; and then your remaining life.

would be miserably spent in useless and poignant regret. A state which is irrevocable should never be rashly entered on."

Isabella was silent for some moments, and felt strongly inclined to impart her own private sorrows to the amiable and rational nun; but she could not prevail on herself to pronounce Mordaunt's desertion in *articulated, audible words*. Except to her mother, she had never done so yet; besides which, a sense of incongruity struck her, in the notion of making sister Martha,—cool, rational, and calculating as she seemed,—the confidant of a love affair.

"I regret," said the nun, to break the silence, "that Mrs. Kavanagh cannot be prevailed on to prolong her stay with us."

"Really," replied Isabella, "I believe she fears that if she did so, I might become so enamoured of the convent as to take the veil in earnest."

“ Ah, Miss Kavanagh, your young fancy is charmed, perhaps, at the *picturesqueness* of seclusion, and your mind is influenced by some recent cause of sorrow; but,—I assure you I speak it without meaning to offend,—I think the zeal of a young person accustomed to gaiety, would be very soon cooled by conventual discipline; by the watchings, fastings, and austerities to which we are occasionally subject.”

“ I should like to try,” said Isabella.

“ Your year’s noviciate would exhaust your ardour.”

“ Will you allow me then to make the experiment to night? to be a nun, at least, for this one night?”

“ What? in the midst of winter, and *you* altogether unaccustomed to nocturnal orisons? Mrs. Kavanagh’s maternal concern for your health would be alarmed.”

“ Mamma is sometimes unnecessarily appre-

hensive ; but on this occasion she will not, I am sure, refuse to gratify my curiosity, provided I am warmly wrapped up."

The winter's sun sank early to his rest ; the evening passed agreeably, enlivened with the interesting conversation of the kind abbess, whose former residence on the continent supplied her with a fund of entertaining anecdotes of the time she had once spent in the Parisian great world.

" But those days are now gone," said she, " and I do not regret them. My experience teaches me the wisdom of King Solomon's exclamation, ' Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.' All, all indeed that exclusively appertains to this world is vanity ; all that exclusively fastens our thoughts on the empty delusions of a fleeting life, which the Christian should mainly consider as obstructing his progress to a happy eternity. We are cheerful here, Isabella, in the

midst of a cemetery. What a lesson we receive, every time that we look from our windows on the tombstones beneath! Into that eternal, invisible world, upon which the dead have entered, we ourselves must shortly enter. What ineffable insanity in worldlings, to allow the concerns of *time*, to prevent them from preparing for that final, inevitable journey! O, it is good to gaze upon the homes of the silent dead. They will soon be *our* homes too. Every grave reads a startling lesson to the Christian. *How fares the soul of its inmate?* Let us ever keep in mind the saying of the blessed Paul. ‘*Now is the acceptable time; now is the day of salvation.*’ Yes; now or never. What countless multitudes of the dead would give the universe, if they possessed it, for permission to live their lives over again, in order to avoid the fate they have incurred! But with *them* it is too late. Let us thank God, that with *us* it is not yet too late,



and invoke His assistance to serve Him faithfully here, that we may enjoy His glorious rest eternally hereafter."

As the abbess spoke, the notes of the vesper bell were heard; Isabella was strongly affected by the impressive solemnity of her appeal; and it was with moistened eyes and a throbbing bosom that she rose to follow her hostess and the nuns to the chapel. As they entered the low vaulted passage, sister Martha asked our heroine to accompany her through the cemetery walk, to which Isabella readily assented, having first providently cloaked herself, to guard against the night air.

The scene was sufficiently striking to arrest the admiration of a person more indifferent than Isabella to the wilder moods of nature. A shower of snow had fallen in the evening, and loaded the huge gnarled boughs of the old rugged oaks that surrounded the convent; they were tinged with a faint and ghastly light by the moon's early

crescent, which threw a sullen and imperfect beam on the dark sea beneath the rock, contrasting strangely with the reflection of the red lights from the chapel windows, that twinkled on the livid waters.

Notwithstanding the chilness of the night, Isabella was irresistibly induced by the strange, wild charm of the cold and quiet scene, to linger on the verge of the terrace. The sweet, low, measured chime of the convent bell harmonized with her solemn emotions.

“ On *this* side of the terrace,” said sister Martha, pointing to the cloisters, “ are the abodes of the dead ; and on *that*, is the wide and trackless sea, an appropriate emblem of that world of boundless duration to which their God has called them.”

The bell now ceased, and the soft, liquid warbling of the organ was heard from within ; its upper notes were touched by a finger of no common delicacy, and the wild and plaintive

strain soon melted into chords of full, rich harmony. They left the terrace, and entering the chapel by a postern, united their devotions with those of the sisters.

The time wore apace, the vesper prayers concluded, and Isabella, overpowered with the weariness arising from excitement, retired to rest. She sank into a profound slumber, which was unbroken even by the chimes of prime, and lauds, that successively sounded on the silence of the night, startling, perhaps, from his repose, a sable denizen of the "rooky wood," whose wing would rustle for a moment in his airy nest.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Then came an ancient man,  
"Madame, your slave," quoth he ;  
"I know you not, Syr," said the dame.  
The man said, "But I know thee."

OLD BALLAD.

THE following day was a festival, and the abbess succeeded in her efforts to induce Mrs. Kavanagh to prolong her sojourn at the convent.

"Your mother was inexorable yesterday," said sister Martha, smiling, "when the abbess besought her to remain a second day here ; now that she has yielded so far, I hope that she may yield still further."

"I should hope so too," replied Isabella,

“ for I really wish I were permitted to try how a short noviciate would agree with me.”

“ Not much, I should fancy,” said Martha, “ to judge from the experience of last night; I looked towards the chapel door, expecting your appearance at each of our nocturnal services and saw you not. Your zeal was short lived.”

“ The spirit was willing, sister Martha, but fatigue overcame me. Heaven knows, I needed rest.”

“ For a wearied spirit, or an exhausted body ? ” asked the nun.

“ For both.”

“ For both ? you did well, then, to seek repose ; although sleep will not always come at the bidding of a wearied spirit.”

“ That is one of the worst penalties of misfortune,” said Isabella.

“ But if sorrow scares slumber from our

pillow," said Martha, mildly, "still we have a soothing remedy in prayer."

"Oh, sister Martha," said Isabella fervently, "you are right—I have felt it—I have indeed felt it. If you but knew what I have recently suffered ——"

Isabella was on the point of confiding her grievances to sister Martha, and asking her counsel and sympathy; when the tolling of a bell summoned both to the chapel, where mass was about to commence.

"Come," said the nun, rising from her chair, "come to mass—if it will relieve your heart to commune with me on the subject of your griefs, I shall readily listen to you at another time. Think well, however, first, whether you might not hereafter regret having committed them to any person—even to me."

Isabella was silent, and followed Martha to the chapel.

The train of nuns walked up the aisle, preceded by the officiating clergyman, and a crucifer, or cross-bearer, who carried in his hand a large and beautifully-wrought ivory crucifix. When the nuns reached the choir, the hymn, "*Veni, Creator Spiritus*," was pealed from the organ; the strain was followed by a benediction, and then mass commenced.

Isabella knelt beneath a low stone arch, which formed a recess in the wall, and at whose farther end there was a small iron door; the ceiling of the arch was adorned with elaborate fret-work, upon which was emblazoned, at every intersection of the tracery, the crest of the sept of O'Sullivan Lyra,—a boar's head erased. Unheeding these fantastic decorations, she endeavoured to bend her whole soul to the exercises of devotion; and resting her head upon her hand, so as to exclude all perception of surrounding objects, she poured forth her spirit heavenwards, in earnest, inward prayer.

When mass was over, and the parting benediction had been given, the congregation rose to depart. Isabella still lingered, wrapt in devotional thoughts, and almost unconscious that she was now the sole occupant of the chapel. For several minutes she remained engrossed in solitary prayer, when her attention was arrested by the creaking of the iron door behind her. It was opened with as little noise as its rusty hinges would permit, and carefully closed again. A footstep paced along the arched passage, and in another moment a stranger knelt at Isabella's side. She did not allow this occurrence to disturb her, and refrained from looking at her new companion, until she had concluded her devotions. When, at length, she rose from her knees, and gazed around, she was struck by the singularly venerable, patriarchal figure of the stranger. His head was nearly bald, save that some few grey locks still fell from his temples on his shoulders: his



colour was fresh and healthful, and his clear blue eye quite unimpaired by age. His coat was made like the capuchin tunic, save that it wanted a hood; the material was the strong grey freize, in common use among the Leinster peasantry; round his waist was a black leather belt, whence depended a large rosary, the beads of which were ivory and oak. A silver crucifix was also appended to the belt, exclusively of that which appertained to the rosary. The penitent held it up with his left hand, while with his right he smote his breast, exclaiming, in accents of contrition,

“ Ostende nobis, Domine, misericordiam tuam\*.”

His lips then silently moved for some moments, when with sudden energy he clasped his hands together, and in tones of the most

\* Oh Lord, show us thy mercy.

solemn earnestness chaunted forth these verses  
of an ancient Latin hymn :

“ Ne mens gravata crimine,  
Vitæ sit exul munere ;  
Dum nil perenne cogitat,  
Seseque culpis illigat.

“ Celeste pulsat ostium,  
Vitale tollet præmium ;  
Vitemus omne noxium ;  
Pergemus omne pessimum.

“ Præsta, Pater piissime ;  
Patrique compar Unice ;  
Cum spiritu Paraclito,  
Regnans per omne sæculum\*.

The voice was clear and skilfully managed,  
although slightly tremulous from the singer's

\* The first two stanzas have thus been freely translated :—

“ Call not, O Lord, untimely hence,  
Our spirits stained with deep offence,  
To stand before thy awful bar,  
Victims of sin's delusive snare !

age. Isabella, who had stood in the aisle regarding the old man with interest as well as admiration, now moved towards the door. But he instantly perceived her purpose, and waved his hand, as if requesting her to stay. Surprised at his doing so, she seated herself on a bench in the aisle, feeling curious to learn his motive for detaining her: he thanked her with a smile, and immediately resumed his offices of devotion, in which, for some minutes, he seemed buried. At length he rose, made a low genuflection towards the altar, and approaching our heroine, said, with a slight depression of his head,

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“ But rather, while at mercy's door,  
Contrite, our treasons we deplore,  
Oh! grant thy trembling suppliants peace,  
And bid their sins and sorrows cease.

The third stanza is a doxology.

“ Lady, I would speak with you.”

Isabella bowed, in token of acquiescence.

The old man led the way to the cloister, and then said, “ This may appear a strange liberty, and so it would be, if I had not the warrant of being an old follower of your house for many a long year ; it is often, Miss Isabella Kavanagh, that I held you in these arms when you were a little infant.”

“ It is strange, then,” said Isabella, “ that I know you not.”

“ No, Miss Isabella ; it would be strange indeed if you knew me, for you never saw me since you were a little child ; but you may have heard my name. Did you ever hear your honoured uncle mention one Terence O’Leary ?”

“ I often did,” said Isabella.

“ I am he, Miss Kavanagh. I enlisted, and served in the army for several years ; I saw little except sin wherever I went ; men seemed

only emulous in trying who should most break God's commandments, and who should plunge the deepest into guilt. I was for a time as bad as any, but it pleased God to open my eyes to my miserable state. I have seen the reckless child of pleasure carried suddenly hence to meet his God, with blasphemy upon his tongue, and pollution in his heart. A voice seemed to whisper in my ear, 'O, man, may it not be even thus with thyself?'—I shuddered, and felt as though I were plucked from the verge of a pit into which I was about to fall. I deserted my evil associates, betook myself to prayer, and I trust received grace to think savingly upon those sacred truths which form our only safe guide here and our only hope hereafter. I was eager to quit the army; a generous friend gave me money to buy my discharge; and having shortly after, been left by a relation enough to support me without depending on my labour, I have indulged my inclination to spend a

large part of every day in the holy House of God, before His altar."

"I am glad," said Isabella, "to see an old follower of our family, so happy in the enjoyment of a healthful and virtuous old age. Remember me, Father, in your prayers; I shall remember you in mine. May God bless you, and give you peace now, and in your closing hour."

And she extended her hand to the old man, as if bidding him farewell. He caught it, and reverently pressed it to his lips.

"But, lady, you do not go yet," said he; "I have not said my say." And he paused, as though he felt some awkwardness in giving expression to his thoughts. "Look, Miss Kavanagh, at the crest that is carved over this old arch—the boar's head—know you, lady, of what house this crest is the cognizance?"

"How scholarly you talk of crests," exclaimed the lady.

“ Why should you marvel at my scholarship ?” demanded the old man ; “ am I not from Kerry, where Latin, in my early days, was nearly as current as Irish ; and where every man knows the ensigus-armorial of, at least, the great houses to which he or his kin have been fosterers ? and have I not been reader, now and then, to the Reverend Provincial of the Augustinians ?”

“ Pardon me,” said Isabella, “ I meant not to offend you.”

“ Pardon *you*, my sweet lady ! you could not offend your old servant. But know you to what house the crest of the boar’s head belongs ?”

“ To my shame be it spoken, I do not,” replied Isabella.

“ Indeed it is a shame for you, Miss Kavanagh. For that crest might yet—forgive my boldness, lady—that crest might yet, with God’s guidance and blessing, become *your own*.”

“ Mine? how mean you, old man?”

“ I mean this, lady—that I have prayed long and often, that you, the sweet child of my beloved master, might yet be the bride of the best, the truest Christian gentleman that ever yet scorned the snares and devices of the world, and walked in the path of honour and the Gospel—the generous friend who saw that my spirit was chafed among my profligate comrades in the army, and from a store too scanty for his princely heart, gave me—it is now twelve years ago, and he was but a stripling then—a free gift of the money that purchased my discharge.”

Isabella looked inquiringly.

“ Come, young lady—you pretend you know not whom I mean. O’Sullivan Lyra is the man—may Heaven bless him! But I crave your pardon, Miss Kavanagh—I have been too bold for my station.”

“ Old man, you have taken an inexcusable liberty,” responded Isabella; “ your motives



may be good, for what I know, but no motives can excuse your unwarrantable freedom; you presume far too much on the licence allowed to old followers. This sacred place, I think, should have protected me, independently of any other consideration."

"Oh! lady, do not judge me harshly. Do not go, without hearing me ask pardon, if I have offended you."

Isabella had re-entered by the cloister door into the chapel, and was quickly proceeding down the aisle.

"Stay yet, lady—do not part from me in anger—only let me hear you say that you forgive me.—She is gone! she will not listen to me."

Isabella had advanced to the great entrance, but was constrained to re-enter the chapel by a keen shower of sleet. Terence O'Leary forthwith took advantage of her re-appearance. "Lady, cast not happiness away from you—I plead for

O'Sullivan—I plead for his happiness and your's, in this solemn spot, beneath the ancient arch that was reared by his fathers, and over the old vault that contains their mortal relics. Lady, do not thwart me—only say that you will think of it,—that you will not reject my assistance.”

Isabella, although highly displeased, could not help smiling at Terence's enthusiastic pertinacity; at the same time assuring him that he was utterly mistaken in supposing that the alliance he contemplated could ever be effected.

“ I almost feel wrong in having listened, though inadvertently, to any thing you could say on such a subject,” she gravely added; “ but I respect your grey hairs, and I have often heard my uncle speak in warm terms of your tried and faithful services. I say this,” continued she, “ for I really feel that I need an excuse; I do not say more, for I do not wish to hurt your feelings; and I now desire that you will dismiss the subject from your mind for ever.”

At this moment sister Martha entered with cloaks and umbrellas.

“ You were snow-bound here, Miss Kavanagh,” said she. “ Ha! old Terence! why did not you run to the parlour for these things? How came you here? I did not see you at mass.”

“ I was at early mass,” said Terence, “ at the parish chapel, and I came here, having heard from your sacristan that Miss Kavanagh and her honoured mother were staying at the convent; I was once a servant of their house.”

“ I marvel then,” said the nun, “ that you never went to Castle Kavanagh to visit them, since you came to this neighbourhood.”

“ I meant it,” responded the old man; “ but I have not been very long here, as sister Martha knows; and after I quitted the army, I had always stayed, till lately, at Bally-Sullivan, which you know is a good six-score miles away from this; and there I would still have re-

mained, only that Mr. O'Sullivan is going to leave it, and the Reverend Provincial invited me here. Ah! if Mr. O'Sullivan only had his rights! This estate once belonged to his forefathers, long, long, before the Ballyvallins got it, and *they* sold it afterwards to a man who was broke by the purchase, and had to sell it in his turn! 'Sic transit gloria mundi!' Weirastua!"

As they issued from the portal of the chapel, the enthusiast could not avoid whispering to Isabella, "Think of what I said, Miss Kavanagh—think of what I said. Oh! if my vision of *your* happiness and *his* should come to pass, I would cry 'Nunc dimittis,' for my fondest earthly hopes would indeed be fulfilled."

## CHAPTER XIV.

The snow clothed valley and the naked tree ;  
These sympathising scenes my heart can please,  
Distress is theirs, and they resemble me.

JOHN CLARE.

“ UPON my word,” thought Isabella, “ my venerable ex-military friend is exceedingly liberal of O’Sullivan’s hand—I rather think O’Sullivan would not feel inclined to confirm the old soldier’s liberality. Mamma is positively certain that O’Sullivan has made some arrangement with Lucinda Nugent—indeed I thought, two or three times, that I saw certain telegraphic tokens of intelligence between them, that one could not well mistake. Undoubtedly

O'Sullivan has many good points, and I think Lucinda is a fortunate girl. The fellow is exceedingly handsome, which is never overlooked by us women;—he is very intelligent—an incomparable moralist, and an incomparable fox-hunter. I saw him take a smashing leap across the old paddock wall, when a field full of horsemen were obliged to go a quarter of a mile round, and not a soul would venture to clear the wall except himself and the huntsman. Even Mordaunt rode round—" (here our soliloquist sighed)—" heigho ! I trust and hope O'Sullivan may not break Lucinda's heart—If truth be in man, I would depend on him—there is in his manner a manly frankness and sincerity that seems wholly incompatible with deceit."

As Isabella bestowed this mental eulogy upon O'Sullivan, she reached the convent parlour, in which Mrs. Kavanagh and the abbess were seated, enjoying the warmth of a blazing peat fire. The comfortable, warm little parlour

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seemed more cozy from its contrast with the wintry scene without. The sleet shower was now over, but masses of snow clouds still hovered aloft, and the wild expanse of scrubby and disforested moorland was covered with a dazzling sheet, of three inches deep. And here and there a solitary oak upreared its black, forked, withered trunk, standing out in strong relief from the whitened waste around.

The fire-place occupied a corner of the room, adjoining a deep bay window, so that while seated by its genial hearth, you could look upon the park without. The ladies cast their eyes on its snow-clothed surface, and heaped fresh fuel on the fire.

“ You lingered behind us in the chapel, Isabella,” said Mrs. Kavanagh, pressing her daughter’s hand affectionately.

“ Yes, mother ; and I formed an acquaintance there.”

“ An acquaintance? with the statue of old Lord Cormac O’Callaghan?”

“ No—not with anybody’s statue, but with an old dependent of our family, Terence O’Leary.”

“ Ah, I remember Terence very well. He enlisted the year after I was married, got tired of the army, and was purchased out, as I heard, by young O’Sullivan, who was hardly more than a boy at the time;—I should like to see old Terence; he must be nearly sixty now—I did not observe him at mass.”

“ He entered the chapel after service, Mother, through the sacristan’s door, that opens on the little cloister. He seemed perfectly to know who *I* was, although of course I could not have any recollection of him.”

“ I suppose, my dear, he heard we were here, from some of the attendants?”

“ He is constantly here,” said the abbess;



“ he belongs to a confraternity to whom I have given permission to recite their rosaries and prayers in the convent-chapel.”

The casual mention of O’Sullivan’s name, led the abbess to detail many incidents connected with his boyhood and earlier youth : she was his aunt, and loved him with truly maternal affection.

“ He was ever a fearless and honourable fellow,” said she ; “ I remember when he scarcely was seven years of age, that he broke a handsome china vase, for which on the following day he heard his father severely reprimanding the footman. ‘ Do not be angry with Frank,’ said my honest-hearted boy, coming manfully forward, ‘ it was I, and not Frank, who broke the vase.’ - - Parents and relatives keep traits such as these treasured up ; it is happy when the promise they afford is realised in after-life.”

“ I am sorry,” said Mrs. Kavanagh, “ that

his fortunes withdraw him from Ireland; I earnestly wish him success in his career."

While the abbess and Mrs. Kavanagh thus conversed, Isabella's eye wandered over the desolate park, and rested on a spot where the rude, neglected avenue emerged from one of the numerous thickets. A thin veil of mist seemed drawn around the spot, and a broken gleam of sunlight coldly fell upon a large old thorn, that overhung the path a few paces apart from the thicket. The effect of light and shadow was extremely beautiful, and riveted the eye of Isabella, who gazed with an attention that was quickened into curiosity, when she saw a horseman issue from among the leafless bushes, and rapidly advance in the direction of the convent. Ere yet he had approached very nearly, his bold and noble bearing, and distinguished form, would have led her to recognise O'Sullivan; but could she have enter-

tained a doubt of his identity, it would have been solved by the spirited ease with which he cleared the wide-sunk fence that surrounded the enclosures of the convent, instead of adopting the more tedious process of dismounting, to apply for the key of the outer gate.

“That is precisely the style,” thought Isabella, “in which I saw him leap the old paddock wall near Castle Kavanagh—he sits his horse exactly as a wild duck sits on the wave of a heaving sea, as free, as careless, as composed.”

While O’Sullivan’s equestrian prowess thus elicited Isabella’s admiration, the portal-bell was rung, and in another instant, his name was announced to the abbess. She rose with alacrity to welcome her nephew; and when he entered the apartment, Isabella felt a deeper colour steal over her face, as she thought of the visions in which Terence O’Leary had so

recently indulged. When the Kavanaghs had greeted him,

“ I have come, aunt,” he said to the abbess, “ to bid you farewell. A few weeks hence, and I leave Ireland. I could not quit the kingdom without the satisfaction of once more beholding you ; — when absent, I shall often think of the peaceful little parlour of Conela.”

“ God bless you, my dear, wherever you go. I am glad to perceive your spirits are not blanked, on the eve of your voyage to a distant hemisphere.”

“ Blanked ? No ! I am full of hope—I trust I shall return to my father’s hall, in a condition that may enable me to restore it to its ancient splendour. I have also a *better* ambition than this ;—I must earn the means to pay my father’s debts—I cannot be happy while they are unpaid ; but success or failure rests not with myself—I can only work—

trust me, however, for energy and perseverance."

"Will you go to bid farewell at Martagon," inquired the abbess. To do her every justice, the question was asked in all the artlessness of utter ignorance; nevertheless it called up a conscious glow to the cheek of O'Sullivan, which increased from his intuitive perception that Isabella noticed it.

"That blush reveals all," thought Isabella.

O'Sullivan evaded replying, and somewhat irrelevantly began to praise the superior comfort of the olden fire-places, where the fuel instead of being caged in a grate, was confined by iron *dogs* upon the hearth. Whereupon he assiduously replenished the fire, and examined the curious old mantel-piece, with antiquarian interest. It was, indeed, a strange and monumental looking specimen of ancient handy-work; the upper part was carved in deep relief,

into compartments, in each of which stood the figure of mitred prelate, cowed monk, or mail-clad knight.

Finding her query unanswered, the abbess did not repeat it, but asked if her nephew had recently been at Knockanea.

“He had,” he said, “paid his parting respects.”

“And how were our friends there occupied?” asked Mrs. Kavanagh.

“Mrs. Mersey was instructing Prince Gruffenhausen and Mr. Jonathan Lucas in philosophy. She quoted Dr. Johnson, to prove that whatever withdraws the mind from the real to the ideal, from the present to the future, advances us in the scale of rational beings. Gruffenhausen said that his own mind was incessantly fixed upon *die Zukunft*.”

“And what did Jonathan say?”

“Jonathan said Dr. Johnson was quite right—that every rational man kept his eye on the

future, and that he, Jonathan, was accordingly looking forward to a future cockfight, and training his cocks for it."

"What an admirable application of Dr. Johnson's wisdom!"

"Yes, and extremely characteristic of Jonathan.

"Does Mrs. Mersey engross as much of Baron Leschen's attention as ever?"

"Upon my word, I think she appeared to divide him pretty fairly with Lady Jacintha; so far, at least, as my limited opportunities enabled me to judge. She was taking lessons in *écarté* from the Baron, and appeared quite a novice in the game; which amused me very much, as I was told by a quiet looker on, who knows the widow well, that she is a first rate proficient in *écarté*, and qualified to instruct five hundred Baron Leschens."

"How like her! but no doubt she had

excellent reasons for assuming the raw novice—the widow never acts without a motive.”

“ Well,” said O’Sullivan, “ we may be amused at her dextrous manœuvres, but let us do her justice ; it is allowed, on all hands, that she made a most excellent wife to each of her three husbands.”

“ She must be a very entertaining person,” said the abbess ; “ one generally hears of her saying or doing something piquant.”

“ You may soon have an opportunity of judging for yourself,” replied O’Sullivan, “ for I heard her proposing a tour, in which Conela was certainly to be included. She often amuses herself picking up legends and traditions, and she hears you have stores of them here.”

“ Should she visit me, then,” said the abbess, “ I shall certainly commit her to Terence O’Leary, whose memory is fraught with old



chronicles, and who takes a real pleasure in telling them."

"Poor Terence," said Mrs. Kavanagh, "I must see him; he was a favourite, and very deservedly too, with my husband."

Terence was summoned, and expressed, with warmth, the pleasure he sincerely felt at once more seeing his old mistress. His eye glistened as he gazed on Isabella and O'Sullivan, and he experienced an intensely affectionate interest in both, which may probably be somewhat unintelligible to such of our readers as know not the depth, the devotedness of mingled gratitude and love which binds an old dependant to the family of his hereditary benefactors. This is, alas! a feeling too seldom to be found in our commerce with the world; it is smothered and quenched by the sordid selfishness which generally regulates our social connections. Its excess may be absurd—enthusiastic; but evil is the breast in which it dwells not.

Isabella felt angry with herself for not having more severely reprimanded the unauthorised suggestions of Terence in the cloister; but in Terence there was something that disarmed resentment; his manner, even while uttering the words she thought deserving of rebuke, was at once so respectful, so earnest, and affectionate; his voice, and glance, were so placid and parental; in the recent offering of his orisons to heaven there had been so much of edifying, unaffected piety; and in the train of thinking his brief conversation had developed, there was so much of downright unworldliness and simplicity, that Isabella felt far more inclined to pardon the indiscreet zeal of the enthusiast, than to resent his officiousness. She also made allowance for the licence which, in many parts of Ireland, custom has from time immemorial permitted to ancient dependants; and the result of all these mingled considerations, was the full, free pardon of Terence.

The dusk of evening fell; the relatives conversed on all the subjects suggested by O'Sullivan's approaching departure; the night wore apace; and when the convent clock struck ten, O'Sullivan shook hands with the Kavanaghs, received his aunt's blessing and embrace, and mounting his steed, which Terence had foddered in an out-house, bent his way to the neighbouring village of Kildrummy, where he meant to sleep.

## CHAPTER XV.

When the moon is beaming low,  
On frozen lake and hills of snow,  
Blithe and merrily we go.

OLD SCOTCH BALLAD.

Blest independence, oft I bait ye,  
How blithe I 'd be to call ye matey !

ROBERT BURNS.

THE pale moon gleamed faintly on the snowy waste, as our hero turned from the convent gate into the park ; and he was spurring forward his horse, when Terence said,

“ Won't your honour please to slacken your pace, and I 'll bear you company ?”

“ I don't care if I do,” said O'Sullivan, dropping the rein on the horse's neck.

“ And now,” said the old man solemnly,

“the time is coming to a point, and you have made up your mind to quit your native country, not knowing what chances may betide you in the far distant land that you’re bound for.”

“We must trust in God, Terence, and labour and hope for the best.”

“And you *will*, then, surely go?”

“Undoubtedly. When did you ever know me change a purpose I had formed after long deliberation?”

“But if you found your purpose was an unwise one,” remonstrated Terence, “or, in short, that, on reconsideration, it might be mended?”

“My old friend, I have not yet discovered *that*, nor do I think it likely, either, that I shall. Can a man of my principles and feelings sit quietly down in the consciousness that, although he is protected by an entail, yet creditors have just demands against him? Or, to speak of less important considerations, how

can I bear to remain inactive in a wrecked and ruinous abode, when the exercise of manly vigour, and whatever energy and talent God has given me, may perhaps restore it to its former splendour? And, I ask you, is not this a good reason for going abroad?"

"Undoubtedly, it *would* be one," responded Terence, "provided that you could not pay your father's debts, and restore your ancient house by staying at home."

"How mean you? what prospects are open to me in Ireland?"

"Oh, Sir, do not be angry, I implore you; but I think if a few of Miss Kavanagh's thousands could be spent at Bally-Sullivan, the debts might be paid, the old house repaired, and the lady herself feel no great objection to preside there. What says your honour to the notion?"

"My good Terence, your zeal in my behalf makes you very imaginative. Once for all, it

is utterly impossible — utterly impossible,” he fervently repeated, as the sweet confiding smile and lovely form of Lucinda Nugent rose to his memory.

Terence saw at once, from O’Sullivan’s tone, that the impossibility was real ; though *why* it should be so, he could not for the life of him conjecture.

“ Well, Sir, I often have wished and prayed that you and Miss Kavanagh might fancy each other ; but since it seems you don’t, I suppose there’s an end of it. But if it *could* be so, I can’t but think it would be a quieter, an easier, and altogether a more desirable way of setting the estate to rights, than wandering abroad in quest of fortune’s gifts, which are mighty uncertain into the bargain.”

O’Sullivan continued silent, but he edified himself with sundry mental encomiums on disinterestedness, and corresponding execrations on the sordid views of fortune-hunters.

“What !” thought he, “owe your fortune to your wife ! How much more congenial to the spirit of a generous husband, were the thought that he presented himself to the lady of his choice, as in all respects her equal ! Pah ! how can a fellow bear the consciousness that his wants are all supplied, not from his own funds, but a woman’s ! How can he bear the reflection that his brooches, his watch-chain, his watch, nay, his very tailor’s bills, are dependant on the strength of his wife’s purse ! pah !”

There are moments, when a train of thought commenced in “sober sadness,” in a mind alive to perceptions of the ludicrous, will end in any thing but sad solemnity.

“Oh, what a horror,” thought our hero, as his mind reverted to Lucinda, “what a horror ! the idea that *she* should pay for *my* inexpressibles !”

It would seem that the reflection had in some mode or other found its way to his lips, for Terence immediately answered,



“ Ay, master ; but it would be a great deal worse if she was to *wear* them.”

“ How quick your ears are, you old rascal ! I did not intend you to hear that.”

“ Then speak lower the next time,” said Terence, “ for my ears are not wooden, I assure your honour. But if your high spirit scorns the thought of being under obligations to a wife, I must say that your honour has a poor opinion of the women. They are tender-hearted, generous souls, and never are so happy as when they are of service to the men they love.”

Terence continued to talk until they reached the village ; where O’Sullivan, consigning himself to the comforts afforded by the little inn’s best bed-room, sought respite in a few hours’ slumber, from the varied and harassing anxieties that crowded on his mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

At an early hour on the following morning, Isabella and her mother left Conela on their route to Dublin. Notwithstanding the discouragement of Sister Martha, the former felt her penchant for a conventual life return very strongly, as she quitted the precincts of the lonely, quiet convent, to re-enter the busy and unsatisfying scenes of social life.

“ Brief as has been my sojourn at Conela,” thought she, “ it has left an indelible impression.”

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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OR,

“ DAS SCHIKSAL.”

BY

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AUTHOR OF “ THE WIFE-HUNTER.”

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“ Tell the politic arts  
To take and keep men’s hearts ;  
The letters, embassies, and spies,  
The frowns, the smiles, and flatteries,  
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,  
Numberless, nameless mysteries !”

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# THE HUSBAND-HUNTER;

OR,

## “DAS SCHIKSAL.”

*A Tale.*

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### CHAPTER I.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
Whilst the landscape round it measures :  
Russet lawns and fallows grey,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;  
Mountains on whose barren breast,  
The labouring clouds do often rest ;  
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks and rivers wide,  
Towers and battlements it sees,  
Bosom'd high in tufted trees.

L'ALLEGRO.

WHEN the carriage which conveyed our fair travellers reached Kildrummy, they immediately engaged their seats in the stage-coach for

the following morning. Isabella, who never had travelled in such a conveyance before, was afraid of being brought into juxta position with vulgarity or impertinence; but consoled herself by the reflection that another day would terminate these *désagréments*.

The coach was drawn out at an early hour before the door of the inn, and the horses stood in readiness to recommence their daily labours. One of their fellow-travellers, a stout, broad, redfaced woman, entered the vehicle when it was ready to start, and on seating herself, encountered an obstruction in the roof of the coach, which was too low to accommodate a prodigious plume of feathers, that adorned her dingy velvet bonnet.

“ Oh dear! what shall I do? my elegant new plume of feathers are entirely ruined. But this comes,” continued the lady fastidiously, “ of travelling in stage coaches, and the like.”

“ True for you, Ma'am,” observed Mr. Mulligan, another of their coach companions;



“ it never could have happened if you travelled on Paddy’s barouche, as you ’re used to.”

“ I protest, Sir, I don’t undherstand you,” aid the lady, with dignity.

“ Why, Madam, if you want plain language, Paddy’s barouche is what we call the car that takes the corn to mill and the potatoes to market.”

“ Sir, your allusions are improper and despicable,” retorted Mrs. Patten, with still greater dignity than before, “ and I beg to assure you they are quite incomprehensible.”

“ I wish the coach would start,” said Mr. Mulligan, who discontinued his elegant raillery, when he saw the very serious offence it gave Mrs. Patten ; “ these fellows hurry one so, that one cannot eat a bit of breakfast, hardly, and then, when you ’re seated in the coach, they keep lingering and lingering.”

“ Indeed, Sir,” observed the relenting Mrs. Patten, “ you are quite right there ; it’s past

all patience, to be hurried about eating one's bit; but I was up to the rogues in my own way."

"How so, Ma'am?" demanded the waggish Mr. Mulligan.

"Why, thinks I to myself, if they make me pay for my breakfast, I've a right to the worth of my money; and if they don't let me eat it in the inn, why I'll take the liberty to eat in the coach, and no thanks to them. So, Sir,—see here," she continued, producing an equivocal bundle wrapped up in brown paper, and containing sundry subordinate packages, "I've got some *tay* that I whipped away out of the canister *unknownst*, and poor stuff it is; and I've some lumps of white sugar, and a couple of rolls, and the leg and liver wing of the could chicken;—a folly to let it go with them, the rascals! Upon my conscience if I didn't take care of myself, I don't know who else would."

“ Undoubtedly, Ma’am ; you were perfectly right.”

“ I wish, Sir, you would be good enough to see what’s keeping the coachman from starting.”

“ I believe I can guess, Ma’am ; the poor fellow just stopped to swallow a cup of tay with his sweetheart—we must make allowances, Ma’am, in affairs of the heart, you know, Ma’am.”

Mrs. Patten received this observation with an air of asperity, intended, no doubt, as a gentle reproof to the wit. Mulligan jumped out of the coach, and espied the coachman in one of the stables, exchanging the most tender protestations with a blowzy-looking housemaid, and immediately opened a brisk volley of slang at the delinquent. Meanwhile Mrs. Patten, who was somewhat incommoded by certain bundles and bandboxes which she had piled on the cushion at her side, began to transfer a portion of her moveables to the seat which

Mulligan had vacated. This manœuvre afforded her some relief until the return of Mulligan, who soon re-appeared from the stables, whispering and winking with the ostler in a manner peculiarly cognoscent. Some plan, it would seem, was in process of concoction between them; and when the wit had imparted his instructions to the ostler, he set his arms a-kimbo, and leaned with his back against the sign-post, grinning with inimitable self-complacency. While he continued in this attitude, some village acquaintance accosted him; he immediately dismissed his self-complacent smiles, lest his humbler friend might interpret his evident good humour as a licence to familiarity.

“ You ’re going to Dublin, I believe, Mr. Mulligan ? ”

“ Can’t say, I ’m sure ; that ’s just as I may fancy.”

“ You ’ve booked your place, though ? ”

“ *That* never would make me go, if the frolic took me to stay behind,” replied Mulligan, with the most aristocratic contempt of expense ; “ I care as little for the fare as any man living.”

“ It ’s well to be rich, Mr. Mulligan—ha, ha !”

“ No doubt it ’s a comfortable thing,” answered Mulligan, with an air of experience.

“ I suppose you ’ll go as far as Ballinaquod, at any rate ?”

“ I positively don’t know ; that ’s just as I relish my company—there ’s a conceited old dame in the coach, and her daughter ;—faith the daughter *is* a nice crature—*that ’s* an undeniably imperative seduction to thtravel, I must own.”

Isabella fortunately did not hear this tribute to her charms.

The horn now loudly sounded, and Mulligan, followed by the coachman, approached the door. On entering the vehicle, he found his

progress impeded by the entrenchments Mrs. Patten had thrown up in his absence.

“ Confound it !” he exclaimed to the coachman ; “ we ’ve got lots of trumpery here !”

“ I ’m sure I may bring my little boxes and things,” said Mrs. Patten, “ they don’t take up so much room.”

“ Then keep them at your own side, Ma’am ; you can do so very easy, for this is a six coach, and we ’re only four inside.”

“ Oh, Mr. Mulligan, pray be civil and neighbourlike,” interposed the coachman ; “ your honour was always a man for the ladies, you know.” And coachee good-naturedly busied himself in arranging Mrs. Patten’s things so as best to accommodate all parties, while the lady incessantly besought him “ not to crush her Injee shawl.”

“ Put over them band-boxes, too,” said Mulligan.

“ Oh, Sir, it won't much inconvenience you to let them stay where they are,” said the lady.

“ Inconvenience me ? ” retorted Mulligan, “ why, I vow, Ma'am, I don't see where I can sit, unless in your lap.”

“ In my lap, you indecent intruder ! ” screamed Mrs. Patten.

“ Ay, in your lap, Ma'am,” said Mulligan, winking at the coachman, “ and a fine soft seat I should have of it.”

“ Isn't he a mighty pleasant gentleman ? ” said the coachman to Isabella, who, he doubted not, enjoyed Mr. Mulligan's wit as much as he did.

“ Mighty disagreeable that the coach should be surrounded with them beggars,” said Mrs. Patten, as the mendicants solicited alms in every inharmonious variety of intonation.

“ Oh, poor creatures,” said Mulligan, who had now seated himself, “ one should open one's purse-strings to relieve the distressed—

you mustn't be hard-hearted, Ma'am—indeed, cruelty isn't in your countenance."

The lady vouchsafed a faint smile at this compliment; the beggars begged with unabated energy.

"Patience, my friends," said Mulligan, "I'll give you some halfpence the minute the ostler brings me the change of a couple of shillings I gave him."

"Long life to your honour! Heaven bless your honour! Heaven smile on the sweet face of your honour's mother's handsome child!" These, and other similar ejaculations were heard on all sides.

The ostler soon appeared, with mischief in his eye, and a tin saucepan containing some halfpence in his hand. Mulligan took the saucepan, and extending it from the window of the coach, emptied its contents on the ground, exclaiming, "Here, my honest rogues! divide this among you."



A grand general scramble instantly commenced, mingled with the screams of the beggars, who dropped the half-pence out of their hands as fast as they picked them up. Imprecations succeeded to the blessings that had at first been so liberally showered upon Mulligan, for the half-pence, which had previously been made red hot on the kitchen fire, burned the fingers of the yelling mendicants, amidst the uproarious laughter of Mulligan, the coachman, and the confederate hostler.

“ Hang you all, for a pack of unmanageable rascals !” cried Mulligan ; “ you would not be satisfied without getting the money, and now, by goles ! you ’re cursing me for giving it.”

Mulligan’s wit was not wholly unsuccessful in producing an impression upon Mrs. Patten. She laughed long and loudly at the dilemma in which he had involved the beggars, and at length said,

“ Well, there’s no denying but you *are* a pleasant gentleman.”

“ Ma’am, I’m as proud as a peacock you should do me the honour to think so ; I only wish” (looking at Isabella and her mother) “ that these silent ladies here could be brought to form the same opinion.”

Mrs. Kavanagh looked severely repulsive, and Isabella continued steadily perusing a volume of Scott’s novels.

The coach drove off, and the conversation was wholly sustained for many miles by Mulligan and Mrs. Patten, who spoke about their fashionable connexions and acquaintances.

“ You know Lord Ballyvallin, then ?” said Mrs. Patten, in answer to some observation of Mulligan.

“ Oh dear yes ; his lordship is prodigiously fond of me ; he says he expects I am to be his right-hand man at the election.”

“ I hope my friends Lady Ballyvallin and

my Lady Jacinta are well," said Mrs. Patten ;  
" my lady looked poorly the last time I saw  
her ; I think it was the rheumatics she had.  
Says she to me, ' You always look stout, Mrs.  
Patten ; I wish I had your health and strength,'  
says she. ' Pon my veracity she's a sweet woman  
—a sweet woman, Mr. Mulligan—and while I  
think of it, Sir, you needn't tell her ladyship  
when next you see her, that you met me in a  
stage-coach, you know."

" Oh, rely upon it, Ma'am, that I shall not  
articulate a particle about a public conveyance  
in connexion with your name, Mrs. Patten—  
honour bright, you know, for that. My friends  
near Ballyvallin's place are all as pressing as  
possible to have me among them ; but, some-  
how, when I go to that neighbourhood, I always  
give the preference to Ballyvallin himself. In-  
deed he deserves it—I must say ; he has been  
very kind—very."

“ Do you know the Kavanaghs, of Castle Kavanagh?”

“ Oh, perfectly—I’ve danced twenty times with *the girl*—she’s undoubtedly an elegant creature.”

In spite of the discomforts of their situation, Isabella and her mother involuntarily smiled at this claim of familiar acquaintance on the part of a low coxcomb whom they never had even heard of before.

“ They say she’ll have a great fortune,” resumed Mrs. Patten; “ by all accounts her uncle’s as rich as a Jew.”

“ Ay—she’s well worth looking after.”

“ I wonder, Mr. Mulligan, that you weren’t making faces at her yourself, with the opportunities you must have had, being so often in her company.”

“ Why, Ma’am, as to that, I *had* some thoughts, I must confess, of making up to her

at *one* time ; but then you know a young man should not be too precipitate ; there is nothing I so much dread as throwing myself away—I should take more time to look about me.”

“ Do you know, Sir, I heard that the young lady in question lately broke a poor gentleman’s heart.”

“ Indeed ?” said Mr. Mulligan.

“ There was one Mr. Mordaunt at the castle, that was ready to jump out of a five-pair window for her sake ; she agreed to marry him, they say, and when the day came, Miss changed her mind and jilted the poor man, who broke his heart in consequence of the *crule* tratement he resaved, and married some girl in England.”

“ Upon my honour, then,” said Mr. Mulligan, drawing himself up very consequentially, “ I must say I consider myself exceedingly fortunate in not having proposed for the young lady.”

“ Fortunate indeed,” said Mrs. Patten, “ for it’s really and truly a terrible job to be jilted.

But now, Sir, if you'd permit one to ask a friendly question, I would venture to inquire why you aren't doing something in the matrimonial way? It isn't impertinent, I hope, to observe, that I don't think you have much time to lose."

" You have me there, Ma'am, most unquestionably ; but prudence, Ma'am—prudence is my polar star. I'm always apprehensive of committing myself."

Mrs. Patten and Mulligan conversed incessantly without exhibiting any symptoms of weariness. At length the lady uttered an exclamation of surprise on looking from the window ; her talkative companion inquired the cause.

" As sure as I live," she exclaimed, " it's a runaway love affair—I protest I believe it's trying to catch the coach they are—look out."

And in order to enable Mulligan to see the objects that excited her attention, Mrs. Patten receded from the window.

There were two young quakers, a man and

woman, in a gig, which was driven at full speed by the quakeress; they had been trying to overtake the coach, and had now succeeded; the quaker, as his fair companion whipped along her tandem steeds, repeatedly looked back, as if to see whether he and his young "*friend*" were pursued. In a very few minutes the coach stopped to change horses, and the runaway couple stopped also.

"Did I not drive thee nicely, Obadiah?" inquired the quakeress smirkingly, as she flung down the reins.

"Verily thou didst, Priscilla; howbeit my heart trembleth and my flesh quaketh, lest thy father should overtake us before we ratify our union in presence of the friends assembled at the house of friend Ephraim Bugg."

"Fear not my father, Obadiah; he knoweth not the road we have taken; and should he attempt pursuit he will be much more likely to search for us at Martha Perkins's."

“Truly, friend Priscilla,” replied Obadiah, trembling with fear, “thou art a maiden of an ensnaring eye and a seductive tongue, or I never had adventured this for thee; yet my heart much misgiveth me that if thy father overtook us, he would lay the full length of his oaken cudgel on my shoulders; albeit he is a man of peace when the wrathful, carnal Adam is not stirred up within him.”

“I have taken thee out of his reach, Obadiah, as our smoking steeds bear witness. Did I not manage them well, for so unpractised a hand? Verily, Obadiah, thou owest me a kiss, for my nice charioteering.”

“Yea truly, Priscilla, and I will pay thee when we get into yonder leathern conveniency,” (meaning, by this periphrasis, the stage coach,) “but I am now too much agitated by the undelectable sensation of terror—Hark ye! ostler! take these horses into the stable, and see the poor beasts supplied with all their



necessity lacketh—I will bestow on thee a kiss by-and-bye, friend Priscilla, but it were unmeet and indecorous to caress thee in presence of so many rude folk, besides which I very considerably quake, I tell thee.”

“ Verily, Obadiah,” said Priscilla, “if I had not more courage than thou hast, we never would have done this thing.”

“ Thou speakest the truth, friend Priscilla,” replied Obadiah.

The friends got into the coach, having previously given the ostler a strict charge to take every care of the gig and horses; the poor animals had been driven so hard, that they were utterly incapable of proceeding any farther, but the quakeress entertained no fear of a premature discovery, as she had taken some steps, with the aid of a domestic confederate, to throw her father, whose opposition was most to be dreaded, entirely off the scent. The coach was perhaps not exactly the vehicle she

would have selected, as the meetest conveyance for herself and her fugitive compeer: but post-horses were too expensive for her scanty funds, and her father's steeds were, as we have said, knocked up for the present by their rapid morning's journey.

Mrs. Patten's luggage was removed, sadly against its owner's wish, to the boot of the coach, and Mulligan took his seat by her side; the "friends" sat next each other on the opposite side, pressing each other's hands, and smiling in each other's faces, although, if the truth must be told, friend Obadiah's smiles and pressures seemed sadly constrained and lugubrious, for the hapless youth was under the influence of two conflicting sources of terror; fear of Priscilla's displeasure compelled him to grin and squeeze her hand in sympathy with the grins and squeezes with which she favoured him; while on the other hand the awful apprehension of her father's vengeance embit-

tered the sweets of the elopement. This ludicrous constraint was visible in poor Obadiah's countenance and manner for some time; but his courage seemed wonderfully raised by some whispers from Priscilla; and it was evident that his self-possession increased in proportion as the coach rolled him farther away from the dreaded vicinage of Priscilla's father.

"Faith," said Mulligan, "you two seem to like each other mighty well; you haven't got a word for anybody else."

"Verily I have an esteem for friend Priscilla," answered Obadiah, looking modestly at his "friend," and then at Mulligan, with an air demurely languishing and sheepish.

"I'll engage," said Mrs. Patten, "she likes *you* as well as you like *her*."

"Verily I have an esteem for friend Obadiah," replied Priscilla.

"Oho! I think esteem is a cold foundation to build an elopement upon," observed Mulligan.

“ An elopement !” exclaimed Priscilla, in horror ; “ friend, thou art uncivil.”

“ Upon my oath I don’t know what else to call it,” said Mulligan, somewhat abashed by the steady manner of the fair quaker’s reproof.

“ Friend, thou art profane,” said Priscilla.

“ Well, what else can I say, unless that you’re eloping with each other as fast as ever you can, which I guess is the truth ?”

“ Thou mightest, with more seemliness, say that we are rapidly transferring ourselves to a locality of greater convenience, for the purposes whereunto our souls are inclined ; but thou may’st not use that profane and trifling word *elopement*, the which is applied to the motions of those children of vanity who are still in the darkness of the bondage of the ancient Adam.”

“ And aren’t you afraid, Ma’am, that some old uncle, or father, may come scampering after you before you accomplish your purpose, which I take to be matrimony ?”

“ Friend, she who is upright in her purpose feareth nought.”

“ Bravely said, Miss !” exclaimed Mrs. Patten.

“ But this young gentleman,” said Mulligan, “ he’s not quite so stout about the matter.”

“ He’ll *come on*,” said Priscilla encouragingly ; “ he’ll conquer his timidity, I promise thee.” And she smiled on Obadiah, as if to re-assure him, at the same time patting him upon the back.

“ Well, I declare, Miss, that your courage is wonderful,” said Mrs. Patten ; “ my poor dear Mr. Patten that is gone, courted me for fifteen months before I had the courage to say YES.”

“ If thy suitor was pleasing in thine eyes, friend, I think it would have needed more courage to say NO.”

“ You beat out all the women ever I met !” cried Mulligan, in high admiration ; “ I wish,

'pon my honour, that I had the superlative luck to be your sweetheart."

" Friend," replied Priscilla, " as to any superiority over other women, which thy civility ascribes unto me, I only speak the thing I think, deeming the open honest truth the right policy on all occasions. Touching the contingency thou hast insinuated, of thy being my *sweetheart*, I may truly say, heaven forbid! I like thee not ; regarding thy person as highly unattractive, thy manners coarse and forward, and thy occasional adjurations as unmeet and unsavoury."

" And now, Miss, what would you do, if I went and informed your father of your frolics, just out of pure revenge for your uncivil observations on my person and manners?"

" Friend, I defy thee. Firstly, thou knowest not who my father is, nor where he liveth ; and secondly, even if thou didst possess that knowledge, thou wouldst not have time

to avail thyself of it before friend Obadiah and myself should have our union duly ratified and registered in the presence of trusty and excellent friends, to whose abode we are rapidly hastening."

Mulligan swore that he was fairly at fault; that Miss Priscilla was a tar for all weathers, and that there was no being up to her.

"What mountains are these?" demanded Mrs. Patten, as the road entered a deep glen between two dusky chains of hills.

"They are called the Carragheen Dhû," replied Mulligan, "and are the finest shooting ground in Ireland, There's robbers, too, among them."

"Robbers!" repeated Mrs. Patten in terror.

"Ay, robbers," said Mulligan, who took delight in her fears; "there's a desperate gang in these mountains; a friend of mine was lately robbed by a fellow, who first took the

arms from the guard and coachman, and when he had robbed a whole coachfull, returned the arms, saying they were in very safe hands with them."

" Bless us all !" exclaimed Mrs. Patten, in piteous alarm.

" Friend, dost thou speak the truth ?" asked Obadiah.

" Every word as true as can be. The captain is called *Big Paddy*, and he goes about the country, sometimes disguised as a beggarman, and sometimes as a smuggler."

" Oh, what shall I do, if he comes upon us ?" exclaimed Mrs. Patten ; " I have a hundred and thirteen pounds, seven and fourpence half-penny in my pocket."

" I wish you had left it behind you," said Mulligan ; " for robbers have cursedly keen noses, and our throats may be cut in compliment to your hundreds."



“Thou speakest frightful things,” said Obadiah, evidently terrified. “My skin creepeth, as I hearken to thy words.”

“Fear nothing, friend Obadiah,” said Priscilla, patting him again upon the back, to encourage him; “should he whom they call Big Paddy rudely assail us, I, even I myself, will defend thee, my poor lamb, as long as I have strength for that purpose; so let not thy tender skin curdle into goose-flesh.” •

“Friend, I thank thee,” answered Obadiah, meekly.

“’Pon my sacred honour you’re a wonderful heroine,” said Mulligan; “I wish my own sweet-heart was like you.”

“Your own sweet-heart,” said Mrs. Patten. “I thought you had none.”

“I didn’t say *that*,” answered Mulligan knowingly.

“Could she drive a gig-tandem?” inquired Obadiah.

“ ’Pon honour I can’t say, having never seen her try ; but I know the first time I saw her, she was larruping a lame donkey down Constitution Hill, and she made him cut capers like a bear upon a gridiron.”

The coach now stopped. “ Ladies and gentlemen,” said the coachman, coming to the door, “ be pleased to light till we pass the broken bridge.”

The party accordingly got out ; the coachman led the horses by their bridles over the dangerous bridge, the battlements of which had been carried away by a flood, while the roadway was barely wide enough to allow the coach, with no small care and difficulty, to pass.

“ How lucky we passed the bridge before dark,” said Mrs. Patten.

“ Indubitably, Madam. But you do not know all the dangers that are yet before you. Big Paddy and his merry boys haunt the hills of Carragheen, and if they don’t help them-

selves to a share of the contents of your long pocket, you may think yourself particularly fortunate."

The dusk of evening descended as our travellers entered a ravine on whose southern side arose high and shapeless rocks, from the fissures of which, oaks and birch trees grew to a considerable size, notwithstanding the scanty nourishment the soil afforded. A stream rushed down a precipitous channel, the stony bed of which was darkened with a covering of sable water-mosses. The lamps of the coach were lighted at a solitary cabin in the glen, and Isabella gazed for some time on the picturesque effect of the swiftly passing lights, as they glanced in quick succession on the dusky trees and rocks, that were partially shown for a single moment, by the red and smoky glare, and receded the next into dark impenetrable shadow. At length she was lulled to slumber by the

monotonous tones of Mrs. Patten and Mulligan, whose colloquial exertions knew no respite.

An hour thus passed, when she was suddenly awakened by the stopping of the coach. Mrs. Patten protruded her head through the window, but immediately drew it in again, screaming out, "save us and keep us, if there isn't cars put across the road to stop the coach! We are done up now, in good earnest, and a gang coming down the mountains, as I hope to be saved! Oh, then, what will I do! what *will* I do!"

Mrs. Patten continued to give vent to her noisy woe, while Mrs. Kavanagh and Isabella remained silent, in terrified uncertainty. Mulligan compressed his lips, and awaited the result with scarcely less terror than the ladies. The coach was speedily surrounded, and a tall, muscular man, who acted as leader of the band of assailants, opened the door, declaring with a tremendous oath that none of the "boys" but

himself should rob inside, lest the *faemales* should be *frightsome*. He first accosted Mulligan, who sat next the door.

“ I’ve nothing about me but my watch and a trifle of money not worth mentioning,” said Mulligan ; “ and I’m sure, captain, you’re too much of a gentleman to ask me for *that*, when I freely give you up a hundred and thirteen pounds, seven and four-pence half-penny, that my wife here has got in her pocket.”

Mrs. Patten was absolutely too much stupefied by terror, to disclaim the conjugal connexion so artfully asserted by Mulligan ; who followed up his dexterous exordium by saying, “ Here, wife—hand the gentleman the money—you won’t ask me for any thing else, captain, if she gives it up quietly ? You wouldn’t deprive me of travelling charges, surely ?”

“ Oh, certainly not,” said the captain.

Mrs. Patten tried to mutter an ineffectual disclaimer of her wealth, but the captain insisted

on searching her pockets. She was therefore obliged, with trembling hands, to deliver up her hoard. The captain then turned to Priscilla. "I'll thank you for your purse, Ma'am," said he, "and make haste, if you please."

"Art thou he whom men call Big Paddy?"

"The same, at your service, Miss."

"Friend, thou art dishonest."

"All in the way of trade, Miss—just the same in all professions; only I do the job without any pretensions to honesty, which is more than other rogues can say for themselves."

"Friend, thy mode of life is immoral."

"Peradventure thou hadst better be civil to him," whispered Obadiah.

"Hand out your purse here, without giving more jaw, Miss, or mayhap you'll force me, in spite of myself, to be uncivil—I should n't like that, for I always trate faymales, where I can, with dacency and p'liteness."

“ Friend Paddy, I may not of mine own free-will render unto thee the thing that is not thine, seeing that I should thereby become a participator in thy guilt; nor will I suffer thee to deprive me of my purse as long as I can keep it.”

“ We’ll soon see how long that will be,” answered Big Paddy; “ though I’d just beg lave to hint to you first, that if it’s a scruple o’ conscience that hinders you from giving me the purse, you may make matters square by making me a free honest present of it. Then there won’t be any robbery, you know, and I shall be just as well plased.”

While this debate proceeded, the outside passengers and coachman were waging a fierce war with some of Big Paddy’s gang, and matters were proceeding to extremities, two of the robbers having received smashing blows upon their skulls from the alpeens of two countrymen, when the roll of wheels was

heard, as if in quick pursuit; it grew nearer and louder; the galloping of horses was echoed through the glen, and a chaise and four quickly reached the scene of action. It stopped; three gentlemen got out, and a muscular able-bodied man with a broad-brimmed hat, walked up to the door of the coach, shouldered aside Big Paddy, and asked, in a tone of mingled authority and wrath, "Is Priscilla Rankin here?"

"Oh," groaned Obadiah, "woe is me! it is thy father!"

"Speak, wench," said the angry parent.

"Yea, father—even so," answered Priscilla.

"And that scum, Obadiah Mudge—is he here also?"

"Yea, honoured friend," faltered out the conscience-stricken Obadiah.

"Come out here, amorous maiden!" said the lady's father.

"Obadiah, wilt thou stand by me, if I



stand by thee?" demanded friend Priscilla, stoutly.

"By all that's capersome," exclaimed Big Paddy, "she's such a varmint wench, it would almost be a sin to rob her."

"Oh, Sir," cried Mrs. Patten, who had at last found her speech, "help us, for pity's sake, to beat off these villains of robbers, and to get back my hundred and thirteen pounds seven and fourpence halfpenny, that the captain has got."

The two gentlemen who accompanied friend Rankin, were fortunately armed, and their presence re-assured the travellers, who, with their assistance, succeeded in capturing two of the robbers. Big Paddy made a desperate fight, but at length was compelled, with a pistol at his head, to refund Mrs. Patten's wealth.

The cars that encumbered the road were removed, and the coach proceeded to its desti-

nation ; friend Rankin having taken his place on the roof to assist in guarding the captive freebooters, who were now safely pinioned and handcuffed together.

It was nearly ten at night when the travellers reached Ballinaquod. On alighting from the coach, friend Rankin was accosted by a fiddler, who stood at the steps of the inn, rasping out " Home, sweet home," on his miserable instrument.

" Get thee gone, friend, with thy merry bit of timber," said the quaker, who instantly proceeded to hand out his daughter and her lover. " For thee, forward minion," said he to Priscilla, when he had got his whole party into a private apartment, " thou shalt be kept on bread and water for six months ; thy accomplice let me into the knowledge of all thy doings before thou hadst left my house four hours ; and as for thee, Obadiah Mudge, thy back shall be soundly belaboured ; the religion to which I belong,

doth not permit me to raise mine arm of flesh against thee, so that I am compelled to hand thee over to another, who hath no such scruples, and who will trounce thee well, I promise thee. A runaway apprentice ! a varlet that hath drank of my cup and partaken of my bounty ! breaking his indentures, and bringing shame upon my daughter ! 'Trounce him well, friend Manly,—trounce him,—yea,—' belabour him, and spare not.' "

Obadiah, paralyzed with terror, was unresistingly handed over to Mr. Manly's discipline ; Priscilla earnestly pleaded for him, saying, that she was by far the greater culprit ; her entreaties, however, availed not, and poor Obadiah was soundly thrashed. How friend Rankin subsequently disposed of his refractory apprentice and amorous daughter, our history sayeth not ; from his characteristic sagacity we are led to conclude that he made

some arrangement that ended their dangerous juxtaposition.

Mrs. Kavanagh and Isabella endeavoured to console themselves for the fatigue and alarm of the day, with such comforts as the village inn afforded. Their apartment was a large desolate chamber, with windows to the rear, overlooking a small court. The air was chill, and the apartment felt damp, although a turf fire blazed briskly on the hearth. Isabella drew a chair to the fire, and gazed upon two greasy prints that hung over the mantel-piece, representing the celebrated racer Nabocklish, and the famous Godolphin Arabian. Mrs. Patten now entered the room, and timidly ventured to approach the blazing hearth.

“ I hope, Miss,” said she, “ you’ve no objection to my warming myself: I’m perished with the cold, and there isn’t a fire in the house but this: the kitchen grate is just as

black as twelve o'clock at night, and I don't see what chance there is of getting supper, for I saw no sign of fish or flesh, and the kitchen-maid tells me the landlady's going to her club."

"Her club!" echoed Mrs. Kavanagh.

"Ay, Ma'am, her club; I saw her sailing out as fine as a jay, padded, wadded, puffed, flounced, flowered, and feathered, like any queen; here's the waiter, who can tell us more about it."

The waiter confirmed Mrs. Patten's information, and added, that the club which his mistress attended was called the Ballinaquod Ladies' Harmonic Society, in which there was a weekly rivalry of singing and *piany*-playing among the emulous fair ones of Ballinaquod. His mistress, he added, and her daughter, were considered to have distanced all competitors, for if there were twenty voices singing together, you would hear

Miss Juliana's voice above them all; and her mother played the Coolin and its variations so powerful loud, that she broke as many strings of the *piany* as all her rivals put together "They'll have wonderful music to-night," said the waiter, "for Miss Juliana has been practising night and day for a week—it will go hard with her, surely, if she doesn't flog them all."

Mrs. Kavanagh rejoiced that the wild, impassioned minstrelsy of Ballinaquod was out of ear-shot of the inn; the strains of Miss Juliana, her mother, and her musical friends, would have been a provoking termination to the day's adventures.

"What chance have we," said Mrs. Patten, "of getting anything to eat?"

"Every chance in life, Ma'am."

"What have you got?"

"There's a boy just come in with a kish

of fresh trouts, that were caught this evening in the lake."

"Get us tea," said Mrs. Kavanagh.

The waiter proceeded to obey this mandate; and as Mrs. Patten seemed chilly, and in despair of getting a fire elsewhere, Mrs. Kavanagh compassionately asked her to remain.

Isabella presided at tea, and poured out a cup for her guest, which the latter had no sooner tasted than she put it down, exclaiming, "Oh, I'm fairly poisoned!"

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Kavanagh.

"Whiskey, whiskey, Ma'am."

"Whiskey," repeated the waiter, stepping forward to apologise, "I beg all the pardons in life, ladies; but it's only a little taste of whiskey the lady has got in her tay, and not the least harm in life. I forgot to ready the taypot since the gentlemen drew punch in it last night."

Notwithstanding the musical enthusiasm of the landlady and Miss Juliana, the beds, strange to say, were clean and well-aired, and the fatigues of the day were soon forgotten in a deep, refreshing slumber. But this state of "sweet oblivion" was destined to meet interruption.

When the hour of "Night's black noon" arrived, the inmates of the inn were alarmed by loud screaming, which appeared to proceed from the bed to which Mrs. Patten had consigned her person. It proved to be a shrieking duet between that lady and the housemaid, who had been induced, at Mrs. Patten's request, to partake of her dormitory, the terrors of which she was afraid to encounter alone, having learned, from some communicative person, that an officer, who had been drowned in the neighbouring lake, had recently been waked there. .

Mrs. Patten reposed in tolerable quiet until



twelve, the legitimate hour for unearthly appearances, when some noise in her apartment dispelled her slumbers, and revealed to her waking apprehension that a tall form, clad in grave-clothes, stood in the window, its head surmounted by a lofty plume, whose feathers waved in the breeze that entered through a broken pane. The horror of the apparition was increased by the shadowy indistinctness of the spectre's outline; the light was the faintest beam of a dim and clouded moon, and the vision shook its airy plume most awfully.

“ Rouse ! rouse, Betty ! ” whispered Mrs. Patten, shaking her bedfellow ; “ as sure as I live there's the ghost of the drowned officer, in his regimental cap and feathers. Rouse, woman ! will ye ? I'll die of the fright.”

The ghost sailed slowly and majestically over to the bed, on which approximation Mrs. Patten's fears found vent in the screams that alarmed

Mrs. Kavanagh. Betty also yelled, and hid her head beneath the bed-clothes. The ghost groaned terrifically: the women yelled louder than before, and their yells arrested the attention of Miss Juliana and her mother, who were just then returning from their musical *soirée*. The elder lady, whose nerves had been pretty well braced against terror, by a roving, adventurous life, walked up to Mrs. Patten's dormitory with a candle in her hand, and was met at the door by the facetious Mr. Mulligan, with a sheet round his person, and Mrs. Patten's plume of feathers on his head. "Oh, you marauding tief! you funny rogue!" said she, "so it's ghosting the poor women you were? But I give you fair notice, Mr. Mulligan, that I shan't permit such doings in my house—it's all very well for a joke, and have done with it—but the next time I ketch you at such work, you don't get off so easy."



## CHAPTER II.

Towered cities please us then,  
And the busy hum of men.

L'ALLEGRO.

ON our travellers' arrival in Dublin, they were driven from the hotel where the coach stopped, to Mr. Kavanagh's residence in Stephen's Green. As Isabella entered the hall, she was struck by the cheerless appearance of the mansion. Although every part was in perfect repair, yet the whole wore the gloomy air of a tenement which had long been uninhabited: no lights blazed in the huge dim lamps that hung from the richly ornamented ceilings; the dusty chairs seemed as if they had not been disturbed for a

quarter of a century ; and our heroine felt really relieved, when, after proceeding through two or three spacious drawing-rooms whose faded decorations told an impressive tale of splendours long passed by,—she reached a small parlour, in which the furniture looked new, and carefully kept, and in whose hearth a brisk coal fire gaily blazed.

“ We shall soon make the house more comfortable,” said Mrs. Kavanagh ; “ and now that *we are* here, I hope we may enjoy the society of three or four of my brother’s old friends and their families, who are still to be found in the neighbourhood. Ah, Isabella, if *you* had seen these apartments as *I* have seen them,—crowded with the gay, and the noble, and the wealthy ! I have seen the old Duchess of Leinster *walk* minuets here with Lord Arran, and Lord Belvedere, and Warden Flood. I have seen old Lady Inchiquin, as stately as a queen, looking on at her beautiful daughters dancing cotillons

with the grace of fawns. I have seen—but what matters it all now? We shall never see such coteries of rank and splendour any more ; unless indeed Daniel O’Connell achieves the repeal of the Union, and by restoring to Ireland the seat of power, restores those who flock around it, and whose presence imparts dignity and consequence to the land of their birth.”

Isabella soon retired to rest, and dreamed—ah, woman’s weakness ! of the faithless Mordaunt. She awoke, and her eyes were moistened with tears ; she tried to overcome her emotion, and soon relapsed into a troubled slumber.

On the following day, Mrs. Kavanagh was visited by some old friends, who had learned her arrival in town. Among the rest, was Mrs. Delacour ; an old dame, who, having herself neither daughters nor nieces, most liberally bestowed her services as chaperone and matrimonial broker, upon any young lady who would do her the favour to accept them.

“ My dearest Isabella,” exclaimed this amiable lady, “ how strange, how unfortunate! that such attractions as your’s,—now pray don’t blush—I don’t at all flatter you—I am a plain, blunt old woman, and always speak what I think,—but I cannot help saying, it is most unfortunate that such a person as *you* most unquestionably are, should have been so very long buried in the country.”

“ So very long,” repeated Mrs. Kavanagh, laughing; “ why, you would almost make Isabella a despairing antique.”

“ She should have come to town a year ago—or two years. But, my love, you may have it in your power to make amends for lost time. Here is your next door neighbour, the Marquess of Ardraccan, who is well known to be on the outlook for a wife—in fact, he has come to Dublin for no other purpose.”

“ Really?” said Lady Maria OReilly.

“ Oh, my dear Lady Maria, every body

knows it. Since Lady Ardracchan's death, he has been most anxious to marry again, in the hope of an heir, for he cannot bear the notion of his fortune going to Colonel M'Carthy. *Now, Isabella, now,*" pursued the obliging matron, shaking her head most cognoscently; "one of the oldest titles in the kingdom, Isabella—beauty is his principal object—I will manage introductions, and all that—Ah, my young friend, *quel parti!*"

"Bless me!" exclaimed Lady Maria, in astonishment.

"Why are you surprised?"

"Lord Ardracchan might be Isabella's grandfather," said Lady Maria.

"Oh," said Mrs. Delacour, "Isabella is so sensible (I really don't flatter you, my love), that I reckon upon no objections. She must see all the advantages, all the *éclat*, of such an establishment; must you not, my dear?" [Isabella bowed assent, much amused at the zeal



evinced by her officious friend.] “I only require that Ardbraccan should see her to be *éperdu-ment amoureux*. Upon my honour I am serious.

Mrs. Kavanagh looked furtively at Isabella, to discover what she thought of the project, but she read no symptoms of assent in her daughter’s countenance. The brilliancy of the connexion produced a strong effect on her maternal fancy; and she was swayed a little, too, by the wish to show the faithless Mordaunt that in deserting Isabella he had merely left a place for the entrance of a coroneted suitor. “How it *would* pique him!” thought the mother. And so it would have piqued him, probably; but Isabella was not precisely the sort of woman who would take a step repugnant to her own feelings, for the barren pleasure of piquing Mordaunt.

“But why are you so certain that Lord Ardbraccan would admire Isabella so much?” inquired Lady Maria, good humouredly.

“Oh,” said Mrs. Delacour, “her appearance

—(upon my honour, Isabella, I don't flatter you at all)."

"But that would be lost upon him," replied Lady Maria, "for his sight is very much impaired—the poor man is almost blind."

"Well, you know one could employ twenty friends to tell him she was the loveliest creature in existence—You laugh, just as if there was any thing absurd or preposterous in my idea—just as if thousands of men in all ages of the world had not fallen desperately in love upon hearsay!"

"But I do not think *he* would fall in love on hearsay."

"Well then, Isabella's conversation—you converse delightfully, Isabella, don't you?"

"Oh, delightfully of course," answered Isabella, laughing.

"Well, we all know that love often wins the ear as well as the eye; and if so, why may not she talk him into being in love with her?"

“ For the best of all possible reasons—the Marquess is quite deaf.”

“ Deaf? pooh! we’ll get him the hearing apparatus, the new patent otaphone. Really, if he does not happen to possess one already, Isabella might present him with one.”

“ What miserable want of tact you display in that suggestion. To present him with an otaphone, would be to remind him in the broadest manner of his infirmity—better present him with a crutch, or a pair of spectacles.”

“ Oh, I only spoke in badinage.”

Lady Maria laughed at Mrs. Delacour’s expectation that the Marquess, at the age of seventy, should become *éperdument amoureux*, as she expressed it, with a girl whom he could neither see nor hear.

“ But I assure you he is resolved to marry some one,” replied Mrs. Delacour; “ and why may not Isabella try her chance?”

“ This is all sad nonsense,” said Mrs.

Kavanagh rising ; “ come—I see Lady Maria’s carriage at the door ; let us go to the exhibition.”

This was an exhibition of paintings, to which Lady Maria wished to take the Kavanaghs : the collection contained several works of great excellence.

When they reached the exhibition rooms, “ We are fortunate in coming to-day,” said Mrs. Delacour, “ as many connoisseurs are already here.”

“ Ah, I am sorry for that,” said Lady Maria ; “ those persons are always in search of defects, and are neither pleased themselves, nor allow others to be so.”

“ That is a beautiful Danæ,” said a lovely girl to a gentleman on whose arm she was leaning ; “ what a pity it is placed in that dark corner—the shower of gold is not seen to advantage—Don’t you think it might be better placed elsewhere ?”

“ I bow to your authority,” replied the gentleman ; “ but I should think that a shower of gold must appear to advantage in any light.”

“ Is not the Danæe beautiful ?”

“ Unquestionably ; but it does not seem an old painting.”

“ Nor is it ; the figure is a copy from an old master by a very clever Irish artist, and the face——”

“ What about the face ?”

“ Have you ever seen any one like it ?”

“ Let me see——Not that I can remember at this moment.”

“ Lucinda Nugent says that *she* is the original,” continued the young lady, “ and the shower of gold, I understand, proceeded from a certain noted hell in St. James’s Street. Her Jupiter Tonans is a strange eccentric being, half gambler, half poet — wears an Apollonic shirt collar and black

ribbon, à la Byron—can produce you a sonnet at a moment's notice, upon subjects of any dimensions, from Mont Blanc to a lark, and gambles *à merveille*."

"And pray who is this accomplished personage?"

The young lady lowered her voice, so that Isabella could not distinctly hear the name, but she fancied that it was Fitzroy Mor-daunt.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the gentleman, much surprised at his companion's information. "Why I thought O'Sullivan Lyra was the favoured suitor."

"I do not claim inerrancy," was the reply; "but I have learned, from what I deem excellent authority, that while poor O'Sullivan is busily occupied in preparations for a voyage to New South Wales, or Otaheite, or Demerara, in the pious hope of obtaining Lucinda's hand on his return, Fitzroy has contrived to supplant

him ; which certainly says little for Lucinda's taste."

*This* time the name was distinctly pronounced, and conveyed a mingled pang to Isabella's bosom. She felt deeply for O'Sullivan, in whose happiness she took no inconsiderable interest ; and that *his* peace should be wrecked by the worthless brother of the worthless man who had inflicted so severe a wound upon her own confiding heart, was a circumstance which bore its own full share of annoyance along with it.

" Is it true ? " asked the lady, who still lingered listlessly gazing at the Danæ, " is it true, that Lord Ardbraccan has been captivated by Mrs. Mersey's ' words that weep and tears that speak ? ' "

" No ; he has neither listened to her words, nor dried her tears. Indeed, I believe it is some months since they met : she is staying

at Lord Ballyvaughan's engaged in some brisk rivalry with Lady Jacinta. But look—how stupidly inattentive we have been! I hope he did not hear—he could not have heard—but one should never speak above a whisper in a public place——”

“Who? what? what is the matter?” inquired the young lady. She turned, and beheld O’Sullivan, who was slowly walking through the room, and had approached quite close before she was aware. But his pre-occupied countenance showed that he was totally unconscious of having been the subject of conversation, and he passed on, gazing in turn on the various paintings. His attention, however, had been caught by the *Danæ*, and as soon as the persons who were looking at it moved away, he took their place, and with the close and faithful memory of a lover, traced in every feature the resemblance of Lucinda.



“ It is fortunate for you,” said Colonel O’Reilly, approaching him, “ that this is but a sketch of fancy ; the playful expression of those exquisite features has completely enchained you. What a charming idea of beauty the painter must have had !”

“ It is *not* a fancy sketch,” replied O’Sullivan, in a low tone, and pressing his friend’s arm ; “ the original is infinitely more lovely.”

O’Sullivan continued in a state of apparent abstraction, and Colonel O’Reilly, observing a groupe whose eyes were turned towards his friend, concluded that the fixed attention of O’Sullivan was the subject of their conversation.

“ Never mind him,” said one of the party, a fat, stout man, of extremely aldermanic contour ; “ I’ll engage he’s a deep one ; an old connoisseur ; he’s trying to poke out some defect in the Danæe ; but on the day of the sale

I promise you I'll make Mrs. Freeman bid against him. Ah, I should know something of their tricks."

O'Sullivan joined the Kavanaghs, by whom he was warmly greeted.

"You looked so sombre, so sepulchral, awhile ago," said Isabella, "one scarcely would have known you."

O'Sullivan did not answer in the tone of badinage. "I had, indeed, much food for solemn thought," said he, in a low, impressive tone; "he who leaves his country for some years, who quits the scenes of his childhood, and the friends who are dearest to his heart, may surely be pardoned a few grave emotions when he thinks of the changes that *may*, possibly, occur before his return,—if indeed he ever should return."

Isabella felt the full tide of friendly sympathy flow in upon her heart. "Poor, poor

fellow," thought she, "I hope from the bottom of my soul, his Lucinda may be faithful to him."

"Will you dine with us to-day at Stephen's Green?" asked Mrs. Kavanagh.

"I need scarcely say how happy I should be to do so; but I sail to-morrow morning at a very early hour, and have a few things to arrange first—indeed I must idle here no longer. Farewell, my good friends—remember me affectionately to Mr. Kavanagh when you write—Farewell." He shook hands with Mrs. Kavanagh and Isabella, who cordially bade him adieu, with the warmest wishes for his welfare.

"Who is this portentous foreigner—for foreigner he certainly is," said Lady Maria, as a ponderous man of more than hexameter dimensions, and whiskered and mustachioed to the eyes, entered the room. Before Mrs. Kavanagh could answer, Prince Gruffenhausen,

(for it was the fatalist himself) accosted her.

“ Meine excellent lady, do I sees you here ? ach ! but it is de grand surprise, no doubt—but no, no—bah ! I talk foolish tings—it is not a surprise, because noting is not a surprise—Dese tings are all written in de book of *Das Schiksal* ! yes indeed. Ten tousand year ago it vas all arrange dat I should meet you here dis day, and meine friend Miss Isabella.”

“ Do you stay long in town ?” asked Mrs. Kavanagh.

“ I know not. How can I tell you fot is hid in de bosom of *die Zukunft*\* ?”

“ But have you any purpose of remaining long here ?”

“ Mein friend, I nefer make no purposes. Ach ! but de human purpose is de hubble on de wave, dat is blown into noting at all by de

\* *Die Zukunft*—Futurity.

first storm of de *Schicksal*, de vat you call destiny—pofe!”

“ But if destiny should not prevent ?”

“ In dat case,” said Prince Gruffenhausen, “ I will go back, probable, to mein friend, Lord Ballyfallin.—Ach, miladi Jacintha is fine woman—fine woman ! but I nefer can’t make her understand de deep and mighty dogtrine of *das Loos*.”

“ That is a pity. But I am sure you find Mrs. Mersey a more tractable and docile pupil.”

“ O, she haf de great head. Mein heiligkeit ! dat widow pierce down to de bottom of *die vorher bestimmung*\*—she beliefs in it—ach ! strong, very strong. She haf de head of tree, four women. Ach ! *vortreflühe talent was für eine*† ! Mein himmel ! dat woman could

\* The doctrine of predestination.

† Oh ! what transcendent talent !

gif legdure on de ponderous dogtrine as well as mein own self."

"Ha!" thought Isabella, "I see that the Mersey has thought it worth her while to flatter the Prince."

"Is Lord Ballyvallin sanguine," demanded Mrs. Kavanagh, "as to his nephew's chance of carrying the county?"

"Pofe! I don't know. I tell him it is all von grand folly to give himself concern or troubles—if dese tings happen as my lord would like, why dey will, wheder he trouble himself or no; and if dey won't, dey won't."

Mrs. Kavanagh found an instant to ask Lady Maria if she should introduce the Prince. "Certainly," replied her ladyship. Mrs. Kavanagh accordingly performed the ceremony of introduction as soon as Gruffenhausen had finished a lecture he was giving Isabella on the subject of painting.



Mein honest wort, it is all de most foolishhest nonsense—pofe !”

“ I should be sorry to adopt your Highness’s standard of the merits of a painting,” replied Lady Maria ; “ it would exclude from our galleries some of the best works of the ablest masters.”

“ Meine most excellent lady,” said Gruffenhausen, “ if you were der grand Zauberer himself, you could not convert me on dis matter—you could not make me like de portrait of de ting dat is not, better dan de portrait of de ting dat is—ach, no indeed. You could as soon make me like de imaginary heathen goddess,” continued the fatalist with a profound bow, “ better dan I like your real ladysheep.”

Mrs. Kavanagh was utterly surprised at Gruffenhausen’s gallantry ; for it was the first occasion on which she had ever heard him



address the language of compliment, or indeed of even ordinary politeness, *to* any individual. The fact perhaps was, that the compliment appeared to him likely to strengthen his argument, which circumstance induced him to make use of it.

Among the pictures, were two old family portraits belonging to Lord C——y. His lordship had recently sold his house in town, and these paintings had been purchased at the sale of the furniture, by some speculating picture-dealer.

“What a lovely child!” said Isabella, gazing at the beautifully executed portrait of a boy about ten years of age, in the foreground of a groupe in one of these pictures.

“Lovely indeed,” said Mrs. Kavanagh; “but what will you say, Isabella, when I tell you that the original died of hard drinking, at the age of twenty-five?”

The other portrait was a kitcat, representing

a lady in the bloom of youth ; her features were prominent, but handsome ; an air of great melancholy overspread her countenance.

“ That is Lady Henrietta F \* \* \* \*,” said Lady Maria, “ whose name is connected with a strange tradition.”

“ Oh, do tell it, mein goot lady,” said Prince Gruffenhausen ; “ I do much likes all dose tradition.”

“ It is short,” replied Lady Maria. “ Lady Henrietta F \* \* \* \* had retired to bed one night, having waited up till a very late hour in the vain expectation of receiving a letter from her husband, who had been absent in Flanders many weeks without writing to her. She was just sinking to sleep, when she saw, or thought she saw, a long funeral train marching slowly past the foot of her bed ; she roused her maid, who was sleeping in an easy chair, and the girl *declared she saw it too* ; mourner after mourner followed, and at length the coffin passed ;

it paused for a moment, and the lid was raised, disclosing to his horror-struck wife the ghastly form of Colonel F \* \* \* \*, clad in the garments of the tomb. The face of the corpse glared upon her with a cold, unearthly, yet reproachful glance; she shrieked, saw no more, and remained for some hours in a state of stupor. After the lapse of some days the post brought tidings that the Colonel had been drowned in one of the canals in Flanders. The apparition of the funeral procession cast a gloom on Lady Henrietta's spirits, so that she never afterwards smiled, to the day of her death\*."

"I do not marvel dat she did not smile," said Gruffenhausen.

"What? and is your Highness a believer in such fantasies?"

"Pofe! dey may hebben, or hebben not,

\* These trivial anecdotes were detailed to the author in connection with the subjects of some family portraits shown to him by a friend in an old country house.

'tis all a chance; but I do beliefs that de *traum*—de dream do shadow out futurity indeed."

"On what grounds do you think so?"

"Baf! on de very sure grounds—yes, indeed!" replied the fatalist, shaking his head.

## CHAPTER III.

We met—'t was in a crowd.

SONG.

“Won't you come to me next Thursday ? ah, do ! I shall have a charming réunion ; *do* come.” Such were the words of invitation addressed by Mrs. Delacour to the Kavanaghs one morning.

While Mrs. Delacour visited her friends, she had left at home a busy coterie of female politicians, of whom her hospitable house was a constant rendezvous. Her drawing-room, in fact, was full of anxious groupes, knotted into twos and threes, and eagerly conversing. The

self-same subject was discussed by all, in all the various intonations of anxiety.

“ The dear, dear Marquess ! ” said Miss Charlotte O’Callaghan ; “ he is one of the most interesting old men I ever met.”

“ Nonsense, Charlotte ; how can an *old* man possibly be interesting ? ”

“ It is perfectly possible, Emily. His tastes are so extremely refined.”

“ What are his tastes ? ” demanded half a dozen voices at once.

“ He is passionately fond of music, in the first place.”

“ Music ? that will do for *me*,”—“ and *me*,”—“ and *me*,”—“ and *me*,” thought twenty fair aspirants, as they heard this gratifying announcement.

“ What else does he like ? ”

“ He likes dancing excessively.”

“ Oh, you are jesting—he is surely too old to dance.”

“ I did not say,” returned Charlotte, “ that he danced himself; but he is an enthusiastic admirer of the graceful evolutions of the ballet.”

Instantly one half of Charlotte’s hearers were whirling in imaginary pirouettes, à la Celeste.

“ His tastes are exceedingly literary, too,” pursued Charlotte; “ he doats in particular on all the lighter works of fancy.”

Immediately all the *blues* in the room began to hope.

“ And, above all,” continued Charlotte, “ he loves conversation; when I met him first at my uncle’s, I thought him the most talkative person I had ever seen.”

The girls who had listened with attentive ears to Charlotte’s information, returned by degrees to their homes, pondering deeply on what they had heard. And it would have been diverting to peep into each domestic groupe, and to witness

the *perturbation* of which the poor Marquess's reputed intentions were the innocent cause.

"Sophia," said a venerable matron to her daughter, "did Charlotte O'Callaghan say that Lord Ardracchan was fond of riding?"

"Yes, Mamma; she said that, notwithstanding his age, he still rides out every day that the weather permits."

"Well, my love, we must get Charles's grey mare at once; she is a nice lady's mare; extremely safe and gentle. Mrs. Delacour can easily manage, no doubt, to manœuvre constant riding parties with his lordship—I will write to Charles to send the mare to-night; and do you, dearest, get a few lessons immediately from Bourquenôt—the graceful carriage is a most important thing, and I don't think you sit a horse so well as you might, with a little more instruction."

"Pray, Amelia," said another considerate



mother, “ which did Miss O’Callaghan say that Lord Ardbraccan preferred, vocal or instrumental music ? ”

“ I do not know, Mamma ; indeed, I did not ask.”

“ My love, you were unpardonably negligent and stupid. But unquestionably *you* excel in vocal ; go—go practise this instant for three hours—you ‘sing ‘ *Giorno felice*,’—‘ *Crudo Amor*,’ and ‘ *Felice pastorelli*,’ most superbly ; but I think you are not sufficiently expressive in the grand *cadenza* ; you know how very much depends upon effect. Go—go practise expression for three hours—Baron Rudolf said that such a voice as your’s, if properly managed, should thrill through all one’s nerves—there’s a good girl—go and practise.”

“ It is extremely provoking,” said Miss Arabella Mortimer, an inveterate blue, to her sister blue, Miss Aleurida M’Donnell, “ that one doesn’t know the precise style of literature to

which Ardbraccan has chiefly devoted himself; one could study for the evening's exhibition, and shine so brilliantly."

"I think," replied Aleurida, "that, as far as *I* am concerned, the information were of very little consequence. *I* shine alike on *every* subject, and do not require a single moment's notice."

Had all the preparatory efforts, unconsciously called forth by Lord Ardbraccan, been concentrated into one scene, what a charming Babel of confusion would have been exhibited! Harps twanging, guitars tinkling, voices screaming,—blues reciting, danseuses gaily bounding, floating, springing, pirouetting on their "many twinkling toes;" and the fair equestrian bringing up the rear with a dignified canter on her brother Charles's grey mare. Poor, poor, Lord Ardbraccan! of what infraction of his majesty's peace was he not guilty!

In about a week the *réunion* took place, to

which Mrs. Delacour had asked the Kavanagh's, and Isabella was perhaps almost the only girl present who did not harbour malice prepense against the Marquess's heart. Mrs. Delacour had, with the most consummate impartiality, led every aspirant for the honour of sharing his lordship's coronet, to imagine that *she* had been the sole, and particular, and exclusive object of her matronly solicitude.

At eight o'clock Lord Ardbraccan entered the saloon, leaning on the arm of a military looking man. He paid his compliments to Mrs. Delacour, and quickly took a seat with the air of a person delighted to be relieved from the fatigue of walking. His hair was perfectly white, and fell straight on each side of his forehead; it was tied behind in a queue; to which antiquated mode he pertinaciously adhered. Many introductions took place; and several of the fair expectants began to fear, as they looked at his dim and failing eyes, that the

elaborate pains they had taken to arrest his admiration would be wholly thrown away.

The earliest and boldest effort to attract his lordship, was made by Miss Arabella Mortimer. She talked much, and dictatorially, on various literary subjects, constantly appealing to Lord Ardracchan's opinion in confirmation of her own, while he answered in monosyllables, but with infinite suavity, and nearly at random ; for he did not very distinctly hear, nor, if he had heard, would he probably have clearly understood, the capricious and *original* views which Miss Mortimer delighted to put forward.

His defect of hearing, although soon perceived, nothing daunted this lady. She care little whether his replies were affirmative, or negative ; she wanted to engross his conversation *quelqu'il soit*, and she proceeded with indomitable perseverance in the execution of her purpose.

“ Do you like German literature, my Lord ? ”

“ Yes, excessively.”—Lord Ardbracon did not understand one word of German ; he had only heard the word *literature*, in Arabella’s query.

“ Is not Schiller the monarch of dramatic writers ? ”

Lord Ardbracon smiled, bowed slightly, and looked rather affirmatively.

“ Oh, I knew you would think so. He enchants me. There is a depth,—a greatness,—an unparalleled majesty of thought about him, which all conspire to place him on an undisputed and unapproachable pedestal of dramatic excellence. He is the chief—the paragon—the *facillimè princeps*. O, I could rave for hours about him ! But there is another German author, with whose works you are doubtless familiar—my own enchanting Winderspohl—don’t you doat on Winderspohl ?

“ I don’t perfectly hear,” said Lord Ardbracon.

can, politely inclining his head towards Arabella, in an attitude of the most profound attention.

“ Winderspohl—Winderspohl,” repeated the literary lady, raising her voice, “ is he not charming ?”

Lord Ardbraccan bowed again, smiled, and gently waved his hand.

“ Oh, I was certain you would think so. Last year I made a literary tour through Germany with Conrade Adolphus Hehrenhütter—a delightful fellow-tourist—knows everybody, everything—improvises half the day enchantingly—I wonder Conrade does not write—I told him a thousand times he ought to write—his mind is *instinct* and alive with genius! But Winderspohl—we went to see him in his cottage; and O! my Lord, he more than realised the utmost notions I had ever formed of the *beau idéal* of a person of poetical talent. You are unquestionably well acquainted with the pecu-

liar style of Winderspohl's genius? Yes.—Well, you never saw genius more prominently characterized and stamped upon the face and form of its possessor—his whole appearance is a living, speaking, thrilling, startling index, not only of his talent, but of the peculiar *character* of talent for which this distinguished man is so remarkable. He has not, it is undeniably true, the majesty of Goëthe and Schiller; but I boldly maintain that he excels them both in the wild, the unparalleled, the wondrous, the unprecedented. Goëthe and Schiller are masterly painters of *possible* scenes; but Winderspohl's imagination is transcendent in the *wonderful impossible*. Don't you think so?"

Lord Ardracchan could only bow, and smile again.

"Now, I say," resumed the merciless blue, "that I never was so charmed, so startled, as at Winderspohl's appearance. 'I shall bring

you,' said Conrade Hehrenhütter, 'to see the lion in his den.' As we entered, the poet was in one of his very finest ecstasies, pacing through the room like a demoniac, and dictating to his amanuensis. What a man ! what a marvellous impersonation of the wild horrible ! His haggard limbs were like the branches of a blasted elm—his brow, a dreary hill of snow—his nose, the twisted bough of some huge oak—his mouth, the entrance to some dismal cave—he improvised,—he stamped on the floor, and was dressed in bear-skins. Surely such a picture never yet was sketched upon the canvass of mortality. Had ten thousand poets been present, I could, at the first glance, have singled out among them all, the author of the "Doomed damned," and "the Wizard's Ship." There was no mistaking Winderspohl."

Lord Ardracchan began to look like a man who was talked to death ; and some charitable



person, to effect a diversion, directed his notice to a remarkably beautiful chess-table. He happened to say that he played chess.

“ Chess ! ” cried Arabella, “ my favourite game ! ” and, without a moment’s delay, or hesitation, she drew over the chess-table, placed it between herself and Lord Ardbraccan, and proceeded to arrange the chess-men.

The singers and figurantes internally murmured with great bitterness at Arabella’s daring and hitherto successful monopoly of the Marquess.

“ Do you play chess ? ” said Mrs. Delacour to Isabella.”

“ No ; but I should greatly like to learn.”

“ You may learn, as I have done, by looking on.” And she placed Isabella on a chair in the immediate vicinity of the players.

The little ivory armies were red and brown ; and Lord Ardbraccan’s visual imperfection repeatedly led him to mistake his forces for

those of his antagonist; and he played with innocent unscrupulosity, with Arabella's soldiers; of which blunders his fair foe did not feel the slightest wish to apprise him. It may be readily supposed that his Lordship could not take any very deep interest in the progress of a game of which he could not see the men, but Miss Mortimer cared not; as long as the game lasted, so long was her object accomplished of keeping Lord Ardbracon to herself.

The light from the lamp beamed full on Isabella where she sate, and Lord Ardbracon, occasionally looking from his game, conceived that he imperfectly descried in our heroine's appearance, something better worth his notice than aught the soirée had hitherto afforded. He looked again, and assisted his inspection with his glass, addressing at the same time some observations to Isabella, with a high-bred courtesy, which deprived his fixed gaze of all appearance of a *stare*. At length, by some

unaccountable accident, his Lordship was checkmated. Arabella did not mean to mention this, but would have still played on, intent upon her favourite purpose. The fate of the game, however, was immediately announced by another observer, who took care that her accents should reach his Lordship's sense of hearing, be it ever so obtuse.

“ Checkmated? am I?” said Lord Ardbrecan, gladly retreating from the chess-table, and bestowing, or appearing to bestow, a careful glance upon the board. “ Yes, really: and a very just punishment for my presumption in attempting to enter the lists with my very accomplished antagonist.”

Lord Ardbrecan now turned to Isabella, whose simple, dignified, and unobtrusive manner pleased him, and was not the less obvious to his practised observation, that many of her remarks were lost on him because of his deafness.

Music was introduced, and the anxieties that

had previously disturbed the fair vocalists, were much subdued, from Lord Ardbraccan's manifest incapacity to hear, admire, or criticise.

But there was *one* strain sung by Isabella, sweet, soothing, and melodious, of which a few notes *were* heard by him; it was an old, and now almost forgotten song, composed by Shield for Mrs. Billington:—

“ Zephyr, come! thou gentle minion.”

And faithful memory filling up the blanks which were left by the imperfect sense of hearing, enabled Lord Ardbraccan to beat time with his hand to the music, as correctly as if he heard every note of it.

“ He is not so deaf as he pretends to be,” remarked some of the company; “ and *do* observe—it is really absurd! how that girl appears to have fascinated him! he can converse with *her*, although he is too deaf to hear any-

- body else ! He is able to enjoy *her* singing, although he cannot distinguish a note sung by any one else ! He can see *her*, although he is quite too blind to see a single being else ! Is this magic, or what is it ?”

Meanwhile, the poor old Marquess, unconscious of these busy commentaries, was mentally pursuing the train of thought, to which the half-heard notes of the old song recalled his memory. He had heard it sung in Crow Street during Daly’s gay though improvident management : he had heard it sung in the year eighty-eight, by the all-enchanting Billington herself, at a period when he was entering on a long and brilliant course,—

“ When life and love alike were young.”

It had then been a favourite with *her* who was dearest to his heart—whom he subsequently married, and with whom he had enjoyed a long

term of connubial happiness, clouded only by the want of offspring ; a never-failing source of regret to the noble and the wealthy.

Poor old man ! the fellow-being were heartless, who could refuse his sympathy to the rich, deep, melancholy feelings—to the long-buried memories of other years, that were now aroused to life by the faintly-heard strains of Isabella's song. He strained his ear ; he exerted all his powers of attention ; and the interest he began to take in Isabella, was at least not diminished, by his fancying that her style and tone resembled those of the first and fondest object of his love.

Miss Mortimer, who was forced to feel herself *de trop* in the little circle that had gathered round the Marquess, thought that as her efforts to fascinate had failed, her next best plan was to commence a brisk German conversation with Prince Gruffenhausen, who now made his appearance.

Proudly, proudly, did she enjoy the astonishment excited by the vast volubility with which she uttered the Teutonic gutturals; a volubility that extorted something like a note of admiration from the inflexible Fatalist himself. She was also quite at home on his favourite subject of "*Das Schicksal*," having stored her memory with many of the lucubrations of Kofer, and Duderstein, and Shirtsinger; and she acquitted herself so much to the satisfaction of the Serene Man, and evinced such a happy conformity of sentiment, that when dancing commenced,

"Pofe!" said he, "der dancing is a foolishness, but womens likes it—I don't gare, by mein honest wort, if I dance vid you for dis once—pofe!"

So he led forth Arabella, who would certainly have withheld her consent, had she but foreseen the ordeal that awaited her. His highness was equipped, as usual, *à la militaire*; and having

a thorough contempt and indifference for the poetry of motion, he whisked his unlucky partner, whom he firmly held in the grasp of a giant, into every fantastic involution that he happened to make; while his sword, spurs, and trappings, came in rude and perpetual contact with her heels and person, as he swung and whirled her about. Not the least amusing part of this display, was the stolid unconsciousness of doing anything *outré* or remarkable, that appeared in the stern, unmoved expression of his highness's eye, and of his hairy face.

“ Oh ! how fatigued I am ! ” exclaimed Miss Mortimer, sinking down upon a sofa, when her tiresome dance had ended.

“ If der dance tires you,” asked Gruffenhausen, “ why did you dance ? ”

“ I did not think I should be so much tired.”

“ Meine goot friend, dis fatigue vas allotted





zimmer became a marchioness. You *hope* milord may have a better schiksal? Ach! what a very great deal you do care about milord Ardracchan or his schiksal—pofe!”

Miss Mortimer was, for once, completely silenced. The rough, downright bluntness of Prince Gruffenhausen went straight to the despicable jealousy that prompted her remark, and did not leave her the shadow of a pretext for any evasive explanation. She therefore wisely held her tongue.

“ Ach! ach!” exclaimed his highness, triumphing in his discernment, “ did not I find you out, meine friend? Mein wort! I do know womens! I do know dem well—mein heiligkeit! You all do hate each oder—pofe!”

“ Your highness may be caught yet, notwithstanding the unfavourable opinion of our sex, that you express with so little reserve.”

“ Mein wort, I have been caught already ; and *dat*, may be, is one of de reason why I do know your sex so well.”

“ But, allow me to ask, does your highness think Lord Ardracchan would act wisely in marrying Miss Kavanagh ?”

“ Meine excellent lady, I do not know dat I tink any man acts wise in marrying any womens at all. But why do you ask me dat ?”

“ Because — because — in fact every body knows Lord Ardracchan means to marry again.”

“ I do not tink Miss Isabella Kavanagh would efer marry dat old Marquess. She haf not got no mind to marry for dis long while now, after de very ugly way dat Mister Mordaunt treat her.”

“ Ah ! pray tell me,” said Arabella. Prince Gruffenhausen, in reply, detailed the whole story of Mordaunt’s desertion, to which Arabella listened with eager, inquisitive, attention ; and

thus was rendered in a very great measure abortive the purpose that had influenced the Kavanaghs to come to the metropolis.

Miss Mortimer protested that she felt immensely shocked! her pity for Isabella was unbounded! she could not rest until she had secured the sympathy of Mrs. Delacour in her indignant feelings. Mrs. Delacour was enraged at the perfidious Mordaunt, and, if possible, still more enraged at Mrs. Kavanagh for not having told her the story of his perfidy. This accumulated fund of sympathetic indignation was forthwith conveyed to Lady Maria O'Reilly, who, to do her ladyship full justice, felt and spoke on the occasion with far more sincerity and friendship than either the literary Arabella or the gossiping Mrs. Delacour. *She* felt really and *unaffectedly* sorry that her young friend should have sustained annoyance, and angry with the man who had inflicted it. And she expressed peculiar indignation at the tattling

so-called friends, who, under the hollow mask of sympathy, were capable of increasing Isa-

tary on her promise to be silent, by remarking that there was something inexpressibly romantic and interesting in the whole affair, and that it would make a most inimitable subject for a poem by Cónrade Adolphus Hehrehütter. "He shall certainly write upon it," said she, "I am resolved on *that*; we continually correspond, and I cannot be persuaded but that poor Miss Kavanagh's wounded heart would experience the balm of consolation in the consciousness that her sorrows found sympathy among the woody shores of the bold Rhine—that her tale of woe and injury was borne in Teutonic echoes o'er its mighty waters, where it curves towards Mentz! (an enchanting scene, by the way)."

"Is it thus you are resolved to be silent?" said Lady Maria.

"Silent? I never promised not to tell Cónrade Hehrehütter? and pray how will the

Dublin world be the wiser for the strains of my dear distant German poet? He may sing the woes of Miss Kavanagh to all eternity, before his strains increase the publicity of her adventures *here*."

Lady Maria was incensed beyond measure; but she saw that the case was quite hopeless.

"Fot is all dis?" said Prince Gruffenhausen, walking up to the groupe.

"Oh, nothing, but that Lady Maria and Mrs. Delacour unite in our feelings respecting that sad affair of Mr. Mordaunt, that you told me a while ago."

"Do dese lady unites in *your* feeling? Ach! den if dey do, I suppose dey are fery glad—pofe!"

Lady Maria could not avoid laughing at the blunt mode in which the Fatalist hit off the truth; but she did not attempt to exculpate herself.

Meanwhile, Lord Ardbraccan was trying to pay all the attention he could to Isabella; and in spite of his deafness and blindness he succeeded tolerably well: if he could not hear nor see, he at least could talk; and he told various anecdotes of the olden time, which he contrived to render interesting enough. He requested, and obtained permission, to wait on Mrs. Kavanagh; a circumstance which excited the more comment among many rival belles, since Miss Kavanagh *evidently* had not made a single effort to attract his observation. Some accounted for it on Prince Gruffenhausen's principle of fatalism; others, with more probability, remarked that his lordship possibly desired to renew an old friendship with the Kavanaghs, that had long been suspended. "For are you not aware," said a lady, "that the families were formerly the closest political friends? When the present Mr. Kavanagh



was a young man, he was put into the Irish

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## CHAPTER IV.

Give him a little of the law, says I—What, man, d'ye hesitate? I'll find you an attorney who will make the scoundrel smart for his rascality. Eh? doubtful still? pri'thee wherefore? the case is a clear case, a strong case, a good case, as was ever handed up to twelve jolter-pated blockheads on their oaths. At him, man—at him.

STEPHEN RACKET'S ADVENTURES.

Nothing could exceed the chagrin of the Kavanaghs, on finding that Isabella's matrimonial disappointment was betrayed to their amiable friends by Prince Gruffenhausen. ,

“It is very distressing,” said Mrs. Kavanagh.

“Very distressing indeed,” said Lady Maria O'Reilly, to whom the remark was addressed; “and now that it has acquired all the notoriety

that we could have wished to prevent—now that every one knows it that one would at all desire *not* to know it, I declare I *do* think that Isabella ought to seek amends, as any additional notoriety of legal proceedings is *now* a matter of no consequence.”

“ How do you mean ?” asked Mrs. Kavanagh, rather amazed.

“ Sue Mr. Mordaunt for breach of promise of marriage,” said Lady Maria, “ and recover heavy damages. We should teach these fickle gentlemen to know their own minds better, and to take more care how they violate solemn engagements so lightly.”

“ I doubt if Isabella would consent,” said Mrs. Kavanagh.

“ Oh, I will engage to obtain her consent. I think I know her disposition. She would for ever have borne her sorrows in silence, rather than the rude breeze of popular remark should have breathed upon their sacred privacy. But

now that this privacy is outraged, the case is quite altered ; and I am sure she will agree with me in thinking, that, as motives of selfish pecuniary interest induced Mr. Mordaunt first to offer his hand and then to withdraw it, strict justice demands that he ought to be punished through the medium of his selfish feelings. Isabella, I suppose, has ample proofs ?”

“ O, proofs without end. But even if she should consent, you must know, my dear Lady Maria, that I am not in funds for a law-suit ; the law is an expensive affair, and the issue of the suit is problematical.”

“ Let not that consideration make you uneasy. I pledge myself, my old and valued friend, to supply you with all necessary funds for this purpose, unless Mr. Kavanagh thinks proper to advance them himself. Nay, make no objections—you positively must not—you shall pay me from the damages, which may quiet your conscience upon this point.”

Lady Maria gained her purpose, so far as Mrs. Kavanagh's consent was in question ; subject, however, to Mr. Kavanagh's approval. This was the cause of some delay, as she was not aware of her brother-in-law's Parisian address : a letter from him soon arrived, which removed this difficulty ; and in the course of a few weeks more his consent was obtained, with a draft on his banker for whatever sum might be requisite to cover the initiatory legal expenses. Isabella objected at first to the scheme, but her opposition was soon overruled by her mother's authority and Lady Maria's persuasion.

Lord Ardbraccan had become a most assiduous visitor ; the proximity of his residence to Mrs. Kavanagh's, enabled him to brave every variation of weather ; and the prudent mother, whose vanity was marvellously tickled with the prospect of a coronet, gave orders to her servants that his Lordship should be always admitted. Day after day, and always at the same hour, did

the old man make his appearance; and as regularly did he lead Isabella to the pianoforte to play and sing for him, “Zephyr, come, thou gentle minion;” together with many other airs of antiquated date, which now are only to be found in the faded collections of our mothers and grandmothers. Then he would apply some hearing apparatus to his ear, and continue smiling, gazing, and sighing in the presence of the songstress until the usual hour for his departure arrived, when, regular as clockwork, he would make his adieu.

At length the expected declaration came; he begged to be permitted to offer his hand; he declared that the happiness or misery of his future existence depended on the answer Isabella should make to his addresses.

“*Don't* refuse him, Isabella,” said Mrs. Kavanagh, quite loud enough for any one except the Marquess to have heard; “don't, my love—your mother entreats you.”—But Isabella,

in all other matters dutiful, was determined to decide for herself upon this.

“ My Lord, no one can possibly be more sensible of the honour you do me, but I regret to be obliged to say that it is quite impossible.”

It was a considerable addition to our heroine's annoyance, that her noble suitor, in his agitation, had dropped his otaphone, and was quite too much perplexed and embarrassed to resume it ; so that whatever slight advantage his hearing might derive from its use, was quite lost on the present occasion.

“ *I don't perfectly hear,*” said he, bending forward with ineffable suavity ; “ will you, Miss Kavanagh, have the goodness to repeat—but oh ! do *not* repeat, I should rather say, if your answer be unfavourable to my hopes.” And he still bent forward, with his right ear turned upwards, and his hand placed behind it, as if to collect the sounds.

“ My Lord,” repeated Isabella, “ I am in-

initely pained, I assure you—I was expressing my high sense of the honour you had destined for me, and which I felt reluctantly compelled to decline.” And she raised her voice as she pronounced the word “decline.” But it would not do. Lord Ardbracon, reading her countenance, fancied he beheld consent, and utterly deaf to her accents, believed that his wishes were accomplished.

“Thank you! thank you! dearest Isabella!” he exclaimed; “this is the most delightful moment of my existence! But my future life, my dearest Miss Kavanagh, will, I trust, testify my gratitude.”

Isabella was excessively distressed; her countenance expressed the pain she felt. “For pity’s sake,” said Mrs. Kavanagh, “don’t undeceive the poor old man—you see how enchanted he is—you would kill him, you would really kill him! how could he bear such a serious disappointment at his years, and with



his infirmities? Isabella! if ever you expect mercy yourself, pray show it now to Lord Ardbraccan! don't, I entreat you, blast his hopes, his certainty! don't! it is your mother who implores."

Isabella, seeing all other means useless, stooped to pick up the otaphone which had fallen on the floor. Her mother made another effort. "Child, what are you about? recollect that this man's age and infirmities are such that you cannot in the course of nature be troubled with him long—two years, or three at the utmost, and then—a marchioness, a splendid jointure."

"Mother," replied Isabella gravely, "it ill becomes me to reproach a parent; but if ever I marry, which does not at present appear very probable, trust me I shall not do so on the speculation of my husband's speedy death."

Thus saying, she presented the Marquess with the otaphone; he took it (looking rather

sheepish as he did so ;) and then in language that at length *did* reach him, she conveyed her positive rejection of his suit, at the same time, tempering her words with such sweetness as to give as little pain as possible to Lord Ardbraccan.

“ It is certainly a dreadful task,” she soliloquized, when his Lordship comprehended her purpose ; “ it is certainly a dreadful task to have to roar and shout into a man’s ear that you do not wish to marry him.”

“ May God bless you, Miss Kavanagh,” said the poor rejected suitor very mildly ; “ although you have refused my hand, I shall never cease to esteem and admire you. You will not, I am sure, have any objection to allow me to visit you every day as usual, and to sing for me, ‘ Zephyr, come, thou gentle minion,’ and the other sweet songs that recall the happy days of my youth ?”

“ Certainly not, my Lord,” replied Isabella,

perceiving the 'otaphone properly fixed ; " provided that we do not renew the subject of to-day."

" Agreed, agreed,"—responded Lord Ardbraccan ; " and now that my ordinary hour has arrived, I must bid you farewell for the present. You have inflicted pain, Miss Kavanagh, but as little as you could have possibly given under the circumstances."

He took his departure with the air of placid courtesy for which he was distinguished. " You see, mother," said Isabella, " that I did *not* kill him."

" Child, you don't know what may happen. He did not, it is true, fall down lifeless on the floor, but your heartless refusal may probably shorten his days."

" You only allowed him two or three years to live, a while ago," rejoined Isabella ; " so that if he does not die before that period, you cannot attribute his demise to *me*."

Mrs. Kavanagh was too fond of Isabella not to be easily pacified ; so after a little more reproof, she kissed her daughter and made friends.

A servant now entered with a very official looking letter, which he said had been left at the door by a man who resembled an attorney's clerk. " Isabella," exclaimed Mrs. Kavanagh, in astonishment, " this letter is for *you*."

Miss Kavanagh opened it. Its contents were as follows :

" Madam,

" I could ardently wish that the unpleasant duty I now have to perform, had devolved on some one else ; but the attachment I have always felt for my excellent friend, Mr. Jonathan Lucas, compels me, although with feelings of the greatest reluctance and regret, to act as his attorney in the present disagreeable business.

“ It has invariably been a source of very particular pain to me, when, in the course of my professional duties, I have sometimes been compelled to proceed against ladies: judge, therefore, how deeply my delicacy must be wounded on the present occasion, when, in performance of my duty to my much esteemed friend, Mr. Jonathan Lucas, I am necessitated to proceed at his suit in an action against a lady for whom I entertain so high and unaffected a respect as for yourself.

“ I have his instructions to proceed against you to recover damages for the breach of a promise of marriage which he avers to have been made by you to him.

“ Permit me to hope that the matter may be amicably arranged, so as to supersede the necessity of litigation. It would give me inexpressible satisfaction to be made the channel of any such desirable arrangement.

Expecting a reply at your earliest convenience,

“ I have the honour to be,

“ With profound respect,

“ Madam,

“ Your most obedient, humble Servant,

“ PETER M'GAVIN,

“ Attorney for plaintiff, 217,

“ Capel Street, Dublin.

“ To Miss Isabella Kavanagh,

“ Stephen's Green.”

“ Madness !” exclaimed Mrs. Kavanagh ;  
“ some stupid hoax.”

But Isabella did not look as if she thought it any hoax.

“ Why, child—what is the matter? did Jonathan ever propose for you? he could not have had the presumption.”

“ He did.”

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here you are at the same time defendant in *one* action for breach of promise of marriage, and plaintiff in another ; and all the while almost vainly trying to convince an old deaf marquess that you do not want to marry him. Poor Isabella."



## CHAPTER V.

He woo'd, he vow'd, he raved, he swore—  
He cried, ' How can you look so killing ? '

OLD BALLAD.

WE will leave Isabella, for awhile, to extricate herself as she best can, from the knot of difficulties that seemed so perplexing; and transport our readers to Martagon, where the fair Lucinda, before Henry O'Sullivan's departure, had exchanged with him vows of the deepest tenderness and most inviolable constancy.

Fitzroy Mordaunt, it will no doubt be recollected, was staying at Martagon at the period of O'Sullivan's departure. Fitzroy had

just the sort of talent that enables a man to shine at a tea-table. He affected, too, to soar above his own peculiar class of intellect, and to look down with supreme contempt on the writers of poetry in albums, the fetchers and carriers of charades and all such quiddits, the perpetrators of sentimental sonnets, and expounders of enigmas. Yet these were precisely the things that Fitzroy could do well; and anything else he was quite unable to accomplish, unless perhaps to play on the Spanish guitar, which he accompanied, not unpleasingly, with a voice that much practice had rendered very tolerable.

Although we deeply regret that the behests of stern truth compel us, as veracious chroniclers, to record events that may lower the beautiful Lucinda in the reader's estimation; yet we must proclaim the melancholy fact, that the wind that wafted O'Sullivan on southern seas, was not more changeful than the fickle fair. In plain language, she began to discover

that one present lover was worth a dozen absent ones. Fitzroy began to fill, by degrees, the blank that O'Sullivan's departure had at first occasioned in her heart; his début at Martagon had been made in the interesting character of a martyr of humanity; his arm was supported in a sling, from a hurt that he said he received in the effort to rescue an old woman who was falling down the side of a precipice. How ineffably attractive he looked, his wounded arm resting in a silken scarf, which the sympathetic Lucinda occasionally offered to arrange; and the *vis viva* of authorship, withal, so powerful, that despite his mutilation he continued to write, with his left hand, his "Sketches of Society in Ireland."

"Does my presence interrupt you?" asked Lucinda, one day that Fitzroy was pursuing with some apparent difficulty his ordinary left-handed labours.

"Interrupt me? No, Miss Nugent; it in-

spires me. Do you think," added he, sighing, "that it is not of the greatest advantage to my work, to be able to gaze, in the pauses of my occupation, on an object so admirably calculated to fill my mind with images of loveliness and elegance?"

This, no doubt, was common-place enough; but Lucinda treasured the compliment. And from hearing that her presence was a source of inspiration to the author, it occurred to her that possibly she might be able to give him more active assistance in the capacity of occasional amanuensis. Maria Edgeworth (who, be it noticed in passing, is one of Ireland's most brilliant ornaments) somewhere says that *justa-position* makes more matches than Cupid himself. A community of thought, and occupation, was here established between Lucinda and her erudite admirer, which he lost no opportunity of turning to the most solid account. And with that sickly, maudlin sentimentality,

that can whine and sigh over the very hopes it blasts, the very hearts it tortures—Lucinda often mentally indulged in sympathetic lamentations for the pain O'Sullivan would feel, whenever he should learn the progress Fitzroy was making in her wayward affections; whenever, in fact, he should learn their marriage, which she did not doubt would speedily take place.

“ Poor Henry ! poor, poor fellow ! how little does he think, as he skims the broad surface of the vast Atlantic, or spooms along the mighty southern ocean, what changes may occur in those events in which his peace of soul is fondly treasured up ! Noble, gallant, generous, faithful fellow ! Lucinda cannot refuse thee a sigh, a tear of sorrowing sympathy. Yet a destiny controls her actions ; she can only deplore, while she cannot counteract, the fatal fascination that is rapidly hurrying her into the embraces of another. Poor, poor Henry ! may the blow be accompanied with *some* consolatory circum-

stances, that may mitigate, in part, at least, its sad severity.

And Lucinda, all grace and loveliness, would immediately follow up her sentimental soliloquy, by asking Fitzroy if she could assist him in his compositions ?

“ O, yes. I was sadly in want of you. Now will you promise me, you charming, wayward creature, to be a faithful amanuensis ?

“ Certainly—have you not always found me so ? ”

“ But promise me, *upon your honour.* ”

“ Strange man ! — Well, I promise you, *upon my honour.* ”

Down sate Lucinda to her manuscript, and the accomplished author immediately resumed his dictation.

“ Head your next chapter with the word ‘ MARTAGON.’ Draw three lines under the word, to indicate large capitals. Very well. Now, let me see ——

“ ‘ I arrived at this enchanting place at six  
‘ o’clock on a chilly winter’s evening, and found  
‘ that my gallant friend Colonel Nugent had  
‘ assembled a select coterie round his hospitable  
‘ fireside. The change from the cold and dusky  
‘ scene without, to the comforts of my friend’s  
‘ well appointed domicile,—a change which the  
‘ —the—the ——

“ Have you written thus far ? ”

“ In one instant,” replied Lucinda, whose  
pen ran like wildfire.

“ ‘ Which the sharp sea-blast rendered pe-  
‘ culiarly desirable, resembled the transition  
‘ from the region of torment to the fields of  
‘ Elysium ; and assumed a stronger interest  
‘ from the circumstance, that one of the very  
‘ first persons by whom I was greeted was Miss  
‘ Lucinda Nugent, my gallant friend’s sister, a  
‘ lady whose unparalleled personal attractions  
‘ unite the dignity of Minerva with the witch-  
‘ ing loveliness of Venus ; and which (tran-

‘ scendant as they are confessed to be, by all  
‘ who enjoy the honour of her acquaintance)  
‘ are yet surpassed by the charms of a mind  
‘ which pours forth its exhaustless stores of ac-  
‘ quired information and natural perspicacity,  
‘ in a stream of conversation which the wit  
‘ cannot hear without delight, nor the sage  
‘ without improvement.’ ”

“ Positively I will not write *that*,” exclaimed Lucinda, throwing away her pen.

“ Positively you *must* write that, every word of that. Do you forget that you promised *on your honour* to write all I chose to dictate? and do you imagine that I will consent to have my narrative despoiled of its most attractive and interesting features? Upon my soul, what I have dictated is no more than the truth—it is less than the truth, far less! the full extent of your perfections is all unutterable! I feel it *here*,” (putting his hand on his left side)—  
“ Upon my soul you *shan’t* spoil my book by



wilfully, mischievously omitting the very best part of it all—it would be useless, too, for I should only be obliged to write it with my left hand, which you know is a very painful exertion—Come, charming Miss Nugent, don't be cruel, don't be refractory—condescend to write the truth, *although* it is in praise of yourself;—remember your *promise*."

Lucinda, of course, allowed the persuasions of Fitzroy to overcome her modesty, and she transcribed the flowing panegyric on her charms that he dictated, internally deeming him a man of incomparable judgment and discriminating taste. More, much more, the author added, working up occasional encomiums on Lucinda, and Colonel Nugent, and himself, and every one, in short, except O'Sullivan, in a sort of melodramatic sketch which he gave of the first evening passed at Martagon. The chapter ended with a description of the beautiful gold

and purple butterflies, and crimson cherries, painted by Miss Nugent on a fire-screen.

“ Those little touches,” he observed, “ show the master. An injudicious author, now, would have been afraid to speak of your beautiful butterflies and cherries, lest critics might accuse him of trifling. But if butterflies and cherries may be painted,—why, I demand, should they not be written about? Again, I contend that, to record the beauty of your screen, shows a vast and varied scope of observation; it shows that the author’s eye ranged from great to comparatively small, and left no object of interest unnoticed; it shows that *he* who could lecture on statistical, and enlighten on political topics, could also decide with the all-observant eye of taste and genius, on the merits of a fire-screen.”

“ Undoubtedly,” replied Lucinda, struck with the philosophic depth of the remark.

“ Now,” pursued Fitzroy, “ I must have a

chapter on the following day's amusements. I must tell about the rookery, and the billiard table (*not* that Nugent's billiard table is a rookery in the conventional meaning of the phrase); but there is something frappant, and unprecedented, in an author's remarking the strange chaos of sounds produced by the exclamations of the players, the rattling of the balls, and the cawing of the rooks that soar around the ancient mansion. There is nothing new under the sun; the ingredients of this *charivari* are severally old enough; the author's originality consists in the happy and novel idea of bringing them together. Then, Nugent's noble kennel of fox-hounds will afford me half a dozen pages of excellent description."

It was arranged that Fitzroy Mordaunt's book was to be *illustrated*, as the phrase goes, with original drawings by Lucinda, who really was an admirable mistress of the pencil. She accordingly furnished him with sketches of

Martagon House, of pretty peasant girls, of athletic youths, of wakes, and patterns; in short, of all that Fitzroy pronounced requisite to increase the interest or enhance the value of his book.

Fitzroy's talents were put in requisition, as a matter of course, to enrich Lucinda's album.

"Now *do* give me something original—something of your own," said Lucinda.

"I shall give you an impromptu request for another supply of raspberry-jam for my sore throat," replied the poet, coughing; and forthwith he inscribed in the receptacle for classic contributions, the following stanza:—

"Your offer of jam,  
Was *doux à mon âme*,  
The last day that we were together;  
I wish for some more,  
For my throat's very sore,  
This dire Bœotian weather."

"Incomparable!" cried Lucinda, delighted

with her friend's Boeotian poetry; "how well you do these things!"

"Why, yes, I have always been considered to possess a peculiar talent for rhythm; 'I lisped in numbers, as the numbers came.' *Boeotian*, too—that shows reading—Boeotia—a district of Greece, remarkable for bad weather; you observed the *point*?"

"Poor O'Sullivan!" ruminated Lucinda; "he was certainly a very fine fellow—ancient family, pleasing manners, and all that,—but he had not the literary genius of Fitzroy; he had nothing of the poet in his composition; he could not extract a moral or a sentiment from butterflies, or any thing of that kind—poor Henry! may his fortunes be happier than mine! he had excellent qualities, no doubt."

Lucinda did not like to acknowledge to herself, even in her inmost thoughts, that her mind was swayed by the *prestige* of Fitzroy's high connexions, and of the position which he

held in the fashionable world. This, indeed, amounted only to his being *tolerated* in one or two exclusive circles; but Lucinda was an inexperienced girl, and rated her lover's pretensions more highly.

At length his wounded arm recovered so far as to enable him to add music to his other attractions; he played boleros and seguedillas on the Spanish guitar; and Lucinda sketched his graceful form, as he "waked the rich tones" of the instrument.

Mrs. Mersey, who was spending a few days at Martagon (to which she had manœuvred to procure an invitation, *because* Baron Leschen had been asked there), complimented Fitzroy on his musical skill.

"Ah," said he, "the uncouth bagpipes of your Irish peasants will form a miserable substitute for the Spanish guitar, in my chapter upon 'IRISH MUSIC;' the Spanish guitar, which I had really expected to have found among them,

and which, from their Milesian origin, has a very strong claim to be their national instrument."

He then played a gay bolero in a peculiar style, sweeping the chords with his nails, and looking languishingly at Lucinda as he sang.

"Beautiful!" said Mrs. Mersey.

"Now, why do not your Irish peasants play and sing boleros? It would make the country so gay,—it would make a tour through Ireland so delightful, to hear the mellow strains of the guitar struck up now and then behind a furze-bush. Thus it is that the Spanish peasantry all serenade their sunny maidens; you can scarcely travel half a mile in Spain without hearing the gay notes of the bolero; the exquisite musical taste of the peasants enlivens the country very much."

Mrs. Mersey laughed. "The peasants!" she repeated.

“ Yes,” said Fitzroy, “ the peasants ; why do you laugh ? ”

“ Because my mind immediately reverted to the Irish peasantry. Oh ! it would be really too ludicrous ! just fancy a stout, large-boned Munster bog-trotter—Jerry Howlaghan, for instance,—with a crazy *caubeen* upon his head, a *dudeen* in his mouth, his tattered habiliments confined with a cestus of hay round his waist,—fancy him reclining in a picturesque Murillo attitude on the side of a turf-clamp or a ditch, and guitaring away *à l’Espagnol* to Peggy O’Dogherty ! why, Cruickshanks himself could not fancy a scene more bizarre ! ”

Fitzroy did not join in Mrs. Mersey’s raillery : he said, in a tone of dictatorial pomposity, that he could not conceive why the ears of Jerry Howlaghan might not, under proper tutelage, be trained into a due appreciation of harmonious sounds ; nor why his fingers, as well as those of



Peggy, or Margaret O'Dogherty, might not be tutored to the production of tones that would afford them a delightful amusement in the hours of relaxation. He would expressly advocate, he said, in his forthcoming work, the study of music for the Irish peasantry, as a powerful means of ameliorating their dispositions, harmonizing their minds, and softening the asperity, the ferocity, of their national character. As a poet, too, he could not contemplate without pleasure, an Arcadian scene so picturesque as that which a groupe of rustics would afford ; every youth with his guitar, and every maiden gaily chaunting to its tender strains, when the labours of the day were at an end.

“ My most poetical and imaginative friend,” said the widow, “ when the labours of the day are over, our poor Jerrys and Peggys are in general too tired to take lessons in guitarring. The Jerrys usually go to bed, in order to recruit their exhausted strength for the toils of the

morrow; and the Peggys in general sit up an hour or two longer, for the purpose of mending the stockings, or the shirts, or peradventure of knitting or constructing new ones for the Jerrys. How they would stare, how they would laugh, if Mr. Fitzroy Mordaunt, full fraught with the musical enthusiasm of Arcadian Spain, were suddenly to rush in among them, guitar in hand, exclaiming, ‘Peggy, put aside Jerry’s shirt and stockings! Jerry! get up out of bed! I am come from the vales of Andalusia or the mountains of Galicia, to teach you a bolero!’ ”

And the lively widow took up the guitar, and possessing no mean powers of mimicry, threw off a fanciful bolero, so much in the attitude and style of Fitzroy,—cast up her eyes with such a faithful caricature of the affected expression of his,—waved her fingers, as he did, with such imitative grace when concluding,—that Baron Ieschen’s gravity was wholly over-

come ; he burst out laughing, at the same time exclaiming,

“ Mein wort, Misdress Mersey, bote you did dat mighty well ! Ach ! bote you sing dat bolero vid moche comedy ! ”

The flirtation between Lucinda and Fitzroy continued with unabated vigour ; he made a thousand formal, and informal, declarations of his passion, and offers of his hand. But although the idea of rejecting him never for an instant seriously entered her mind, yet she invariably abstained from explicitly accepting his suit. Whether her conduct was guided solely by caprice, or whether it arose from a lurking, unacknowledged disinclination to place O’Sullivan finally and for ever beyond her reach, we cannot pronounce. But certain it is, that whatever were the motives by which she was actuated, Fitzroy was unable to obtain a verbal promise of her hand, notwithstanding the strong and unequivocal encouragement which her manner afforded him.

At length he received a letter from his commanding officer, informing him that his leave of absence had been renewed and protracted beyond all precedent, and that now since his arm, by his own acknowledgment, no longer afforded a pretext for further indulgence, he should at once repair to quarters.

He paced the esplanade before the house, perusing this epistle.

“Is he not an engaging fellow?” said Lucinda.

“Engaging? how? Has he entered into any *engagements* with you?” retorted Mrs. Mersey quickly.

“You are wilfully stupid,” said Lucinda; “my question referred to his appearance. Don’t you think his large hussar cap extremely becoming?”

“I think the hussar cap on little pallid Fitz, is extremely like an extinguisher on the top of a farthing candle. How very slight he is! such morsels of men should never be allowed

**to enter the army. He is only fit to write**

And with this vague answer, Fitzroy was compelled to depart. He made another effort to obtain a more definite reply, but in vain. He was scarcely consoled, when, on bidding farewell, he saw the tears start unbidden to her eyes as she beheld the affecting stowage of himself, his portfolio, and double-barrelled gun, in the chaise that conveyed him from Martagon.

“ Is it possible,” said Mrs. Mersey, “ that that queer little incarnation of pedantry, conceit, and absurdity, has effaced from your mind the remembrance of the noble O’Sullivan? O, WOMAN! well might the bard pronounce thee,

‘ Uncertain, coy, and hard to please !’

though, on second thoughts, if you can deem Fitzroy a prize, you must be somewhat easily pleased, I confess.”

## CHAPTER VI.

And then the justice \* \* \*  
Of fair, round belly, with good capon lined,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Full of wise saws and modern instances.

SHAKSPEARE.

“REALLY this is too bad !” exclaimed Lady Jacintha, poutingly, as she entered the drawing-room at Knockanea one day, and found Mrs. Mersey and Leschen tête-à-tête.

“What is too bad ?” languidly demanded the widow, who imagined that her ladyship’s pathetic exclamation referred to the aforesaid tête-à-tête.

“Guess !” answered Lady Jacintha,—“but no,—you could not guess. The grievance is,

that we have all been invited to dine at Mr. Madden's, and my father imperiously insists upon our going."

"How cruel!" exclaimed Mrs. Mersey; "he should at least exempt your ladyship."

"But he has not the smallest idea of exempting my ladyship, or any one, in fact; for he says that Madden has been of the highest utility in this electioneering business, and that a refusal would certainly deprive us of his services. Go, it seems, we positively must—and the horror of sitting out a dinner and soirée at such a place! Oh! can you conceive it?"

"I can perfectly conceive it," responded Mrs. Mersey, "and I think it no horror at all; on the contrary, it is infinitely amusing. No doubt they give one most outlandish things to eat, but then we can lunch before we go there; and really the attempt they make at entertaining one, and the sort of queer people one meets



there, are worth making an effort to see. It

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“ Absolutely necessary, Baron ; you see with what alacrity *I* consent to perform my share of the penance. In truth, I shall be very much amused—we may lunch, ay, or dine here first—and go to Madden’s to laugh !—the odd, vulgar persons Madden assembles about him are inimitable.”

“ But could not all de beoples you call voters, give deir vote to milord Ballyfallin’s friends, widout our going to eat dis bad old beef at Mr. Madden’s ? Upon mine true wort, I do not understand—not at all—how de bat beef concern de election.”

“ My dear Baron, you are unacquainted with the mysteries of Irish elections, and must take all these things upon trust ; you will probably receive a special invitation, and Lord Ballyvallin will feel particularly obliged by your going.”

As Mrs. Mersey predicted, Leschen *did* receive a card from Madden, to which he politely returned the following answer :

“ Baron Leschen present his compliment at  
“ Mr. Madden, and wil haf de honour to wait  
“ upon your compaignie at six o'clock on Thurs-  
“ day\*.”

“ Poor Madden !” exclaimed the widow,  
“ he and his voluminous wife are going to take  
an infinitude of trouble in order to enjoy the  
triumph of seeing it announced in a corner of  
the county papers, under the head of ‘ *Haut  
Ton*,’ that Samuel Madden, Esq. entertained  
at dinner a numerous party of fashionables,  
including the Earl and Countess of Ballyvallin,  
Lady Jacintha O’Callaghan, Baron Leschen,  
Mrs. Mersey, &c., &c., &c.—It will not be easy  
to decide whether the dinner or our hostess is  
the more overdressed. Baron ! if you have  
any taste for farce, I promise you it will be  
amply gratified. *Why* people do make them-  
selves so supremely ridiculous, I cannot con-

\* *Verbatim.*

ceive; however, it is very fortunate for us that they do so, or else we should suffer sad ennui, for want of something to laugh at."

"But who is dis queer Misder Madden," asked the Baron, "dat miladi Jacintha look so shock at de notion of going to dine vid him?"

"He is a magistrate," answered the widow; "and a very extraordinary genius in his way. It is not, perhaps, very creditable in Lord Ballyvallin to patronize such a person; but electioneering leaves one no alternative, and Madden is a staunch Tory."

"But if dis man is magistrate, must he not den be true shentelman?"

"Oh, *that* by no means follows. You must know, my dear Baron, that the office of magistrate was, until very lately, an extremely profitable trade in Ireland, in the hands of upstart party men. Madden was one of these: and previously to the establishment of Petty Sessions

—at a period. when every iustice of the peace

“ I did, I own, one day that Lord Ballyvallon drove me to Madden’s. Mrs. Madden received us, and affected no concealment whatever. ‘ A few little compliments them troublesome rogues of fellows make Madden,’ said she, as Lord Ballyvallon glanced at the baskets of poultry ; ‘ I ’m sure it ’s the least they may give him, for taking up so much of his time.’ ”

“ But how did dis man become magistrate at first ?”

“ Oh, he obliged some influential friend, who got him the commission of the peace at once.”

“ I suppose,” said Leschen, “ he had money ?”

“ He is wealthy enough,” said the widow.

“ Is it old estate ?”

“ Oh, no. Indeed, I know not how he acquired his fortune ; he was tolerably rich before he came to reside here ; he is a native of a distant part of the kingdom. But it has been said that he occupied a farm on a rocky and

dangerous coast, and that he held out false lights in stormy weather, thus causing, or hastening, the wreck of several vessels, whose cargoes, when drifted ashore, he unscrupulously plundered. The increasing vigilance and efficiency of the coast guard, at length put an end to this infernal practice, but not until Madden had realized considerable wealth by its means."

" I swear I will not dine wid such a man !" exclaimed Leschen indignantly.

" Pooh ! I do not give you this as fact, by any means ; it is only rumour, and there probably is not one word of truth in it."

The day of the important festivity at length arrived. Lady Ballyvallin had a cold, and Lady Jacintha had an opportune sore throat. They both found it wholly impossible to overcome their fastidious reluctance to go. Mrs. Mersey, who had no such scruples, rejoiced in the prospect of having Baron Leschen to herself.

We change the scene to Madden's.

The cook had commenced the duties of the day by getting drunk at a very early hour. Mrs. Madden, distracted by her culinary cares, and the toilette of her daughters, was glad to snatch a momentary repose in the contemplation of the charms of Miss Selina, who was dressed in the most extravagant exaggeration of fashionable costume. Selina's face was pretty, but her person was low and broad: her waist was squeezed into a marvellously small compass; and the superabundant flesh seemed thus driven up and down to form enormous shoulders, back, and hips. Her head was large, and this defect was rendered conspicuous by that frightful style of hair-dressing termed the giraffe.

The hour of double-knocks and nervous trepidation arrived.

“Huge uproar lords it wide.”

Mrs. Mersey was driven by Leschen in a



poney-phæton, and reached Madden's mansion at an earlier hour than the cards of invitation had appointed. Forthwith, a cry resounded

shouted the polished host, "*you* are dressed long enough ago to-day—open the door, if you can get nobody else to do it, and let in Mrs. Mersey and the Jarman gentleman. I beg your pardon, Sir—but I presume you're Baron Leschen?"

Leschen bowed assent with infinite suavity.

"I'm just toileteering here," said the Justice of the Peace; "I'll be down with you all, in a few minutes." And saying this, he withdrew his head from the window.

At length a stable-boy, with a striped calico jacket hastily pulled over a greasy brown waistcoat, opened the door and admitted the guests. Mrs. Mersey requested permission to arrange her dress up-stairs.

Miss Selina was seriously puzzled. Her own apartment, she well knew, was possessed by half a score of brothers and sisters, who were finishing their toilette with lavender water and huile de rose, which elegant luxuries had as yet

only found their way to the dressing tables of the grown ladies of the family. She therefore timidly ventured to try her mother's room, where Mrs. Madden had that moment commenced her toilette with determined vigour. A scream issued from within, and the door was unceremoniously slapped in the face of Mrs. Mersey, who was accordingly compelled to be content with such facilities as the dingy mirror in the drawing-room afforded, to arrange her jetty curls, which the wind had blown into luxuriant wildness.

“ My appearance suffers much,” said she, “ by my exclusion from your boudoir ; I fear I shall not be able to exhibit ‘ a classic head ’ to-day.” She arranged her chevelure, however, contrasting it very complacently with the tight, sausage-like rolls, into which the abundant tresses of Selina were constrained.

Mrs. Madden at length appeared, followed by all her junior children, each of whom

approached Mrs. Mersey in turn, dropping a curtsy, or popping a bow, while their mother gazed upon their graceful movements with a satisfaction truly parental.

Mr. Madden next entered, flourishing a large orange silk mouchoir; and bowing profoundly to the widow and the Baron, he renewed his hospitable gratulations.

“ I am truly proud to see you here, Mrs. Mersey, and you, Baron Leschen. Ah! we’ve been doing great things for our candidate—three-and-forty plumpers promised me. Faith I can promise you I frightened the fellows before I could get them to promise, but I think I’m pretty sure of them now. All loyal, constitutional men must band together now, Baron Leschen, in support of church and state; the Popish gang will struggle for ascindancy, but the fault is our own if we let them get it.”

“ I do not understand Irish affair—no! not at all,” said Leschen, in a deprecating tone.

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Madden recounted his canvassing triumphs to Lord Ballyvallin.

“ Pray,” asked his Lordship, “ did Casey the blacksmith promise you his vote ? I remember that he always was an obstinate fellow.”

“ He’s as obstinate, my lord, as ever. I thought I could work him, but I might as well have tried to move Slieveguillim. I walked into his smithy, and there he was working away at the bellows. ‘ How are you, Paddy Casey ?’ says I. ‘ Get out o’ my house,’ says Paddy Casey. ‘ Why I’m asking how’s your health, man ?’ says I. ‘ It’s my vote you want,’ says Paddy. ‘ And suppose it is, what harm for either you or I ?’ says I again. With that, my lord, Paddy Casey steps out to confront me, and squares his big elbows by his sides. ‘ Do you see that ould black bellows, Mr. Madden ?’ says he. ‘ I do,’ says I. ‘ Then I tell you, Mr. Madden,’ says Paddy, ‘ that if that ould black

bellows had a vote, and if that bellows gave that vote to e'er a Ballyvallin candidate,—the devil blow the blast that bellows ever should blow again for Paddy Casey.'—And with that he wheels round to his forge, and keeps working away at a pike-head, or something very like one, and would n't condescend to speak another word to me as long as I remained there. O! I'll be even with Mr. Paddy Casey yet, I promise him."

Lord Ballyvallin smiled at the magistrate's excessive zeal. "Get his vote by all means, if you can, Mr. Madden, but otherwise do not molest him, I entreat you."

Other guests successively arrived, including Colonel Fancourt, and the officers of an English regiment quartered in a neighbouring garrison, who had received invitations "to meet Lord Ballyvallin." Miss Cecilia M'Sweeney, an emulous and indefatigable imitator of what she believed to be fashionable in dress and manner,

shortly followed. All seemed in anxious expectation of dinner ; conversation was faintly and more faintly supported ; even Madden's political commentaries seemed at a discount, and many an expectant look was cast at the door.

“ What do we wait for ? ” whispered Madden to his wife, who was seated in an arm-chair, in all the glory of a scarlet velvet gown, and a coiffure adorned with a monstrous bunch of artificial marigolds ; “ what do we wait for ? why is not dinner coming up ? I said six o'clock upon them cards, and it is now near seven.”

“ We must wait a little longer, my dear,” returned his orange and scarlet lady ; “ they have not all come yet ; there's Mulligan and Ronan to come, plague take their fashionable humours for keeping us waiting so late ! ”

As Mrs. Madden spoke, a tremendous double knock was heard, immediately followed by loud and boisterous laughing and talking in the hall.



“ They’re come ! they’re come ! ” said Selina to her bosom friend, Miss Ellis, in a tone indicative of the most unequivocal satisfaction. A

of his neck-cloth. He moved forward with a sliding shuffle, and an air of scientific pretension, that evidently showed that he did not underrate himself.

“How d’ye do, Mrs. Madden?” said Mr. Mulligan, “I vow you are looking remarkably well—I hope my friend Ronan and I ain’t too late, and haven’t kept your dinner waiting.”

And then, without waiting for an answer, he took his seat upon the sofa, upon which the interesting medical student had already thrown himself. They laughed and whispered, and whispered and laughed, while Mrs. Madden, struck with admiration of their elegant and fashionable ease, desired her son John—her eldest hope,—in whispered accents, “to observe how those elegant young gentlemen behaved, and to imitate their manners if he could.”

Dinner was announced, and Mulligan, bounding forward, obsequiously offered his arm to conduct Mrs. Madden to the dining room.

Arrived at the foot of the table, Mr. Madden thus addressed his guests ;

“ Gentlemen and Ladies—Lords and Commoners—Colonels, Captains, and Subalterns—you all of you know your rank, and take your places accordingly.”

“ Hear, hear, hear !” said Mr. Mulligan.

The dinner proceeded as dinners usually do, at which the uninitiated are oppressively civil, from a wish to display their superlative breeding. Mulligan, Ronan, and nearly a dozen such gentlemen, insisted on taking wine *seriatim* with Mrs. Mersey ; and Mrs. Madden insisted on having Lord Ballyvallin and Baron Leschen helped successively to every hyperborean dish at table.

Among the guests there was a Mr. Green who wore a wig. This person’s name afforded opportunities for innumerable witticisms of that slang description of which Mulligan and his medical friend were such able masters. Puns upon a

name, almost always offensive to good breeding and good taste, were copiously discharged at Green while dinner lasted ; and always with that air of inimitable self-satisfaction on the part of the wits, which seemed to challenge universal admiration and applause. Among the feathered shafts discharged by the accomplished Mr. Mulligan, were such brilliant hits as these ; namely, that “ *Green* was looking rather *blue* ;” “ that there recently must have been a skirmish somewhere, as there was a *wig* upon the *Green* ;” “ that he was not a gosling but a *Green* goose,” &c., &c., &c., all which exquisite morceaux of gentlemanlike humour were followed by appealing glances for Mrs. Mersey’s admiration. The widow smiled applause to encourage the absurdity of Mulligan ; and that incomparable personage felt certain he had made a deep and highly favourable impression. “ Exquisite man !” thought the widow, “ he is Slang Incarnate ! his eye, voice, face, manner, movements, are all

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and each of them slang, slang, slang! His very existence is slang. Well—I certainly relish

for the honour of green Erin, the Emerald gem, the western paradise, and all that, to propose a toast, to which I will venture to promise you that all there is of Irishman within our bosoms, or of manhood in our nature, will respond with inexpressible delight."

"Certainly—of *coorse*," said Mr. Madden.

"Gentlemen, are your glasses all charged? They are!—then, gentlemen, I beg most submissively, enthusiastically, and with sentiments of the deepest admiration and all that, to propose the health of our hospitable hostess, Mrs. Madden, the accomplished Mrs. Mersey, and the other members of the peerless and bewildering sex, who have honoured us on this festive occasion with their delightful and fascinating presence."

A shout of delight followed Mulligan's gallant proposal; and as soon as the noise had subsided, Madden took occasion to give utterance to his personal and separate approval:—

"You're a neat boy, Mulligan—you ought to

be put in the almanack. But it's just what a man might expect from your character for gallantry; you're a deep one, 'pon my conscience; a devilish deep one."

Mulligan grinned, and looked as if he felt and knew that he was exceedingly deep indeed.

"So deep," said a brother wit, "that one never can get to the bottom of him."

"But," said the medical young gentleman, "some of the peerless sex, as my eloquent friend most appropriately calls the faymales, should return thanks for the toast to their health, and the boundless applause with which we received it. It is customary upon all occasions to return thanks for such compliments, and I vote that we call upon somebody."

"Mrs. Madden! Mrs. Madden!" shouted two or three voices.

"Let Lord Ballyvallin name," said another.

“ I leave it to the ladies to select their representative,” replied his lordship.

The young ladies tittered, simpered, did pretty, and shifted on their chairs. “ They would not name anybody ! oh, not for worlds.”

“ Mrs. Madden ! Mrs. Madden !” cried Mulligan and Ronan.

“ I declare I ’m much obliged to you, gentlemen,” said Mrs. Madden, “ but if you want a speech, I haven’t the gift of the gab, and Mrs. Mersey can talk like a play-book.”

“ Mrs. Mersey ! Mrs. Mersey !” shouted the admirers of feminine eloquence.

“ It’s right that the *widow* should speak,” whispered Mulligan to the student, “ for she’s under such vast obligations to our sex, having earthed four husbands you know.”

“ Only three,” replied Ronan.

“ Well, well, it’s all the same. Mrs. Mersey ! Mrs. Mersey ! Hear Mrs. Mersey ! hear ! hear ! hear !”



“ She’s knocked down for a speech, and no mistake,” said the student, *sotto voce*,—“ hear ! hear !”

“ Gentlemen,” said Mrs. Mersey, rising with graceful self-possession, “ unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I might naturally feel rather embarrassed in responding to the general call you have made, if it were not that the spirit of kindness you have so unequivocally manifested, gives me courage to thank you on the part of the ladies now present, for the very flattering manner in which our healths have been received ; and to assure you that, so far as I am personally concerned, I shall ever do all in my power to deserve the good opinion you have done me the honour to express. ‘ Deeds, and not words,’ I have long since adopted as my motto ; and in the spirit of this motto I have always acted. Gentlemen, I beg once more to thank you in the warmest manner.”

Loud, clamorous, and long continued ap-

plause followed the widow's very pithy and spirited address; and the ladies, soon after, retired. On their passage to the drawing-room they found the hall completely strewn with plates and dishes, so that it required some dexterous pilotage to navigate a passage through the sea of china.

When Miss Cecilia M'Sweeney reached the drawing-room, she began to criticize the mirror in which Mrs. Mersey had been obliged, for want of a better, to arrange her tresses.

“What a frightful, vulgar old looking-glass that is! it looks as if it came out of Noah's ark. I wonder, Selina, that you, who have some notions of decency, did not get it taken down, before the English colonel and his officers saw it. I suppose it is an old family piece, and of course an invaluable treasure. So pray, coax some of the servants to break it by accident, and get rid of the odious thing, for the sight of it absolutely sickens one.”

While Cecilia thus displayed her taste, the festive joys of the dining-room were suddenly disturbed by a loud contention in the hall. Angry voices mingled with the crash of plates and dishes, and the master of the feast was required to appear in his capacity of magistrate. Pompously rising from table, in the conscious pride of magisterial dignity, he proceeded to investigate the cause of the disturbance.

“ I declare to you, my lord, and colonel, that it is an awful load to have the peace and quiet of the country on my shoulders, and would n't have ever undertaken the like, and indeed was most anxious to throw it up long ago, if it wasn't that my Lord High Chancellor and the Lord Lieutenant would n't be satisfied by no means without I continued to hold the commission.”

So saying, Madden quitted the room.

Although he left the door ajar, his guests were unable to collect from what passed in the hall, the nature of the case that required his

interference. Half a dozen voices were raised together in attempted explanation of some assault, which the cook, who was exceedingly drunk, alleged to have been made upon her person; and Madden applied in vain to the least intoxicated of the party to elucidate one of the various and conflicting statements.

“ I had no call to her, at all at all, your honour.”

“ No call, you rascal; did not you see the scuffle in the kitchen? ”

“ I don't say but I might see it, your honour, but I hadn't any call to it.”

“ Oh, Sir,” exclaimed a female voice, “ don't mind one word my husband says! he's the wickedest man in the kingdom. Sure he pulled out his knife to cut off my head.”

“ Oh, Sir,” bawled the husband, “ don't mind one word my wife says—she's the wickedest woman in Ireland, and would swear away my life for three-halfpence—I only threatened quietly and civilly to cut off her ear.”

“ Oh, master, jewel !” said the cook, who, unable to stand, was seated on a large tureen, “ go and get your fine big pike that you ’ve hid under ground since the year of the *hurry*\*, and lay about them all with it.”

At this recommendation, Mr. Madden’s English guests became rather uneasy, lest the evening should end in a general rebellion. Madden coughed loudly, declared he would hear no more complaints till morning, and ordered that the hall should be cleared. The cook, in the meantime, reeled into the dining-room unobserved, and taking her place behind a window curtain, awaited the moment of her master’s return from the hall. Madden had scarcely re-seated himself, when she broke from her concealment, exclaiming that “ the d—d English officer’s servant who had given her the kiss, had run out of the house in dread of his life ; and

\* The Rebellion of 1798, familiarly called *the Hurry*.

now," added she, "that them orange devils are all scampering away for fear of your long pikes, master dear, we may hope to have quiet and *pace* again for a while."

Madden authoritatively ordered his loquacious domestic to quit the apartment; and in order to clear up his loyalty, on which her drunken hints had thrown some shade, he begged to propose "the Duke of Wellington; and may his Tory principles for ever bear the bell over all the universe."

"Hear, hear, hear!" cried Mulligan. "The Tory Duke for ever! hip! hurrah!"

Mulligan and Ronan joined the ladies, as soon as they could; and the medical young gentleman bestowed his attentions on Selina with such manifest success, that Mrs. Madden observed, in a whisper to her friend Mrs. Ellis, that she did not like to see that red-skulled fellow making faces at her daughter. Indeed, the situation of the lovers afforded a scene for the

pencil of Cruikshank. Miss Madden, seated on the corner of a sofa, seemed all hips, back, and *giraffe*, as her ponderous chevelure completely overshadowed her pretty little face, which was bent with anxious interest on the man of medicine, who poured forth his tender protestations from a low stool on which he had seated himself at her feet. Ronan's appearance, when under the influence of the rosy god, whose orgies he had so recently quitted, was equally interesting with that of his mistress. His whiskers and hair were sandy, and his face had acquired a dusky uniformity of hue from his frequent potations. From the peculiar elasticity of person displayed in the assenting bows that marked his manner, he had, among a certain set, acquired the soubriquet of "Indian rubber."

"Mulligan," said Ronan in a whisper, "coax a little music from me,—slily now,—a couple of tunes on the flute would finish the job with Selina."

“ Well then, I ’ll ask you,” said Mulligan.

“ Begin with some one else,” replied the student.

Accordingly, Mulligan applied to Selina to “ favour him with *a tune on the piano.*” Selina declined, and asked Cecilia.

“ The harp is *my* instrument,” replied Cecilia haughtily ; “ I consider the piano as quite low ; it has got among milliners, and such people.”

“ For my part,” said Mulligan, “ I ’m delightfully fond of music, but no performer myself. However—*I know who is*”—(winking at the medical student).

“ I hope you don’t mean *me*,” said Ronan.

“ Yes, but I do, though,” answered Mulligan.

“ O, pray Mr. Ronan, feavor us,” cried Selina.

“ Oh, pray Mr. Mulligan, preveel on him,” added Miss Ellis.



“ Oh, pray, Mr. Ronan, meek us happy by hearing you,” said Selina, eagerly.

“ I’ll do any thing to make you happy, but upon my honour and conscience I’m asheemed,” said the modest musician, turning his back on the ladies, and covering his face with his hands.

“ Come, come, Ronan,” said Mr. Mulligan, “ don’t let the peerless sex scare you—have courage to treat us to a tender note or two—here are Lord Ballyvallin and the Colonel dropping in from the dining-room, so have done with your wavers and give us some quavers.”

“ Do, pray, sing,” said Lord Ballyvallin, advancing.

“ Couldn’t—’pon honour—couldn’t, my Lord. Ask me again,” he whispered to Mulligan.

“ Oh, come now,” said Mulligan, “ the com-

pany will be so cruelly disappointed if you persist in refusing. If Miss Madden begins, you'll assuredly follow, at least?"

"Oh, assuredly," said the modest student, playing with his multitude of chains to relieve his embarrassment.

Accordingly Selina arose, and, blushing and tittering, moved over to the pianoforte, her arm locked in that of her bosom friend, Miss Ellis. She commenced her performance by thrumming some old waltzes and quadrilles, and when Mr. Ronan had succeeded in conquering his obstinate modesty, he consented to join her in some vocal duets.

"Oh, wherefore dost thou tarry, love?"—"Romanoff and Catharine."—"The moon is the planet of love"—"Oh, why hast thou taught me to love thee?"—were quickly disposed of; and Ronan, pleased with his successes, produced a book of miniature glees.

“ Here is ‘Glorious Apollo,’ ” said he; “ a very handsome tune, and I wish I could get you to try it at first sight.”

“ Oh! shocking!” said Cecilia M’Sweeney. “ I’ll stop my ears till it comes to second sight. These glees for men’s voices are dreadful, screamed by leedies. Glorious Apollo, indeed! in such hands he will be any thing but glorious.”

Selina boldly adventured the difficult glee, which she played *con molto strepito*, pummelling the keys, and raising her voice, in proportion as she doubted her ability to accomplish it. When the glee was finished, and the last discordant, timeless chords were struck, Mrs. Madden walked over to Colonel Fancourt, in the expectation of hearing her Selina’s praises.

“ I fear Miss Madden may fatigue herself,” he politely observed.

“ Not at all, Sir; she is used to it. She has a wonderful ear—picks up every tune she hears,

and she has prodigious powerful wrists for music : it would not fatigue her to play for ten hours together."

" A great advantage, certainly," said the Colonel.

" Let us play it again," said Ronan to Selina ; " it's a sweet thing—you'll do it better this time."

Selina assented, and ' Glorious Apollo, ' thus encored by the performers themselves, was accompanied throughout by the convulsive laugh of Miss Cecilia M'Sweeney, who asked Baron Leschen how he liked that Irish cry. Mrs. Madden and Mrs. Ellis nodded their heads out of time to the music. Poor Selina hardly struck one note right in every ten, but Ronan did his utmost to cover her deficiencies with the loudness of his strains. When she ended, " That's elegant," said the medical student.

" What a sweet voice Selina has," observed

**Mrs. Ellis, to the complacent mother of the  
songstress.**

“ I am going to get my picture drew.”

Selina sighed.

“ What would you think of the original ?”  
said the impassioned lover.

Selina sighed still more deeply, and gazed with inexpressible interest on the keys of the pianoforte.

“ Ho, ho !” whispered Mrs. Ellis to Selina’s mamma, “ it is time for *you* to look sharp.”

Mrs. Madden bustled over to the lovers, and interrupted their interesting dialogue by desiring the young gentleman to select a partner if he chose to dance. “ Come, Selina,” said she, “ let me see how you’ll caper through the new quadrilles with Captain Mathews.”

“ I hope,” whispered Miss Cecilia M’Sweeney, seizing Selina’s arm as she passed, in order that her words might be perfectly heard, “ I hope that your hair may grow dark ; if I was you I’d go to town and get Bassegio to dye it, light coloured hair looks so silly.”—Ronan stood

opposite Selina while Cecilia spoke, with his head reposing pensively upon his shoulder, and his eyes expanded in an amorous gaze at the fascinating object of his love.

Mrs. Madden's matronly person, broad, fat, and stiff, encased in the scarlet gown we have already described, occupied the foreground of the groupe. Mrs. Ellis's admiration was strongly excited by the monstrous bunch of marigolds that surmounted her hostess's head.

"Where do you get your artificials?" she inquired.

"Oh, Selina tosses them up for me in half an hour; you've no notion how handy she is."

Selina saw Ronan's amorous gaze; her heart beat short and thick—she wished to dance with him, but in vain; Captain Mathews approached, and with a supercilious look at Ronan, seized his prize; she accepted his arm with evident reluctance, and cast

'A longing, lingering look behind.'

At this moment, much confusion was caused by the crash of cups and saucers at the door, against which a servant leaned a tray of tea and coffee while opening it. The tray of course fell in when it lost its support, and Miss M'Sweeney, as well as Mrs. Mersey, kindly sympathized in Mrs. Madden's pathetic lamentations for the loss of her broken *chainy*.

Cecilia declared she would not dance, and seated herself to examine a box of French toys which often accompanied her to evening parties, where the display of the pretty, gaudy baubles, usually attracted the men to the side of their fair owner. She was soon joined by Ensign Belson, and Mulligan, who tossed her toys about with his usual ease.

"Positively, Ma'am," said Mulligan, "when I saw you pulling out your box of tricks, I thought you were going to impose your work-box upon us. Now, I abominate a woman's working, and housekeeping, and all that sort of



thing, and I am resolved my wife shall never set a stitch, nor put her foot inside the kitchen."

While Cecilia displayed her attractive toys, and explained their use to Ensign Belson, Ronan occupied himself in examining the music-books that lay on the pianoforte. Miss Anne Madden complimented him on the musical talent he had displayed in the course of the evening, and said she was sure that Sarah would be much improved by their occasional duets. He modestly disclaimed all musical merit, and professed himself an humble amateur.

"What style of singing are you greatest in?" asked Anne.

"Why, as to that—'pon honour I don't precisely know. Some of my friends hold one opinion, some another. Mulligan thinks I sing bravuras, "The Wolf;"—"The Soldier tired," and such things, in Braham's style; but I think myself I am decidedly greatest, in pensive, tindher,

songs of sentiment and sensibility. I *feel* them, Miss Anne—that's the secret."

When the dancers paused, Mr. Ronan accompanied his voice in 'Cherry ripe,' with occasional chords on the piano-forte.

"Vestris all over!" exclaimed Mulligan.

Miss Madden, who had disengaged herself from Captain Mathews at the end of the set, was now seated on a sofa with her bosom friend "*Kate Ellis.*" As they chatted to each other, a sudden burst of laughter, occasionally acquiring strength from an ineffectual effort to suppress it, would succeed a long and confidential whisper.

"What frisk there's between the two missies," observed Mrs. Ellis to Mrs. Madden.

"Ay, now or never, Ma'am. 'They're now at the age for fun, poor things, and are right to enjoy themselves. Such spirits are delightful to look at. It's all *nature*, sheer nature, Mrs. Ellis; and between you and I, that frolicsome

way goes farther in bewitching the men than anything else. Look at Ronan, how he stares at Selina, till his eyes are as big as two saucers. His heart's not his own, poor man, to-night."

Meanwhile, Captain Mathews was paying Cecilia some compliment, which she seemed to expect, upon her beauty.

"Oh, Sir," said she, "I beg and entreat you may not judge of my beauty from seeing me this evening. I am quite a fright, from all the fatigue I have lately undergone in travelling—it will take me a month to recover my looks."

"Colonel O'Neale has said ——" interrupted Mrs. Mersey.

"Oh, tell me," exclaimed Cecilia, "what he thinks of my style of beauty? I hear he likes a Cleopatra head."

"Of course, he admires you much," said Mrs. Mersey.

"He said Miss Harriet Belson was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen."

"She has beautiful feet," said Colonel Fancourt.

"Oh, Colonel," exclaimed Cecilia, "don't look at my feet, I implore you," and she tucked them back under her chair—"they will appear to such sad disadvantage after Miss Harriet Belson's."

Cecilia thus accomplished her object of attracting attention to her feet, which were unquestionably beautiful.

Miss Madden asked her friend *Kate* Ellis, with whom she still continued on the sofa, if she intended going to Forrest's party.

"I cannot say," answered Kate, "I fear Mamma won't go."

"She *must* go! Ronan and Mulligan are to be there."

"Indeed *that* may, perhaps, make her bring me, for they are such very nice, gentlemanly men—it is not every day one meets such. Don't you think them vastly improved since they went to France?"

“ Surely ; their manners seem quite French, *now*.”

“ Which of the two is the handsomest, do you think ?”

“ Indeed,” said Selina, “ that’s a knotty question—I think—let me see—I think that Ronan’s figure, and Mulligan’s face—though now that Ronan turns round, his smile is so sweet between his two whiskers ——”

“ But the whiskers are red,” said Kate Ellis.

“ What matter for that ? red or any other colour, where would you see such a fine thick manly bush ? they’re like a pair of good plump cauliflowers.”

“ It certainly depends upon taste,” said Kate Ellis, with an air of perplexed indecision.

“ Certainly,” answered Selina ; “ but for my part, on the whole, I must say I consider Mr. Ronan as the nicest of the two.”

“ I know you are talking about me,” said the medical youth, in his most insinuating tones, as he approached the fair ones.

“ Be quiet now, you conceited man, though I know you can’t,” was the gentle rebuke of Selina.

On the following day, Mr. Mulligan praised Mrs. Mersey to his medical friend.

“ She is a chawming woman, Ronan, really —ain’t she? ’Pon my soul I haven’t been able to get her out of my head. So off-hand, and leedy-like, and all that.”

“ A chawming woman certainly,” responded Mr. Ronan. “ Do you know, Mulligan, I think you made a great impression there.”

“ Eh? an impression? ’Pon my soul I was thinking so myself. Faith she was tender, on two or three occasions; d——d tender, Ronan —eh? what think you?”

“ Not a doubt in the world of it,” said the student, “ I advise you to follow it up.”

“ Yes,” replied Mulligan, “ d——d easy too, if one only could get asked to Knockanea, Oh, she’s hit—smitten—I saw *that*.”

## CHAPTER VII.

Well, brother Hilary, how goes the case ?

SCHOOL FOR LAWYERS.

MUCH interest was excited by the very peculiar circumstances under which Miss Kavanagh's name was to come before the public. Jonathan Lucas's action against her, came on at an early period of the term. The lawyers derived infinite amusement from poor Isabella's predicament ; some, who affected to give credence to Lucas's statements, declared that it was a just retribution, that a girl who was capable of jilting the amiable Jonathan, should be jilted in turn by Mordaunt. Others boldly affirmed that the reason of Mordaunt's deser-

tion, was, his having unexpectedly discovered her previous engagements with Jonathan. That prudent personage, meanwhile, was silent with regard to the various opinions; he reserved the whole force of his artillery for the day of battle.

It arrived. The court was crowded at an early hour, and the case was opened by a youthful pleader, on whose brow appeared no symptoms of the diffidence which is *sometimes* incident to youth and inexperience.

“ My Lords and Gentlemen of the Jury,” said Counsellor Merrypenny, “ I rise under feelings of such a very painful nature, that nothing short of the most overwhelming sense of duty, could have possibly induced me to embark in such a case as the present. My Lords, I am a young man, and an unpractised advocate; and I feel that I have peculiar claims on the indulgence of the Court and Jury, when it is recollected that in embracing



that side of this important cause, which I believe, from a close and impartial investigation into facts, to be the just one,—I,—a young, unmarried barrister, with my fortune still to make, with all my domestic comforts unprovided for,—must almost unavoidably create for myself immitigable enemies of the whole of the fairer portion of the community. Many of them arrogate, as we are all aware, a right to tyrannize over our affections and feelings; conscious that whatever capricious domination they may exercise, their charms, their blandishments will allure their victims to a speedy reconciliation. They know that,

‘ Though to their lot, ten thousand errors fall,  
—Look in their faces,—you’ll forget them all!’

In short, they know their almost boundless power; and I deeply regret that they sometimes calculate accordingly. It will be, my

Lords, my painful task upon the present occasion, to exhibit to your view the wrongs sustained by my client, Mr. Jonathan Lucas; the cruel wounds inflicted on his heart; the capricious encouragement afforded to his fondest hopes, and the sudden, cruel, cold destruction of the fairy edifice of bliss which Miss Isabella Kavanagh, the defendant in this cause, had encouraged him to build.

“ To establish these serious allegations, my Lords and Gentlemen of the Jury, I am in possession of a voluminous body of the most convincing proofs;—proofs, I am instructed to say, that would force conviction on the most reluctant breast. I shall trace the first footsteps of a passion which my client *once*, alas! believed was mutual; I shall trace it from the hours of childhood through successive years, until the period, when, fatally for my client's peace, it pleased the defendant to give him that delicious, that seductive promise, which

lured him on to hopes of felicity which are now unfortunately blighted; that promise, for the breach of which, she now stands arraigned before the tribunal of your Lordships' court.

“ My Lords, and Gentlemen of the Jury, the residences of the Lucas and Kavanagh families were contiguous to each other; their domains almost adjoined; and their local propinquity, together with the numerous social and estimable qualities of their inhabitants, produced a considerable degree of intimacy; which ripened, in the instances of my client and Miss Kavanagh, into a warmer sentiment than simple friendship. That my client should admire Miss Kavanagh is not astonishing; it would indeed be surprising, had he remained insensible to the merits of a lady, whose charms are acknowledged, by all who have the honour of knowing her, to exceed the share which

usually falls to the lot of even the most favoured of her sex. He made, upon repeated occasions, the offer of his hand; which offer was received with that enchanting maiden coyness that so richly enhances the boon that it postpones; but is just as intelligible to the clear discernment of a lover, as the plainest, and most unequivocal avowal of mutual passion.

“ Miss Kavanagh, my Lords, continued upon terms of the same familiar intimacy with my client; she received his visits with undiminished courtesy; he was still her occasional partner in the dance,—her companion in the promenade. I mention these things, as tending strongly, though collaterally, to confirm the fact which I wish to impress—namely, that Miss Kavanagh accepted the serious attentions of my client; for the usual conventional rules of society forbid the continuance of former intimacy between a

lady, and the lover, whose addresses she has rejected."

Here Judge Crabstock interposed.

"I do not," said he, "wish unnecessarily to interrupt the speech of a young counsel; I would wish, however, that you would proceed to the proofs of Miss Kavanagh's acceptance of your client's offer of matrimony."

"My Lord, I was coming to that. I had nearly concluded the preliminary observations which I was desirous to address to your Lordships and the jury; and was just about to call the first witness, a lady of unimpeachable respectability. Make way here for Mrs. Curwen."

Isabella and her mother occupied a place in one of the galleries. What Mrs. Curwen had to allege, in Mr. Jonathan Lucas's behalf, they could not conceive; their attention was on the utmost stretch to hear every word of her evidence. After she was sworn,—

“ You are acquainted,” said Mr. Merry-penny, “ with both the plaintiff and defendant in the present action ?”

“ I am.”

“ You have often seen them in each other’s company ?”

“ Repeatedly.”

“ How, permit me to ask you, was Mr. Jonathan Lucas received on such occasions by the defendant ?”

“ Much as he was by most other young ladies ; that is, with marked courtesy and attention, for Mr. Lucas is a general favourite.”

“ Your client, it seems, is a dangerous fellow to let loose among the fair sex,” said one of the counsel on the opposite side.

Mr. Merrypenny waved his hand to enforce silence, and proceeded to examine his witness.

“ Did you ever, Mrs. Curwen, observe any deviation on Miss Kavanagh’s part, from this

ordinary courtesy, into a more marked and unequivocal evidence of her intentions?"

"I did. I heard Mr. Jonathan Lucas propose marriage to her, and I heard Miss Kavanagh accept the proposal."

Isabella and her mother started. "The wretched woman has perjured herself!" exclaimed the former, in an under tone, "and for no conceivable reason."

"Where," pursued counsel, "did this circumstance occur?"

"At Knockanea, Lord Ballyvallin's residence, at a ball which was given by his Lordship, and at which Mr. Lucas and Miss Kavanagh danced together."

"State the circumstances, if you please."

"Mr. Lucas told Miss Kavanagh that he could make love, or propose marriage, in a syllogism; or something to that effect, and he asked Miss Kavanagh if he had her permission to do so."

“ What was her answer ? ”

“ ‘ *Certainly,* ’ said she. I am positive I heard her say ‘ *Certainly.* ’ ”

“ Did your hear her add anything else ? ”

“ She whispered something immediately afterwards, but I did not hear what it was. ”

“ Now, my Lords and Gentlemen, ” said Merrypenny, “ there ’s direct evidence for you, of the most unimpeachable nature. I have now to produce *written*, in addition to this unquestionable *oral* testimony, which, I humbly submit, will remove all doubt upon the merits of this question from the most incredulous. Is there any person here—I believe there are many of Miss Kavanagh’s acquaintances in court—is there any one among them that would have the goodness to say whether this is her handwriting ? ”

And, saying this, Mr. Merrypenny produced a letter, which he read for the edification of his auditory, premising that it was addressed



by Miss Kavanagh to Mr. Jonathan Lucas, and that its contents were so very explicit as to supersede the necessity of any comment.

“ Thus, my Lords, does Miss Kavanagh address my client :—

“ ‘ MY DEAR JONATHAN,

“ ‘ Many thanks for your’s, which came while I was absent from home, yesterday. I was much pleased with what you said about the books.’ ”

“ (This allusion to *the books*,” interposed Mr. Merrypenny, “ referred to a sketch of a literary mode of occupying time, which my client had drawn, in the letter to which *this* was Miss Kavanagh’s answer).”

“ ‘ As to the other affair,’ ” continued counsel, resuming his perusal of Miss Kavanagh’s letter—“ ‘ why are you so cruelly pressing? You know you are possessed of my heart, although, perhaps, I ought not to confess it ;

but as I am anxious that Miss Wharton may be my bridesmaid, I am compelled to defer our marriage until her arrival.

“ ‘ Ever your affectionate

“ ‘ ISABELLA KAVANAGH.

“ ‘ To Jonathan Lucas, Esq.’ ”

The unlucky Isabella at once perceived that this letter, which she perfectly remembered having written to Mordaunt, had got into the possession of Jonathan; whose additions to the document,—namely, the introductory phrase, “ My dear Jonathan,”—and the address at the end, “ To Jonathan Lucas, Esq.,” had been made with such inimitable skill, that even our heroine herself would never have known that they were not her writing, from any difference that could have been shown between the forged words and the rest of the letter. She now remembered, too, that Mordaunt had complained of never receiving this letter; and she

much regretted that she did not take the little ragged messenger to task, who, as our readers remember, had been appointed the Pacolet on that occasion ; and whose awkwardness or negligence had unfortunately proved the means of furnishing Jonathan with such a formidable weapon against our poor heroine. While one of her counsel left the court at her request, to consult with her on this subject, Mr. Daly, another of her bar, commenced a cross-examination of Mrs. Curwen.

“ And so, Ma'am, you have sworn that you consider Miss Kavanagh's having permitted Mr. Lucas to give her a specimen of love in a syllabub —— ”

“ A syllogism, Sir,” said Mrs. Curwen, correcting the querist.

“ Well, in a syllogism, or some such conundrum ;—you have sworn, Madam, that you consider Miss Kavanagh's permission to the plaintiff

to exhibit his rebus, or riddle, as tantamount to accepting an offer of his hand?"

"O, my Lords," said Merrypenny, "there's an infinitude of ways in which *consent* may be expressed. It was ruled by Judge Fogram, in the very remarkable case of Skylark *versus* Splinker (see Foggerhead's Reports, vol. xvii., folio 9877), that a *wink*, in a given case, might be fairly and lawfully interpreted to signify consent."

"Pooh!" said Daly, "there was no winking in the present case."

"But it shows," retorted Merrypenny, "that the expression of consent is not limited to any particular form."

"Consent," repeated Daly; "consent to what? I deny that the language ascribed to Mr. Jonathan Lucas by the witness, was tantamount to an offer of marriage. He offers to teach a young lady how love may be made in a

logical form. Now, by virtue of your oath, Mrs. Curwen—if I, Patricius Daly, offer to show *you*, in open court, how love may be made by Act of Parliament, and if you accept of my offer to exhibit such a mystery—would you ever imagine that I wanted to make you an offer of marriage, or would any one else be so mad as to suppose that you thereby engaged yourself to give me your hand?”

“Oh,” interposed Merrypenny, “the modes of proposal are as multifarious as the language of consent. The expression of the tender feelings of the human breast can never be tied down by any uniform rule ——”

“Mr. Merrypenny,” interrupted Daly, “I object to this course—I don’t want to hear you lecture on the variegated moods and tenses of the amorous passion; I want to get an answer to my question from the witness. I ask you, Mrs. Curwen, whether, if I now offer to show you, as it seems the plaintiff offered to indoc-

trinate Miss Kavanagh, how an amorous proposal may be shaped into a syllogism—would I thereby render myself liable to the imputation of presuming to offer you my hand? On your oath, now ?”

“ On my oath, Mr. Daly, you’ve so little the look of a marrying man, that I don’t think you would. In truth, Sir, the difficulty upon *your* part, in offering your hand to any lady, would be to persuade her that you were in earnest.”

This produced a loud laugh at Daly’s expense.

“ It is just as Mrs. Curwen has said,” observed Merrypenny ; “ in fact, the interpretation of such an offer must depend altogether on circumstances.

“ Precisely,” rejoined Daly ; “ and I contend that Miss Kavanagh’s interpretation of Mr. Lucas’s offer to teach her the syllogistic mode of making love, did not involve the idea that the exhibition of his ingenuity necessarily included

a proposal. Miss Kavanagh, it appears, was much attracted, at the period in question, by a certain Mr. Mordaunt, of whom we may, probably, hear more anon ; and she therefore may have gladly availed herself of any new lights that the genius of Jonathan Lucas could throw on the amorous science, in order to bring them into play in the Mordaunt affair. I protest I never heard such a forcible, wilful misconstruction of language, as the pertinacious effort to uphold that Mr. Lucas's offer to show how love and logic might amalgamate—an offer, be it well observed, that a father, a brother, or a sister might make—was necessarily understood by Miss Kavanagh to be an offer of marriage.”

The other counsel now returned with an affidavit, sworn by Miss Kavanagh, stating that the letter produced by the plaintiff as having been written to himself, had been written by her, *not* to *him*, but to Mr. Mordaunt ; that the words, “ My dear Jonathan,” were an

artful, and well-executed forgery; that so were the words of the address at the foot of the letter; that the envelope enclosing it was directed, doubtless, in Miss Kavanagh's handwriting; but that that envelope, when sent to Mr. Lucas, had contained an unequivocal rejection of his offer, a copy of which Miss Kavanagh was prepared to produce, and for the production of the original she had served notice on the plaintiff: that Miss Kavanagh could also produce Mr. Mordaunt's letter, to which the letter of her's, paraded by the plaintiff, was the answer, in order that the Court might see how accurately the subjects in both letters tallied, thus proving their real connection with each other. She then went on to state her belief as to the means whereby her epistle to Mordaunt had fallen into Jonathan's possession; and prayed the Court to stay judgment until she could procure the evidence of the boy, to whose care it had been committed; which she



trusted, under Heaven, would place in its true light the nature of the base conspiracy against her.

Against the motion for postponement, the counsel for Jonathan argued with all the chicanery they could press into their service, but in vain. It was granted; and when the nature of the whole transaction became generally known, and a verdict in our heroine's favour was pronounced, amidst the loudest acclamations of a crowded court, the gentle plaintiff deemed it prudent to withdraw from the popular indignation, by a rapid flight to the Isle of Man.

Flushed with the brilliant success that crowned *one* arduous contest, our heroine prepared with redoubled energy for the other struggle that awaited her. The trial of the cause of "Kavanagh *versus* Mordaunt," excited, if possible, still greater public interest than that of "Lucas *versus* Kavanagh," had done. It is needless to weary the reader with

forensic details. It is sufficient to say, that of damages which were laid at £.6000, Miss Kavanagh recovered £.3000; and afforded a salutary lesson to all the "gay marauders" on the sacred territory of a woman's heart, who lead their unsuspecting victims to believe in promises that some selfish consideration may turn them aside from fulfilling.

**CHAPTER VIII.**

**She is a most variable and changeful nymph, capricious as the air, and more giddy.**

**BEN JONSON.**

**COLONEL NUGENT and Lucinda soon visited Dublin, and took up their abode at the Colonel's house in Merrion-street. Lucinda had permitted Fitzroy to correspond with her, and he availed himself of her permission at the rate of some two or three letters each week. These epistles contained scraps of impassioned poetry thrown off by Fitzroy in his happiest moods of inspiration ; or, peradventure, they lamented, in pathetic tone, the duplex injury sustained by**

his heart and his "Sketches of Irish Society," from his tedious separation from Lucinda. The young lady's replies were voluminous and regular; until an event occurred one day that produced some change in her opinion regarding the prudence or policy of continuing the correspondence.

It chanced, that, visiting in Stephen's Green one morning, she met Lord Ardbraccan, who called every day at Mrs. Kavanagh's. The all-accommodating Mrs. Delacour happened to be there, and communicated to Lucinda his lordship's presumed intentions of resuming the matrimonial yoke, with such emphatic eloquence, that her penchant for Fitzroy began rapidly to fade before the prospect of a coronet. His lordship had his otaphone, heard rather better than usual, and was remarkably agreeable; beat time to Miss Kavanagh's old music, and told anecdotes of Mara, and Storace, and Sestini.

Lucinda at once perceived his exclusive pas-

sion for old music, and when Isabella rose from the pianoforte, she took her friend's place at the instrument, and played with exquisite taste many airs from "Artaxerxes," "La buona Figliuola," and other ancient operas. The Marquess was enraptured; he gazed through his glass at Lucinda, and persuaded himself that he beheld a being of celestial loveliness; expressed his hope of meeting her again, and his anxious desire to know Colonel Nugent. In short, all formalities were quickly dismissed, and Lord Ardbraccan became as constant and assiduous a visitor in Merrion-street as he had previously been at Stephen's Green.

Lucinda still continued to correspond with Fitzroy; but her style was more platonic; she talked more about literature and romance, and begged he might erase from his work "that foolish panegyric on herself."

Lord Ardbraccan, conscious, perhaps, that he had little time to spare, soon overleapt the

usual tedium of preliminaries, and offered his hand to Lucinda.

Her wildest ambition was now gratified. She could scarcely put faith in the reality of her good fortune. She had not *committed* herself to Fitzroy, in any mode of which he could take legal advantage; and, as to any other consideration, she was quite indifferent. A marchioness! The offer of a coronet made, ere she yet had passed a month in what is called "the world!" it was enrapturing! intoxicating! all but incredible.

She lost no time in informing the Marquess that she fully responded to his sentiments, and was happy to accept the hand with which he honoured her.

But poor Lord Ardracchan had unfortunately forgotten his otaphone on this occasion; and remembering his awkward misapprehension of Isabella Kavanagh's answer to a similar proposition, he feared lest he might now fall into

some mystification with Lucinda. Instead, therefore, of pouring forth his rapturous thanks, he bent forward his head in his customary attitude, and looking imploringly at Lucinda, said,

“ I beg pardon, Miss Nugent—*I don't perfectly hear.*”

“ Plague take the old deaf wretch !” exclaimed Lucinda, half vexed, half diverted ; and she wrote her acceptance of his matrimonial offers on a card, which she handed to him.

His Lordship took the card with great courtesy ; passed it twice or thrice before his eyes, shook his head, and said,

“ I beg pardon, Miss Nugent—*I don't perfectly see.*”

“ Plague take the old blind wretch !” exclaimed Lucinda ; “ if he has lost the faculties of hearing and sight, I presume at least he cannot say ‘ *I don't perfectly feel ;* ’ so we'll try what the medium of the touch can produce.”

And she caught both his hands in her's, and her gentle pressure of his fingers unequivocally told ten thousand volumes of consent.

“ Thank you ! thank you ! thank you ! dear Lavinia ! ” cried the Marquess.

“ Lucinda,—Lucinda,” vociferated Miss Nugent, correcting him.

“ Lucinda ? aye, Lucinda,” repeated the Marquess, catching at the half-heard sounds ; “ thanks, dearest girl, innumerable. For the present I must run away, to speak to my lawyer about marriage settlements—necessary things, Lucinda—hey, love ? ”

The Marquess hobbled away, apparently delighted ; and in the evening a superb *trousseau* of jewels arrived, as a gift from his lordship to his bride. When we say that the *trousseau* was superb, we do not by any means intend to imply that the articles of bijouterie were numerous, but merely that the few (for they *were* few) of which it consisted, displayed exquisite



taste, and were beautifully set. Lord Ardbraccan was poor for a Marquess, and could not afford a more extensive selection.—But Lucinda was delighted; she ran to her boudoir, and decked herself in all the “brilliant gauds;” she longed to exhibit her paraphernalia to some one; to some person who might envy her; but she shrank from the idea of showing her finery to Isabella Kavanagh. The character of Isabella was well understood by Lucinda; and she shrewdly surmised that the dazzling acquisition which, in other minds, might possibly arouse the envious feeling she desired, would, when connected with all its accompanying circumstances, excite in Isabella’s bosom sentiments of commiseration, not wholly unmixed with contempt.

Lucinda had promised to pass a few days with some friends who resided about eight miles from town; their carriage arrived to whirl her away, just as she had arranged with

the Marquess, through the double medium of his attorney and his otaphone, that the following Saturday was to witness the solemnity of their nuptials. Colonel Nugent was far from approving of Lucinda's acceptance of the Marquess; however, for the sake of appearances, he was present at all these arrangements, and took an ostensible part in them. He happened, at this critical juncture, to leave town for the seat of a friend in the King's County, with whom he had promised to attend a steeple chase, on which heavy bets depended, and of which he had been chosen one of the umpires; he left his address with Lord Ardracchan's law agent.

Lucinda passed the intervening time in receiving the congratulations of her acquaintance, and in practising the marchioness as well as she could. She received an epistle from Fitzroy, containing stanzas on the summer-house at Martagon, to be inserted in his "Irish Sketches;" she revised the poetry according to his wish, and wrote him a

voluminous letter, in which she did not say a single word of her approaching marriage.

“ Poor Fitzroy,” she soliloquized, “ the intelligence will burst upon him like a thunder-clap ! the effect upon his mind will be stunning ; I dare not picture to myself the agony the news will inflict. Poor fellow—I trust in Heaven he may not shoot himself, nor drown himself, nor poison himself, nor any thing of that kind ; it would be inconceivably distressing. But he will not—he is too intellectual. He will seek the true balm of consolation, in the prosecution of his literary projects ; and he will efface from his pages the name of the unhappy Lucinda ! Alas ! unhappy she may truly deem herself, since Fate has successively entangled her affections in the toils, and rudely constrained her to a destiny, far different from that which simple, unsophisticated happiness would have pointed out ! Yet, poor, poor Fitzroy ! my heart bleeds for thee

—and—must I confess it? for Henry O’Sullivan also. Unhappy Lucinda! what cruel fortune is it that compels thee thus to wreck thine own felicity as well as theirs?”

This soliloquy occupied her thoughts as she tried on a magnificent tiara before her mirror, and placed the gorgeous ornament in half a dozen different positions, in order to ascertain in which it best became her. At length, being quite unable to arrive at a satisfactory decision without the aid of some judicious adviser, she summoned one of her young friends to her boudoir, and their joint deliberations continued until it was time to dress for dinner.

The day at length arrived on which Lucinda was to become Lady Ardbraccan; and at a very early hour she arose, like Kitty of Coleraine, from her pillow, “all blushing;” and having eaten a hasty breakfast, got into the carriage with her bridesmaid, and drove into

Dublin, where Colonel Nugent was to meet her at St. George's Church; the sacred edifice in which it had been arranged that the ceremony of her marriage should take place.

Her brother was in the church before she reached it. He greeted her affectionately, and expressed his hope that her approaching nuptials might add to her happiness.

“ Have you been long in town ?” she asked.

“ No—only arrived this very instant in St. Leger's carriage—travelled all night, in fact, in order that I might not be late—the steeple chase only came off yesterday—it was neck-and-neck for a mile to the winning post between Montague's brown filly and Sir Charles's Radagunda—I think Radagunda won by half a nose—it is the hardest thing in the world to satisfy Montague that he was beaten; he says there was no advantage upon either side, and claims half the plate. I don't at all know how it

may end ; but in the mean time what can keep Lord Ardbreacca ? it is not, *enfin* nous, quite the thing that the bride should anticipate the bridegroom on such an occasion ; however the poor Marquess is so old, that we must make allowances."

The Colonel smiled as he spoke, and Lucinda shook her head reproachfully. They waited a quarter of an hour, sitting by a fire that some one had charitably lighted in the vestry room, and Nugent began to exhibit tokens of impatience. Lucinda, in order to quiet him by giving him a subject on which he could speak with some interest, began to catechise him on the merits of his friend St. Leger's kennels.

"Glorious ! on my honour, glorious. It is really worth any person's while to travel a hundred miles in order to look at the harriers. The dogs are genuine descendants of the old Arundel breed—their ancestors hunted at War-

dover Castle in the reign of King William the Third ; and the breed, I need scarcely say, has been improving every generation since. And the fox-hound kennel is as superb as any thing of the kind I ever saw. Eighty couple of first rate dogs, and oh ! such covers as there are at Ballyskellig hill ! I never saw anything like it since I saw Melton Mowbray. Lucinda, when this Ardraccon transaction is over, you must really come to St. Leger's for a week, my dear girl—the whole family will be charmed to have you ; and you yourself, my own dear sister, have enough of your brother's tastes, I know, to be charmed with the dogs. The Ballyskellig hounds are deservedly famed, you know, all over the kingdom,—and the horses—will you come, Lucinda ?”

“ Most certainly, if Ardraccon allows me.”

“ Pooh ! Ardraccon will allow you to do any thing you please. I shall send Mahony to

Martagon for Brown Tom and Seraskier; I may possibly sell Brown Tom to advantage there, if he shows them two or three days' successful *action*. I think he's decidedly a horse to make an impression; take him altogether, he's a very flashy figure, although possibly a *little* too long in the gamorells."

"Fitzroy Mordaunt said his figure was perfect," observed Lucinda.

"Fitzroy Mordaunt!" echoed Nugent, "what does that fellow know about horse-flesh? though indeed in this case he wasn't far astray."

"He ought to know something of the matter," said Lucinda, "being in the hussars."

"Yes—just as a carpenter ought to know something of music, because he makes a fiddle-case. Why, my dear, Fitzroy is hardly able to sit his horse when he gets on his back. He seems to me to know in general so very, very little of horse-flesh, that I should not



very much marvel if I heard that he mistook a donkey for a racer. Mrs. Mersey appreciates him with tolerable accuracy; she says he's only fit to thrum on a guitar, and sketch tulips and cowslips in an album."

"Mrs. Mersey's judgment," said Lucinda, somewhat piqued, "is on this, as on many other occasions, more severe than just."

"What, sister Lucy, are *you* disposed to break a lance for Fitz.? In that case, the fellow may well be reconciled to be assailed by Mrs. Mersey, since her sarcasms arouse in his behalf such a very charming champion."

Lucinda acknowledged her brother's compliment with a smile; and began to feel surprised in her turn at the protracted absence of the bridegroom. "It is really strange," said Colonel Nugent; "but the morning looked chill and unpromising." And he rose from his seat, internally debating what course it was proper to pursue in the circumstances. Lord

Ardbraccan was now a full hour *behind time*, as the mailcoachmen say, and still there was not the slightest appearance of his approach. Colonel Nugent could no longer restrain his impatient curiosity, and he was just on the point of driving off to Stephen's Green to ascertain the cause of the delay, when a carriage suddenly drove up to the church door and stopped; a gentleman got out—it was not Lord Ardbraccan; it was a tall, corpulent, coarse-featured pompous looking man, dressed in black, and with crape round his hat. He walked slowly up the aisle of the church, and encountering Nugent, begged to know his name.

“Colonel Nugent.”

“Sir,” said the man in black, slowly and solemnly, and pronouncing each syllable with equal weight of emphasis, “I am very sorry,” and the solemn man in black looked steadily at Nugent, and paused.

“Sir,” said Nugent, after a silence of some

moments, "I regret your sorrows; may I ask whether *I* am in any manner concerned in them?"

"Sir," said the solemn man, waving his hand, "have patience, and you shall hear. Last night, at twelve o'clock, I was suddenly summoned to attend my Lord Ardbracon, who was stated by the messenger to be dangerously ill. I repaired forthwith to his lordship's residence in Stephen's Green ——"

"To cut all this short, Sir," said Colonel Nugent, "is his lordship dead or alive?"

"Sir, permit me, after my own fashion, to detail the result. I ascended to the noble patient's dormitory, to which, even had I not been piloted by his Lordship's valet, I could have easily discovered the way, guided by the melancholy sound of the catarrhal explosions that incessantly issued from his lordship's larynx."

"Poor man!" cried Colonel Nugent, with

genuine military impatience breaking off from this circumstantial personage, "if he is really so ill, I shall instantly go and see him." And Nugent was speedily making for the vestry-room door.

"Stop, Sir! stop!" exclaimed the solemn personage, seeing that he had not any chance of being permitted to indulge in a learned detail, "stop, Sir! he is dead."

"Confound you!" cried Nugent, turning short round on his informant, "why could you not tell me that at once?"

"Because, Sir, I opined that you might, not improbably, derive some interest from a special detail ——"

"Derive the devil!" exclaimed the colonel hastily; and entering the vestry-room, he informed Lucinda that the poor old Marquess was no more; he had coughed himself out of the world the preceding night.

Lucinda was extremely provoked; she remembered that the Marquess had asked her

to fix Friday for their nuptials, and she had fixed Saturday, because she did not think Madame Auguste, her milliner, would be able sooner to have some things ready which she wished to wear on the occasion. And for the sake of those worthless scraps of gauze and tinsel, she had actually lost a title! How ineffably provoking!

Lucinda was silent for a few minutes, pained beyond measure at her unexpected disappointment, and then a copious flood of tears relieved her. The tears were set down, of course, by the pitying spectators, to the wound inflicted on her faithful heart by the loss of the object of her love; and with all the befitting appliances of cambric handkerchiefs, eau-de-cologne, and sympathising friends, she got into her carriage, and was driven to her brother's house in Merrion Street.

The first distinct reflection that occurred to

her, was, that since the poor Marquess was fated to make such a sudden and unceremonious exit from this world, it was *some* consolation that he had sent her the *trousseau* of diamonds first. She started, however, as she recollected that they had been forwarded to Merrion Street *direct* from the jeweller's; and a qualm came over her, lest his lordship had omitted to pay for them, in which case the jeweller's bill would not form an extremely agreeable study.

Her second subject of reflection, was, the gratifying fact, that hitherto, at least, Fitzroy Mordaunt knew nothing whatever of Lord Ardbracon's offers; and she trusted that this blissful ignorance might continue until Fitzroy should renew his solicitation for her hand, to which she mentally vowed that she would not prove inexorable.

Colonel Nugent waited in the evening upon

Mrs. Kavanagh, and beheld all the artificers of pantomimic sorrow fitting up Ardbracon House with the requisite trappings. The hatchment was emblazoned on the front; the saloons were hung with black drapery, and the deceased's shrivelled relics lay "in state," surrounded with the costly accompaniments that designate patrician woe, and that form so humiliating a contrast with the poor, lifeless, withered frame, from which the everlasting spirit hath gone forth to meet its final judgment.

Isabella, whose heart was cast in a totally different mould from Miss Nugent's, felt deeply concerned at Lord Ardbracon's death. Incapable, as she ever had proved herself, of connecting him with any selfish or degrading plans of self-advancement, she now remembered him only as a courteous and obliging friend, for whose flattering notice of herself she felt grateful in the retrospect; and on whom she had looked

with interest as the lingering relic of another age; an age of which her mother and uncle retained the recollection, and which they had frequently described in the vivid and affectionate language with which narrative senility invariably details the scenes of its youth.

Impressed with these high and solemn feelings, our heroine prevailed on her mother, unusual as such a proceeding might be, to accompany her to the room in which the body of the Marquess lay. They went at midnight,—a period, when they were only exposed to the notice of one or two domestics of his Lordship's, who still watched the remains, when the idle, indifferent, and inquisitive crowd had departed. They looked at the pale and stiffened face, on which, even in death, the same expression of courteous kindness lingered, that had marked it in life; the white hair was combed straight down on either side, and the hands were clasped upon the breast. The



coronet lay upon a velvet cushion at the coffin's foot; armorial blazonry was proudly paraded at the head.

“ Vain, vain symbols of earthly distinction !” thought our heroine. “ What do they avail thee now ? *now*, that thou hast appeared before that tremendous bar, from which the irrevocable fiat has gone forth ?”

Tears fell from Isabella's eyes, as she mentally offered up an earnest prayer for the welfare of his soul.

“ I believe, ladies,” said the elder attendant, “ that *you* care more for my Lord, than the hundreds that have been in here to-day, always excepting Colonel Nugent. The Colonel stood as good as an hour this evening looking over the coffin, and I saw his eyes wet when he went out.”

“ *You* regret his Lordship deeply, Martin ?” said Mrs. Kavanagh.

“ I would be an ungrateful brute if I did not, Madam,” replied the old man with emotion ;  
“ for fifty years I have been his servant, and a kinder, better master never lived—God rest his Lordship.”

CHAPTER IX.

For woman, Jack, is woman still,  
She 'll find a way to work her will.

REID'S SATIRES.

“ How much do you suppose Fitzroy Mor-daunt's fortune may be ?” said Lucinda carelessly, one day, to Colonel Nugent.

“ It was scarcely any thing, until his uncle's death.”

“ Oh, but *now*, I mean.”

“ Probably two thousand a year. Old Grimsby was certainly very rich, and he has left all the Welsh estate to Fitzroy—But Lucy, why do you ask ?”

“ Simply, because I take some interest, as I

suppose every one does, in hearing the amount of the good or the evil that may befall my acquaintance."

"Have you any more *personal* reason for your present inquiry?" said Nugent, bending his eyes with keen earnestness upon his sister.

"What should lead you to suppose that I have?"

"Oh, Lucy, do not think I am so *very* unobservant—you cannot imagine that all the guitarings, and duettings, and sonnets, and literary intercourse at Martagon escaped me?"

Lucinda blushed deeply.

"Nay, it is not any blushing matter either," said her brother good naturedly—"the fact is, I did not very much care then, for I thought that those Mordaunts were highly principled and honourable men, although I always deemed Fitzroy a learned donkey. But now that Miss Kavanagh has made the elder Mordaunt's infamous conduct to herself a matter of public

notoriety, I am of opinion that the less we have to say to the family the better. I had always looked on Mordaunt as rather the better of the two, and if *he* be the best——”

“ But surely, brother,” interposed Lucinda, “ you would not condemn Fitzroy for his brother’s misconduct? I am certain he censures it as strongly as you or I could! And then he is so amiable, too. You surely don’t forget how he exposed himself to danger, and actually dislocated his arm, in assisting a poor old woman?”

“ Why, as to that,” replied Nugent, “ he could give us what version he thought proper, of the history of his wounds and bruises——his account of the matter may possibly be somewhat apocryphal.”

“ What, brother——do you doubt his word?”

“ In truth, Lucy, I confess that I have not any information on the subject that affords me

grounds for denying his statement. Yet I never perceived such an ardent inclination on the part of our friend, to assist the poor, feeble, and helpless, as would render it probable that he should put himself to any great trouble about an old basket woman. In short, I neither believe nor disbelieve his story ; it may be true or false, for aught I know ; his assertion is quite insufficient to remove my doubts, at all events."

" Well, I place more confidence in Fitz. than *you* do," was Lucinda's answer.

" To be candid with you, Lucy, all this seems very strange. It is not a fortnight since you were ready to swear at the altar that you would ' love, honour, and obey ' poor old Lord Ardracchan. Since his death you have not met this fascinating military hero ; so that your present warmth in his favour must be part of a pre-existing flame. Now, how could you reconcile your attachment to Fitzroy, with your

readiness to enter into wedlock with the Marquess? You compel me to ask you a plain question, and I now require a plain answer."

Lucinda, thus taken to task, was seriously perplexed. She had trusted too much to her brother's exclusive attention to field-sports, and had fondly persuaded herself that much of her manœuvring had escaped his observation.

"Brother," she answered at length, "you are cruel—very cruel. My conduct towards *you* has been marked with most scrupulous delicacy. I never have uttered, nor would I now utter, unless compelled by your unfeeling bluntness, a single word that could lead you to discover the fact, that in doing gross violence to the warm prepossessions of my heart, I was actuated simply by a wish to form such a connexion as might aggrandize your house, and reflect distinction on yourself. Yes, Sir. For *your* sake alone would I ever have consented to unite myself to Lord Ardbracon; and the

grateful reward that I am tendered, is a coarse and violent assault upon those feelings of feminine delicacy, which our sex holds most sacred." And Lucinda put her handkerchief to her eyes, and began to sob convulsively.

Colonel Nugent was by no means a fool; but he was blinded by a partial and passionate attachment to his sister, and he was not a match for her in artifice; of which, indeed, there was not a shadow in the honest frankness of his character. He could not bear to see Lucinda weep; he cursed himself as an unfeeling wretch for having given her pain; and affectionately throwing his arms round her neck, he acknowledged his *fault*, and earnestly besought her to *forgive* her offending, but penitent brother. Lucinda, delighted at having thus adroitly put Nugent in the wrong, withdrew her handkerchief from her beautiful eyes, still moistened with tears, and cast on him a glance of incomparably blended magnanimity and forgive-



ness; such a glance as an insulted angel might bestow on a presumptuous mortal, who solicited pardon for having outraged the sacred dignity of the celestial personage.

A day or two afterwards, Fitzroy arrived, and repeated the offer of his hand. Lucinda consented to confer felicity upon her lover, provided Colonel Nugent's concurrence could be also obtained; and *he*, good, easy man! desirous above all things that his sister should be happy, offered no objection to the marriage; which accordingly was celebrated with considerable splendour and *éclat*.

The customary compliments were made the bride by all her acquaintance, except Isabella.

“The worst of this marriage is,” observed Nugent, “that it will create some coolness with the Kavanaghs, who are really worth all the rest of our acquaintance; especially the old fellow and Miss Kavanagh. But that shan't be, if I can help it. I must necessarily know Fitz-

roy for *your* sake, Lucy: but I vow I'll never allow his brother to enter my house, and I shall tell the Kavanaghs so. So if this arrangement will induce Isabella to come see us, I shall think we are very fortunate."

And Nugent left the room, in order to visit his friends in Stephen's Green.

"Come back for one instant, brother," said Mrs. Fitzroy Mordaunt; "I only wish to ask you," she added, looking archly, "if you have any idea of presenting me with a sister-in-law in the person of our dear Isabella? Nay, if you blush, I have done; do not scold me however for making you blush, for you know I owed you this revenge. Go now—I have asked my question, and I don't wish to teaze you any longer."

Colonel Nugent departed, looking conscious enough: however he tried to turn off his embarrassment with a laugh.

CHAPTER X.

Philaster, too, plays fast and loose,  
He only wanted an excuse.

REID'S SATIRES.

“ A WEARY world this!” exclaimed Father John O’Connor, throwing himself upon a chair with an appearance of fatigue, one evening late, when he had just returned from a station.

“ Weary enough! weary enough, your reverence,” echoed the parochial schoolmaster, who had seated himself on the opposite side of the fire-place; “ and how does your reverence think it will fare with the poor cratures of tinants?”

O’Connor shook his head.. “ Badly, I am

afraid," he replied. "Notice to quit has been served on the Ballymackavawn boys, for all the leases of the plough-land expire in September next. I'm afraid there will be great clearing out on the estate. The drivers have gone round on all the Killaderry fellows too, and have threatened every mother's son of them all with ejectment, if the hanging gale is not paid up along with the current half year by Lady-day."

"Weirastrua! weirastrua!" cried the school-master, "and how will it fare with Jerry Howlaghan?"

"I have great fears for Jerry," answered the priest; "for he owes a whole twelvemonth's rent. He recently has laid out a good deal in improving the house and farm, under a sort of half-promise from the agent that the amount would be allowed him in the rent; and the agent recedes from his promise, as I understand, and says Jerry must pay every farthing of the

rent, unless he can produce a *written promise*, (which we all know never had any existence). Ah, I warned Jerry against trusting Mr. Wrench or his promises ; but he said he thought he might confide in him."

To the ears of an Englishman, there does not seem any thing unjust or tyrannical in the sound of "eviction for non-payment of rent;" and yet, in point of fact, few processes of oppression can well be conceived more truly tyrannical than this often is in Ireland. The reason is, that more is demanded for the ground in many cases, than the soil is able, with the farmer's utmost industry, to pay : so that, in all such instances, to eject a man because he does not pay the rack-rent, is to punish him for the non-performance of an impossibility. It may be asked, why does the tenant undertake to pay a higher rent than the land is actually worth? The answer is a simple one—Necessity compels him. In a country almost wholly destitute of

manufactures, the population are necessarily thrown for their support upon the soil. There is no mode of raising a livelihood unless it is worked out of the ground. This state of things inevitably creates a prodigious competition for land ; the natural consequence of which competition, is *to raise the rents* to a pitch quite exorbitant. Thus the landlords hold the existence of their tenants on their breath ; and thus it happens that when the depopulating system is resorted to by landlords, whether for political or other reasons, the instincts of nature irresistibly impel the houseless, the ejected, the destitute victims, to the commission of outrages, of which in a more favourable state of society they would be wholly incapable.

A landlord, it is argued, has a natural and legal right to expel from his grounds any tenant whose lease has expired, on the broad, undeniable principle that a man may do just as he likes with his own. But it should be recollected that the

exercise of natural as well as legal rights, ought always to be modified by the requirements of society. A corn merchant, for example, in a time of scarcity, has undoubtedly a natural and legal right to say to the famishing applicants for food, "you shall not have my corn for your money—go elsewhere. The corn is mine, and I refuse to sell it—*I have a right to do just as I please with my own.*" That the heartless corn merchant, in the case supposed, would act in strict accordance with his natural and legal rights is unquestionably true: but how would his conduct appear, when tested by the dictates of humanity, of the social relations between man and his brother,—or when tested by the still more authoritative precepts of the Gospel?

The advocates, therefore, of Irish depopulating landlords, would do extremely well to recollect, that to say that a man in any given case only exercises his legal and natural rights, may nevertheless be an exceedingly inadequate justi-

fication of his conduct. The reasonable social requirements of his fellow beings should also be weighed. Hundreds should not be consigned to destitution, to gratify the avaricious cravings, or to humour the political predilections of ONE

Lord Ballyvallin's tenants had, almost without any exception, voted at the county election against the candidate for whom his lordship felt interested; and he accordingly determined to visit with his vengeance all the serfs who had dared to commit the unpardonable crime of expressing a political conviction at variance with that of their landlord. To these fiery purposes of retribution his lordship was ardently stimulated by his agent, Mr. Wrench; who on one or two occasions had tauntingly threatened our acquaintance, Jerry Howlaghan, with the punishment that awaited his political sins.

"Sure, Sir," said Jerry, throwing himself into his usual fearless attitude of free expostula-



tion, "your honour does not tell me you're in earnest?"

"Not in earnest?" repeated the agent; "faith I am, so; as you, Jerry Howlaghan, will find to your cost if you don't make submission."

"Now that's what I call entirely too hard, your honour. I dig the lord's ground, I plough it, I sow it, I reap the corn, thrash the grain and bring it to the mill, all with the labour of my bones and the sweat of my brow—I fatten pigs, I raise praties—I'm up early and down late, watching fairs and markets in all weathers—I sometimes comes home, Heaven knows, down hearted enough when the prices are low or the demand slack, fagged and wearied, and frozen with the cold, mayhap, or wet to the shkin. Well, the money that I make, be it great, or be it small, is all paid to your honour for my lord; and tight screwing and squeezing we often have to make it out, as no man knows better than your honour's honour. I freely give my lord

the labour of my limbs and the sweat of my brow—because why? because his lordship has a right to it; because I promised him the rint, and because, plase God, I'll always pay what I promised him so far forth as God enables me. But I never promised him my vote. To be sure, he has every right in life to ax for it; and I have also every right in life *not* to give it to him, if I don't plase. And I do *not* plase, Mr. Wrench, and what is more I'll never plase, unless his lordship should give his support to some mimber that would be likely in my humble opinion to sarve Ireland. If his lordship took a candidate of *that* sort by the hand, why, 'pon my conscience I'd give him my vote against the priest himself, *but not otherwise*.—And now, Mr. Wrench, after working and slaving to make out the rint, pray what great things have I left for myself? I've got praties and milk, God be praised! and many, many farmers haven't got the milk: so I *ought* to be thankful, and I *am*.

I have good corned beef too, to ate, at Christmas and Easter and Whitsuntide; for which I also heartily thank God and his lordship. I *have* those blessings, and the clothes I wear, and the clothes that Nancy wears, and the house that covers us.—Our clothes are no great things, to be sure; but better wouldn't suit the like of *hus*. I'm not complaining, mind. I only want to show your honour, that my lord gets at laste five sixths of the value of the land, if the praties, and the clothes, and the house be deducted; and *those*, you know, we couldn't live without. Now I think five-sixths of value may very well satisfy his honourable lordship, without axing for my vote, or punishing me for giving it to a mimber that he doesn't like. And what thinks yourself, Mr. Wrench?" pursued Jerry, a smile of humorous intelligence playing in his fine dark eye; "spake out now, plase your honour."

"I think you've a damned deal of impu-

dence," answered the agent; "and I just held my tongue, and heard you out, to try' the length to which your impudence would carry you. It would be fitter for the like of you to recollect that you owe a twelvemonth's rent, and to come and hand it to me, than to give me all that jaw."

"Mr. Wrench—Mr. Wrench—I wonder at you, Sir. Doesn't your honour recollect that you *promised* his lordship would make an allowance for all the improvements I made? Was there a hole or corner of the roof that could keep out the rain, and isn't it illigantly covered in now? Just look at the wall built round the haggard, and dashed all over with lime mortar, and a course of lime along the middle, and another course for coping? Look at the new stable and stalls, and the new cow-house and the bails (only all the bails aren't quite completed yet). Look at the new gate and the fine pair of piers beyant the bohereen, and

how was I to build all those things without the allowance that your honour promised me?"

"And don't you recollect," retorted Mr. Wrench, "that my promise was made on the condition that *you* would be a well-conducted and obedient tenant; and I don't think you'll call it good conduct or obedience to refuse to vote for Mr. Beresford, when his lordship and myself would almost put our eyes upon sticks to coax you."

Jerry was quite silent. He saw that Mr. Wrench was determined, upon any pretence, to carry out his purposes of vengeance, and that further expostulation would be utterly useless.

"So now you'll remember," continued the agent, "that if you don't pay up the full arrears before Lady-Day, and the gale then falling due within fifteen days after, you'll be served with a notice to quit—that's all. So don't pretend that I didn't give you warning."

And, thus saying, the agent departed, leaving

Jerry, as the reader may easily imagine, in rather an unenviable state of mind. He felt his spirit broken and his arm unnerved for labour, as he gazed on his recent improvements, the pride of his heart and of Nancy's; the new cowhouse and stable, the new haggard wall, and all the other alterations. "And to think," exclaimed he, "that I should be doing all this for another! slaving, and labouring, drawing stones and mixing mortar, and all for Heaven knows who, and to have no benefit, at all at all, myself! Och, Nancy, Nancy, isn't it a hard, hard case? isn't it, Nancy, jewel?"

Nancy turned a glance of affectionate sympathy upon her brother; such a look, as even under all his difficulties, might well compel him to lift up his heart to God in thankfulness, for bestowing on him such a sister.

It is in the hour of distress that the sweet and tender endearments of family love are most soothingly called forth. Nancy had constantly

worked for him, and urged him to moral amendment and habits of industry, and he loved her, certainly, as such a sister merited. But never had he felt such a warm glow of passionate attachment for her as he did at this moment of impending adversity, when her soft, dark eyes, smiled kindly and encouragingly on him; their affectionate gaze expressed, in a language more eloquent than words, "Go where you will—let what misfortunes happen you that may, dear Jerry, your own Nancy will go with you—she will ever be, as she has been in better times, your true and faithful sister."

He tenderly embraced her, saying, "Whatever it may please God to take from me, Nancy dear, so long as *you* are left me, I won't be entirely destitute."

"Maybe," said she, "if you were to go to my Lord, and state your case to himself, he

might show you more mercy than this rogue of an agent. To do his lordship justice, he is only half an absentee; and the half of his time that he spends at Knockanea, he gives a deal of charity to some of the ould followers that's past their labour; so you see there is a soft vein *somewhere* in his lordship. Now, if your honest downright talk don't hit that vein, why there's nothing in the world that can do it. I'd advise you to try, Jerry; there's no harm at any rate in trying; and good may come of it for aught we know."

.. "I'll take your advice, Nancy ashore; I never took it yet that I wasn't the better for it. -And I haven't a doubt but it's Wrench, and ~~them~~ like him, that's spurring up my lord to ~~this~~ cruelty, in order to get his share of the glove-money from a new batch of tinants when ~~we~~ are turned out."

Jerry, accordingly, donned his Sunday suit,



and turned his steps with all possible despatch towards Knockanea. On arriving at the house, he turned into the court, where one of the first persons whom he saw, was Prince Gruffenhausen, who had returned on the preceding day from Dublin, and was now inspecting some injury his *orowtchsk* had sustained from the long and very rapid journey. Albeit, our friend Jerry was not particularly superstitious, yet the sight of the Serene Fatalist smote his heart, as though it were of evil augury.

“ The curse of the crows light down upon the hairy ould cock,” thought he ; “ and sure it cannot be for any good luck that the cross-grained, cantankrous ould chap is the first that meets my eye-sight in his Lordship’s premises.” And Jerry was passing on to an opposite door, to make his inquiries of his friend the steward, respecting the practicability of obtaining an audience of “ the Lord.”

But as he passed the Fatalist, that serene personage angrily scowled at him, at the same time desiring Hoffmann Achloss, one of his German attendants, to detain him forcibly. The huge, impassable Bavarian, who knew no other law than the mandates of his Prince, immediately obeyed; and so suddenly, that Jerry's elbows were both pinioned from behind in Hoffman's iron grasp, before he had a moment to prepare for resistance.

“ Hah, mein merry cock ! ” exclaimed Prince Gruffenhausen, “ mein shicken of de game ! You vould haf got dis usages long time ago, only dat you vanish like de puff of wind, and I did not nefer know where I could vind you. Ach ! if I had you in mein country ! Baf ! you should know vat mighty ghcrime a wretched scoundrels of a peasant do commit, dat assault a noble Prince of de Serene House of Krunks Doukerstein. Hold him tight, mein honest

Hoffman. Squeeze der scoundrels hard—like der Bleyzug\* —Ach! Hoffman! pinch his elbows harder—harder! like der Schraubstock\* —dat is it. Ach! mein ruffians! if I had you in mein fortress of Schloss Doukerstein,—mein wort, but you vou'd learn a lesson dat might gif you some improvements. Mein himmel! I would put you in *die folter*†, where you would be slash vid whibs, till de schellum flesh would fly in flakes from your sgoundrel cargase. Sgueeze him, Hoffmann Achloss—Ach! but you do not gripe him hard enough. I haf to tell you, mein merry shicken, dat now dat I haf got you, I vil swear der law against you. And den we shall see fot punishments a schelm peasants do deserve for striking a prince of de empire. Pofe!”

All this while Jerry had been vigorously struggling to get free, but he had been seized

\* Both these words signify a smith's vice.

† *Die folter*, the rack, the torture.

at a disadvantage, and the strength of his Bavarian captor was prodigious. At last, however, he kicked Hoffman Achloss in the shin with the iron heel of his shoe; which made Hoffman roar with pain, and withdraw a hand from one of Jerry's elbows, to rub the injured part. Jerry availed himself of this diversion to break from the Bavarian, and darting past Gruffenhausen, who made an ineffectual attempt to seize him, he safely ensconced himself within the steward's door on the opposite side of the quadrangle. Hoffman pursued him, but ere he reached the door, Jerry slapped it in his face.

"What is all this?" demanded Mrs. Mersey, who at this moment entered the court to give her opinion on the state of the Fatalist's vrowtchsk. His Highness replied to her inquiry by stating the offence, which he represented as a violent assault on his person, of which Jerry had been guilty on the day of the

excursion to Glen Minnis. Mrs. Mersey considered the story as related by the Prince, an extremely improbable one; and summoning forth Jerry, whom she often had met on her solitary rambles, she requested to hear his version of the rencontre. He told his tale with the easy unembarrassed air of truth, interspersed with certain irrepressible out-breaks of humour when describing the impression the Fatalist's foreign appearance had made upon his mind when suddenly seen, for the first time, beneath the old castle; and ended by very strongly deprecating the violent usage he had just received from Hoffman Achloss, "who caught me like a coward," said he, "behind my back, though I hardly think he'd face a steady match of alpeens wid me."

Mrs. Mersey, whom Jerry's very handsome, although somewhat *farouche* exterior strongly interested in his favour, undertook to dissuade Prince Gruffenhausen from his purposes of

seeking legal vengeance. She assured him that in the first place he would not act *en philosophe* by engaging in a lawsuit of any kind. Why should Jerry Howlaghan be punished for a sudden concussion which had clearly been pre-ordained by all-controlling destiny? and why should his Highness, in direct contravention of his principles, hold Jerry accountable for a manifest decree of *Das Schicksal*? In the second place, his Highness was wholly unacquainted with the laws of this country, which unfortunately did not in every particular assimilate with the admirable code of Krunk-Doukerstein; and on this head, she begged to assure him, that if he brought his accusation before even the most partial magistrate, the result would at best be very doubtful; whereas if Jerry Howlaghan were tempted to retaliate, by arraigning Hoffman Achloss and his princely master, for the violent assault just committed on his person by the former, acting under

orders of his Highness, there could not be a doubt but that exemplary punishment would be visited on the defendants. She was sorry her convictions compelled her to say it,—but she *did* feel convinced that it was not his Serene Highness's *Schicksal* to prosecute Jerry Howlaghan with the most distant prospect of success.

The Fatalist was influenced by Mrs. Mersey's judicious and well-timed interference, and uttering a sullen, discontented “Pofe!” he resumed his inspection of the vrowtchsk with the aid of the widow and Hoffman; and Jerry, blessing Mrs. Mersey, re-entered the house without further molestation. But here he was doomed to experience another disappointment. Lord Ballyvallin was confined to his bed with a violent fit of the gout, and was so irascibly sensitive on the subject of the recent election, that the very name of either of the candidates threw him into fits. An audience, under such

circumstances, was totally out of the question ; and Jerry returned to his home with a very heavy heart,—uncertain how long fate might permit him to call it his home. On his way, an acquaintance mentioned a report that an Orange *palatine* named Schofield, had received a promise of Jerry's farm from Wrench. This intelligence gave Jerry an object on which to concentrate his feelings of rage and desperation.

“ Schofield ! och, I wouldn't doubt him. The dirty circumventing scoundrel. But so sure as I'm a living man,” muttered Howlaghan, with his teeth clenched and his eyes flashing rage, “ and so sure as that ruffen plots wid Wrench to ruin me and Nancy, and break us out of house and home, and send us adrift upon the world, that *he* may sit down by the fire-side *I've* built, and enjoy the profits of *my* hard labour—so sure as Schofield plays me such a trick,—so sure *I'll make him feel it.*”



And the unfortunate young man flung himself down on the nearest chair, on entering his house, and folded his arms with a feeling of stupified despair. Nancy, who had heard his muttered threats, approached him, saying mildly,

“ Do not threaten, Jerry dear. Trust in God. Did you not say this very morning, happen what misfortune might, you'd never feel destitute entirely, so long as *I* was left you? Jerry! my own Jerry—it goes to my heart to see you downcast this way,—and if the worst should happen us, and if we *are* turned out of the farm itself, sure haven't we the hands and the health and the strength that God gave us; and can't we go, as thousands of the likes of us are going every day, to America? and can't we live, and work, and earn riches too, in that free happy country? But Jerry,” she added in a low and shuddering whisper, “ for the Lord Almighty's sake, don't threaten Schofield,

even in your very thoughts. Oh, Jerry dear, I know the evil of your timper—I know the danger of your angry blood. For God's sake, keep it down,—keep the temptations of the devil far from you; keep far away from BLOOD. Remember God's command; and next to that, remember that you would not wish to make our ould father, nor your brothers, nor Kitty, nor your own loving Nancy, the most unhappy cratures that ever throubled the face of the earth."

Jerry started up from an apparent state of stupor, spoke not a word, and as if he felt desirous to conquer by bodily labour some terrible internal emotion, took a spade, and continued to dig with violent exertion until night-fall. He then re-entered the house, swallowed in sullen silence the supper that Nancy had prepared for him, and abruptly quitting the table went to bed.

"Jerry," said his sister following him, "you did not say your prayers."

“ Can’t you lave me to my thoughts?” he answered roughly.

“ No, dear,” responded Nancy in a whisper, sinking down upon his pillow, “ because I’m afeard they are bad thoughts. Oh, Jerry, is God to be forgotten by us? Let me see you rise, aghra, and say your prayers, before you go to sleep.”

Jerry was for a moment silent, and then, apparently mollified by Nancy’s appeal, he replied, “ I’ll rise and kneel, if you’ll say out the prayers.”

He accordingly rose, and speedily dressing himself, knelt, while his sister also knelt, and repeated in her native Irish the prayers she had learned to address to her Maker, with a fervid piety of utterance that melted Jerry’s stubbornness; for when she had concluded, he answered “ Amen,” and sighed with a feeling of relief from half the load that weighed upon his heart.

“ Kiss me, now, before you go to bed.”

“ Kiss you, my own dear sister? May God bless you, and give me the grace to be guided by you. I’m sure you’re like a guardian angel to me, Nancy.”

While such was the state of affairs in Jerry’s home, the cottage of his father, old Murtough Howlaghan, who, as our readers may remember, occupied the sea-coast farm, was the scene of events, which, although intrinsically unimportant, we nevertheless think proper to detail, as furnishing a characteristic trait of Ireland. Old Murtough, never having been able distinctly to ascertain that he received any value from the Protestant Rector of the parish, had refused him the wages called tithes; in consequence of which refusal the Rector had sued Murtough in the Court of Exchequer, and obtained a writ against his person.

The execution of this writ was a matter of considerable difficulty, for Murtough and his

sons were very wary, and kept the house door constantly shut, from sunrise to sunset; while little boys were stationed all day on the neighbouring ditches to give notice of any hostile approaches.

It chanced, then, on this memorable evening, that a little bacaugh, or lame beggar, known as Shanean-na-t-Iask, or Jacky Fish, the *Orange* cripple (for the badges of party are worn by mendicants), knocked after sundown at the door of Murtough Howlaghan, and solicited his supper and night's lodging.

“Thar asteach—thar asteach, agus failte; se sheis nackin tinna;—go de'n skeal nho aguth\*?”—Such were the words of welcome addressed to Jacky Fish by the inmates, and accordingly he entered, saying, “Save all here,” and took his seat by the chimney corner.

\* Come in, come in, and welcome; sit down near the fire what news have you got?

“ Well, Shaneen-na-t-Iask, what news have you brought us from the fair ? ”

“ No great things, Mr. Howlaghan, in troth ; only indeed that Shaucussheen the magistrate was swearing there would soon be an end to the world, because he saw the priest and the parson shaking hands.”

“ Ho ! ho ! ho ! upon my honour (as the quality say), that was the comical shake hands indeed. Faith the parson shakes other things besides folks’ *hands*—he shakes the money in our purses too—It’s a folly to talk, Shaneen-na-t-Iask, but your ministhers flog all the boys in the world for knowing how to make the coppers dance.”

“ Why now, Mr. Howlaghan,” retorted the cripple, “ I’m sure you can’t deny but the priests are sometimes pretty reasonable hands at spinning up the coppers too. There’s Father Darby Callaghan, sure—what is *he* ? ”

“ He’s a money-loving miser,” answered How-

laghan, "and by the same token the parishioners nailed up his chapel door and hunted him out of the parish. They've got a very proper clergyman from the bishop now. But even if Callaghan *was* a griping screw, he was the people's priest; and you know there's all the differ in life between a man who charges too high for christening their children, and marrying their couples, and churching their women, and a man who knocks mountains of money from the cratures for doing nothing at all, good, bad, or indifferent."

"True, true, Mr. Howlaghan," said Shaneenna-t-lask; "but as far as the report goes, *you've* got no rason to complain—you've bothered the minister entirely, haven't you?"

"Not quite entirely; for you know I've to deal wid *two* ministers; and Mr. Hickson had the army out three or four times to thry what he could catch, and the last day they came, the

king's troops seized on seven turkeys that Kitty forgot to put to hide in the house."

"Och," rejoined Shaneen-na-t-lask, "if you lost no more than seven turkeys, you may fairly say you've bothered the minister. But that isn't what I mean—I mean that now the writ is out against your body, Mr. Howlaghan, at the suit of Parson Gregg, you've kept close house so tight and cute that he never yet was able to sarve it on you. You've bothered Mr. Gregg, at any rate."

"I hope so, I hope so," said Howlaghan, rubbing his hands over the gewsh fire, "but here's our supper, God be thanked for it; fall to work at the praties, Shaneen, *agus mille failthe*; and we'll try to forget ministers for a while, if we can."

And immediately the whole party set to work with keen appetites.

The hours advanced, the family retired to



rest, and Shaneen-na-t-Iask was accommodated with a layer of straw in a corner.

Towards dawn, the wary old farmer heard a noise that made him start up in his bed, exclaiming, "Paddy—Barney! did ye hear *that*, boys? Where's Shaneen-na-t-Iask?"

"It was only myself," replied Shaneen, "I was trying to coax this rogue of a game-cock not to be crowin', the noisy blackguard! and wakenin' up the house afore it's time."

"Never mind the cock, Shaneen—you make more noise yourself." And the farmer relapsed into repose. But ere many minutes had passed, his wakeful ears were again disturbed by a repetition of the sounds that had before aroused him. He stealthily rose, and creeping to the house-door, found the little Orange cripple undoing the bolt.

"Bad luck to you, you ill-conditioned little ruffen," he exclaimed, "go lie down upon your bed till it's time to go out. How do any of us

know who may be watching outside to rush in? Why, you cross-grained, cross-boned little devil, it was only last week that six of parson Gregg's men were hiding in my pigstye before sunrise, on the watch to burst in at my door with the writ, as soon as any of the boys would open it. By the piper that played before Moses, I'll never give you bite nor sup, nor a sop of straw to lie on, for the longest day I have to live again, if you don't lie quiet there. But the likes of you are always unaisy, and longing for shifting and changing from one place to another—it's dangerous to let yez into a man's house."

Shaneen-na-t-Iask, thus admonished, returned to his lair, and lay tolerably quiet for a quarter of an hour. The household then began to stir. "Get up, boys and girls," said old Howlaghan, "it's time for yez—and let *Padhreen beg* pop his head out of the chimney afore the fire is lit, to see if any of the parson's men are on the

watch outside. Will you wait for your breakfast, Shaneen-na-t-lask? if you do, you're welcome to it, and if you don't, say so, and when Padhreen beg sees that the coast is clear, we can let you out and clap the door after you."

Padhreen beg now descended the chimney, to report that he had seen the *hats* of six or seven men on the other side of the hedge, and he concluded that the heads of the wearers were plotting an incursion.

"Are there any of them near the door?" asked Howlaghan.

"No," replied the boy, "sorrow one."

"Will you wait for breakfast or go home, Mr. Fidget?" said Howlaghan.

"I'll go—I'll go, and the cripple's prayers and thanks to you for your goodness to me always, Mr. Howlaghan; I'll get my breakfast from ould Mrs. Delaney, to-day; so my bless-

ing wid this house and all that's in it, and good luck and good morning to yez all."

The state of the premises in front was again reconnoitred by Padhreen beg; and as he reported that the men without still occupied their former position, the door was for an instant opened, the *bacaugh* dismissed, and immediately all was fastened up again.

"Keep your eye on Shaneen-na-t-Iask, Padhreen," said Barney, "and watch where he goes."

"Sure you wouldn't misdoubt that crature?" said old Howlaghan.

"Faix, I don't know," answered Barney; "it's hard to trust them little Oranges; he's soft and slippery enough when he has anything to get."

"Poor little dhunnas," said old Howlaghan, "I think he's an honest little crature—I don't misdoubt him, any how, I know."

Meanwhile Padhreen beg, with his head concealed in a large broken chimney-pot, surveyed from the top of the chimney the motions of the cripple, who moved, with the aid of his crutch, at a very expeditious rate along the bohereen, or lane, that led from the farmer's house to the coast-road. He did not seem to hold any communication, by either word or sign, with the emissaries of the Rev. Mr. Gregg, who lurked without; indeed it is probable they did not see his exit from Howlaghan's house, as he instantly proceeded in an opposite direction from the side of the premises where they were stationed. But when another half hour had passed, and when some of them moved round to see what chance of surprising the garrison existed, they at once perceived that the case was, for *that* day, hopeless; as Paddy and Barney were quietly digging in the bawn, and the door of the house was *closely shut*.

The rector's troops accordingly decamped,

*taking the direction the cripple had taken before them ; and Padhreen beg, who still kept watch at the chimney-top, saw that Shaneen-na-t-Iask was sitting on a stone at the end of the bohereen. He rose when the rector's party reached him, and limped along in their company. A brother of Padhreen's, who was out cutting furze to feed the horses, overheard from the ditch-side the following dialogue.*

“ And is it there I see you, Jacky ? ” quoth one of the party to the cripple ; “ we’ve been watching these two hours to see if you’d open the door, and we walked three times round the house, as if we were treading upon eggs. Corney Egan knew the dogs and kept ’em quiet. Why, upon airth, Shaneen-na-t-Iask, didn’t you up and let us in ? ”

“ Why, how the devil could I ? ” returned the cripple, “ and ould Howlaghan as wary and as cute as if he was all over ears ? Twice I thried to open the door, but I might as well

offer to take the house upon my back. If I stirred, the ould joker was wide awake in a jiffey, crying, ‘ Who’s making that noise there ?’ Once I smoothed him up that it was coaxing the gamecock to be quiet, that I was ; and another time, when I thought I had him snoring, and my fingers on the boults of the door—my dear life ! his two hands was griping my shoulders, and he made me lie down again. Cotch *that* fellow napping, if you can ! Faix, you’ll be cute if you do. *I* did my best, any way ; so his raverence can’t fault *me* that you didn’t speed better.”

The fact was, that the little “ Orange ” mendicant had been specially employed, by either the parson or his proctor, to work upon Howlaghan’s charity for admission to his house, of which he was to take advantage in the mode pointed out, by letting in the rector’s men to seize the farmer.

When Padhreen’s brother reported to How-

laghan the colloquy that he had overheard,—  
“ God be praised,” exclaimed the old man,  
“ that I didn’t know all that when I had my  
hands on Shaneen’s neck, this blessed morning.  
By this and by that, I’d have murdered him,  
surely ! I’d have throttled the treacherous,  
deceiving little reprobate, and tumbled him  
into the sea wid a stone round his neck. Thank  
God, I ’m saved from *that* sin, any how\* !”

\* The ruse attempted to be played through the mendicant’s agency, is sketched from an actual fact.



## CHAPTER X.

What has relieved thy bosom's stormy flow ?

—— 'Tis when thou'st wept.

FITZ-GERALD.

THE day after Nancy had used her earnest efforts to dissuade her brother from all thoughts of violence, he rose at an early hour, for rest had fled from his weary pillow. He proceeded to a field adjoining his house, where, acting under the same feelings that had similarly influenced him on the preceding evening, he seized a spade, and worked for several minutes with a desperate energy. But the turmoil of his mind was too great to be calmed or controlled by

bodily exertion. He speedily flung aside the spade, exclaiming,—

“ Why should *I* work here any more? why should *I* dig another sod here? It isn't for myself—it's all for some new-comer now, that will have and enjoy too much of the labour of my hands without *this* ;” and with these words he turned from the field, and sullenly sauntered down the bohereen, or lane, that led to the high road.

It was rather from a sort of instinct, that led him to dream against hope and experience, of the bare possibility of interesting Lord Ballyvallon's family in his behalf, than from any settled purpose of making the attempt, that poor Jerry took his sorrowful and driftless way along the road that led towards Knockanea. At an angle in the road he paused, and leaned on a fragment of rock ; and his eye unconsciously turned towards his snug, neat, farmstead, on the hill above. Nancy appeared at

the door with a pail in her hand, which she carried to the neighbouring spring for water. Her step was a very little slower, and less elastic than usual ; and instead of carolling her accustomed rustic ditty, her sweet voice was mute, and her eyes were bent upon the ground.

“ *She* feels it all !” thought Jerry, as he gazed upon her, “ and it cuts her to the heart, though she tries to keep her spirits up before me. May God’s best blessing light upon my angel sister, and relieve her poor heart, these cruel times !”

And the poor fellow’s eyes filled up with tears, and he turned away his face from the direction of the cottage. “ Nancy is an angel !” thought her brother ; “ if her very worst enemy injured her to the utmost of his power, she never would wish to revenge it ; she would pray to God to bless him, and to make him better for the future. Oh, but I wish I was

like her ! But *that* can never be—my heart's too wicked to become like her's."

And with this mental tribute of brotherly affection to his sister's worth, he resumed his cheerless way, with a sad and heavy heart. He had not proceeded a mile, when two red-coated, leather-breeched, top-booted horsemen, trotted briskly from another road, emerging on the road to Knockanea, in the same direction Jerry was pursuing. They slackened their speed as they approached him.

" Devilish far it is to ride to cover, Mulligan," said the elder Nimrod, who was no other than our excellent friend Madden.

" Yes," responded Mulligan, superciliously, " it's devilish far, no doubt, for them that doesn't keep a hack to carry them to cover. Ha, ha, ha ! Excuse me, Mr. Madden, I beseech you, but upon my soul I can't help laughing—the idea is so devilish good ! Oh,

gemini, how they'd stare at Melton Mowbray ! ha ! ha ! ha ! upon my soul I *must* laugh, or I'd burst ! By gemini, I would ! How the nobs there, my crony Waterford, and a score of rattling tip-top fellows that I'm hand and glove with, would split their shirts with laughter at the sight of a fellow hunting with the baste he rode ten miles to cover ! Oh, blood ! Ha, ha, ha ! It's devilish good, though, Madden, a'n't it ? By Jove, I'll keep that for Alvanley !"

" I don't see where's the harum of it, when your horse is strong enough," answered Madden, doggedly, for he did not precisely relish the wit of Mr. Mulligan.

" Hawm ? oh, not the laste in life, of coorse," said Mulligan, checking his laughter, as if with an effort. " Hawm ? oh, no hawm at all, my good Sir ; only such a thing is never done at Melton Mowbray, and seldom anywhere at all, except by snobs, you understand."

“ Snobs? and who’s snobs? Faith, Mr. Mulligan, I do *not* understand.”

“ Oh, Sir, *snobs* is the term by which fashionable leedies and gentlemen designates every one that’s not tip-top—that doesn’t climb the high ropes—that’s not quite up to snuff, you know. It’s a fashionable phreese among exclusive circles,” added Mr. Mulligan, with an air of perfect information.

“ Umph,” said Madden, “ it’s all botheration, I think. But who’s that cut-gutter of a fellow that’s trudging on before us?”

It was just at this point of the conversation that the worthies overtook Howlaghan.

“ By dad, I know that chap of old,” said Madden, “ and a worse affected, blacker-hearted pup of the devil, there isn’t in the province of Munster. I wish you heard Wrench describe the impudence the rascal gave him, the day he went to ask him for his vote. I went to canvass

him too, but, dear heart ! I might as well have whistled Patrick's Day to your grandmother's tombstone."

" We'll smoke him," said the humorous Mr. Mulligan, who was anxious to seize every opportunity of displaying his wit.

" Halloo, Howlaghan," said Madden, " you're early on the road—where are you bound for ?"

" Not far," said Jerry, drily.

" *Does your mother know you're out ?*" inquired Mr. Mulligan.

Jerry, who was ignorant that the query was a bit of low London slang, which Mulligan had picked up at second or third hand, literally answered,—

" My mother's dead, Sir."

" Devilish good, upon my soul !" exclaimed the wit, bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter ; " what an ass the fellow is !" Jerry, who could not conceive what provocative to laughter existed in his mother's death, looked

up at the querist with no very amiable expression of countenance; when Mulligan, resuming his slang catechism, asked,—

*“ Did you sell your mother’s mangle yet ? ”*

“ The man’s a common fool,” thought Jerry, walking on without answering the wit.

“ Damned insolent fellow he certainly is,” observed Mulligan to Madden; “ you see how doggedly he tramps on, with his hat on one side of his head.”

“ Ogh—never fear but Wrench will physic him yet, to some purpose,” whispered Madden; “ it is rascals like him that one should make a particular example of. It’s necessary to preserve the quiet and pace of the country, Mulligan, as my own experience as a magistrate enables me to know to my cost.”

“ Are you going to the hunt, my man ? ” asked Mulligan.

“ No,” replied Jerry. Mulligan rejoined with some incomparably stupid jest about the



hounds drawing Jerry, he was such a fox, instead of reynard.

“Come along, and never mind him,” said Madden, putting his horse to a trot; and adding, in a lower tone, “it’s hounds of another sort we’ll get to hunt *that* fellow; he may find his earth stopped before long.”

“God help me,” thought Jerry, when his tormentors were gone, “my heart was too much down to let me answer them the way their impudence desarved. And may be it is better that I didn’t. And that born fool, with his grin, and his long greasy curls—that uncommon ommadhawn—laughing when I tould him my mother was dead, and axing if I sold her mangle! Why the booby hasn’t got as much brains as would feed a droleen\*!”

Thus soliloquizing, Jerry contemptuously dismissed Mr. Mulligan from his mind, and

\* A wren.

reverted—alas! it required no effort!—to his own misfortunes. He continued, with but little variation, to reiterate the question, “ Shall I, or shall I not, make one more attempt to move the Ballyvallon people?”

For another hour he continued to saunter slowly on, in perfect indecision as to how he should act. “ If I got Mrs. Mersey to speak to his lordship,” thought Jerry; “ she’s a civil-spoken lady, and has often stopped to chat with me, as free and friendly as if I was her equal. But, no!” he suddenly exclaimed—“ there’s no use in trying—I’m a ruined man—I’ll try no more, so I won’t!”

And as he came to this final resolution, he quitted the Knockanea road, and diverged into a glen that rose high and steep on either side of a rapid, brawling brook, that debouched about a quarter of a mile further on, into the river Ilan, well-known to southern trout and salmon fishers.

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At the spot where the glen opened on the river's bank, Jerry's attention was caught by the sound of a voice, not altogether strange to his ear, chaunting out a matin hymn. He had recently met the singer on three or four occasions, at Father John O'Connor's. " 'Tis ould Terence O'Leary," said he; " how early he is out."

Unwilling to interrupt Terence, Jerry gazed and listened without coming farther forward, until the hymn should have been concluded. And a holy and beautiful sight it was, to behold the venerable old man, kneeling at the side of a lonely hill, to sing his Maker's morning praises in the midst of scenes whose sublimity strongly bore the impress of that Maker's hand. The early sun shone on Terence's bare head, and the fresh breeze that rippled the river played through his long grey locks; his clear blue eyes were lifted up to heaven, as he sang

the ancient morning canticle, commencing thus:—

“ Deo jubente, jam redit  
Aurora lucis nuntia;  
Mentesque nostras admonet,  
Ut pareant ipse Deo.”

Terence sang the several stanzas of the hymn unconscious of the presence of his auditor; and Jerry, who was far from being insensible to impressions of devotion, felt strongly moved at the air of genuine, unaffected piety, that marked the kneeling suppliant; the heartfelt joy with which he seemed to commune with his Maker.

“ Oh!” thought he, “ how happy Terence is! And why mayn’t I be happy in like manner too, if I only keep away from all bad thoughts and passions?”

As he pondered, the old man concluded his hymn, and making the sign of the cross, arose from his knees. In another instant he confronted Jerry.

“ Why, you look as if you had been watching me,” said he, smiling; “ what brought you here?”

“ I *was* watching you, too,” replied Jerry, “ and wishing I could find as much pleasure in my prayers.”

“ Try—try—God will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax—he ever is ready to help those that set to work to serve Him in singleness of heart.”

“ Are you going to the priest’s?” demanded Jerry.

“ Yes—will you come too?”

“ I intended, this morning, to make another trial of what I could do to soften the Ballyvallin folk,” said Jerry; “ and just before I turned down the glen I had made up my mind not to try.”

“ Have you tried already?”

“ Yes, but I couldn’t see my lord; he had a fit of the gout, and I came back without my

errand. What would you advise me to do, Mr. O'Leary?"

"It is hard to advise a man in *your* case, Jerry; but from all I've heard Father John, and everybody say, there is *nothing* will coax Wrench to let you keep the farm; and only *one* thing will Lord Ballyvallin listen to. I heard this from Dempsey, who went last week to Knockanea to try and keep his own. He saw my lord, and only one condition would his lordship listen to."

"And *that*?" inquired Jerry, anxiously.

"To promise solemnly and faithfully to support my lord's candidates at every future election. Those were his terms with Dempsey."

"I'd starve first!" exclaimed Howlaghan, indignantly. "Vote for a man that would screw down the tithes on Ireland! vote for a man that would support the Union, by which Ireland was swindled, sould, disgraced, and beggared! vote for a man that——But it's no matter.

I'd starve first. If that's his only terms there's no room for bargaining."

And Jerry formed the resolve which tens of thousands of his poor fellow-countrymen have formed—that resolve which so prominently marks the Irish peasant's character—to stand by the rights and independence of his native country, and defy all consequences.

## CHAPTER XI.

*La vie d'une femme est toujours un roman.*

BOILEAU.

WHEN Mrs. Mersey had succeeded in dissuading Prince Gruffenhausen from lodging informations against Jerry, she condoled with his Serene Highness on the injury his vrowtchsk had sustained; and then sauntered on to a summer-house that occupied a warm nook beneath a hill, and which, from its southern aspect, enjoyed every gleam of sunshine the advancing spring afforded. Here she took her seat; and here she had not long remained



when his Highness and Baron Leschen followed; and not perceiving that the sprightly widow occupied the interior of the building, they seated themselves upon a bench beneath the porch.

They conversed in German; but the proficiency which Mrs. Mersey had acquired in that language, under the tuition of the Baron, enabled her to understand their conversation; which, for the benefit of such of our readers as have not the good fortune to be skilled in that euphonious dialect, we translate into English.

“Pofe! pofe! pofe!” puffed the Fatalist, with an air more contemptuously cynical, if possible, than usual.

“Something disturbs you,” said the Baron, with infinite sympathy.

“Pofe! pofe! pofe!” puffed his hairiness, shaking his head.

“I would willingly console your Highness,

were it in my power," said the compassionate Baron.

"Mein excellent Baron, I do not entertain the smallest doubts of your friendly sympathy; but there are diseases that baffle the physician's art; there are tricks that transcend the *heaven-meister's*\* skill; there are clouds of darkness, gloom, and mist, that overshadow the human soul at certain seasons, and bid defiance to the reasonings, the expostulations of philosophy. Will you be the Zauberer, and charm these clouds away? Pofe! you cannot!"

"Undoubtedly, I cannot even try," replied the Baron, "unless you tell me the nature of these sable overshadowing clouds."

"Baron Leschen," said the Prince, very gravely, "last night I had a dark dream."

"A dark dream? Of what nature, pray?"

\* A conjuror.

“ O, of portentous mystery! Are you a good interpreter of dreams?”

“ Tolerably good,” responded Leschen.

“ I,” resumed his Highness, “ have been reading my TRAUM BÜCHER, and yet I do not find a satisfactory solution. I should be glad, mein friend, to hear your opinion.”

“ My opinion you shall have, when I hear your Highness’s portentous dream.”

“ Then hearken, O! Leschen, to the vision of mystery, and use your best judgment to decypher it. Methought I was mercilessly squeezed in a rusty old chain, that some woman had wound round my body and limbs. This merciless woman pulled the chain till it squeezed me like a smith’s vice. Mein heiligkeit! the torture was intolerable! I could not have endured it much longer, when the rusty old chain suddenly broke, and the woman vanished. Ach! how I danced with delight at my free-

dom! Yet the mark of the chain still disfigured my limbs. Now listen to me well, mein worthy friend.

“ I saw a woman of a tall and graceful figure. She approached me with accents of sympathy, but I did not see her face. *That* was concealed beneath a long black veil, that encircled her head and descended to her waist. The sight of her made me uneasy—almost fearful—I knew not why—but she soon gave me cause for uneasiness—for, O! mein most excellent friend! she glided up quite close to me, fell upon her knees at my feet, and before I could recover from my surprise—mein word! *she had fastened another chain upon my legs*, in the very place that was galled, and raw, and sore, from the pressure of the first. Now, no doctrine is more sure, among the marvellous and mighty mysteries of *dis vorher bestimmung*\*,

\* Predestination.

than that dreams shadow dimly forth the mystic decrees of *Das Schiksal*."

"Undoubtedly," said Leschen, "and I think your Highness has received a warning."

"A warning? O, my dear, good Leschen, speak!"

"May I speak out plainly to your Highness?" asked Leschen.

"Pofe! yes—yes. Only tell me what you think my *Schiksal* is."

"Then, since your Highness permits the unreserved expression of my thoughts, I must say that I interpret the rusty old chains in the former portion of your dream, to mean her Serene Highness, Princess Gruffenhausen, your most High and Mighty Wife. Then I think that the breaking of these chains implies that your Serene Wife will die."

"Oh, Leschen, you do not really think so? pofe!"

"But I really do think so, I assure your

Highness. Then you dreamt that another woman came?"

"Yes—dressed in a robe of dazzling white; and her face concealed in a long black veil. I think she had been keeping sentry on me, like a *baarenhauter*\*—and I scarcely had time to rejoice in the snapping of the rusty old chain, when—mein himmel! this she-sentinel had fettered up my limbs in a new one—tight! tight! ach! very tight!"

"Was its pressure as severe as that of the former chain?" asked Leschen.

"Pofe! no—nor half as severe."

"The meaning is," said Leschen, resuming his office of interpreter, "that this female *baarenhauter*\* will assuredly propose herself in marriage to your Highness, as soon as your present Serene Consort dies."

"Pofe! and must I marry the *baarenhauter*?" asked the poor prince.

\* *Baarenhauter*—a sentinel.

“ She fastened the chains on—did she not ?” interrogated Leschen.

“ She did—upon the sore place, where the other chains had galled,” replied the prince, despondingly.

“ Then you must marry her; that is undoubtedly your Schiksal.”

“ It is a mystic and marvellous Schiksal,” soliloquized Prince Gruffenhausen, resting his hairy face upon his hand, “and whatever it decrees, whatever be the final issue,—*we*, poor, unsubstantial bubbles, tossed on the tops of the billows, must abide by it. Pofe! it is strange and dark—I should like to penetrate the veil of destiny—but we cannot—mein himmel! we cannot!”

“ I am not so undoubting a believer in the *ponderous doctrine* as your Highness,” said the Baron, “but I explained your dream by the rules laid down by Diedrich Klingerstein.”

“ Ah! *that* was the golden and erudite

and palmary treatise. Klingerstein had a marvellous gift for expounding dark omens—yes, indeed!”

The Prince and Leschen soon afterwards rose, and walked away, without discovering that every word they had spoken had reached the attentive ears of Mrs. Mersey; who never failed to turn every incident, if possible, to her own advantage. She now resolved, should the opportunity offer itself, to avail herself of Gruffenhausen's deeply rooted superstition, and unlimited faith in the all-controlling dictates of *DAS SCHIKSAL*. “Should the ponderous prince become a widower,” thought she, “and should I be but able to persuade him that I am his *DESTINY*,—heigh! presto! the work is done, and *I* am metamorphosed from the agreeable and lively widow Mersey, into Her Serene Highness the Princess Amelia Eleonora Gruffenhausen, of the House of Krunk's Doukerstein, and so forth. How my titles would adorn the newspapers! my very



name would be worth an annuity to the penny-a-liners. How my sauciness would be applauded as wit ! How my eccentricities would be seized upon by all aspiring misses, as models for character and manner ! I will watch events, and if they favour me,—thy hairy physiognomy, Adolphus Gruffenhausen, shall be *mine*. *Au moins*, I shall watch events."

Events seemed determined to assist the ambition of our widow. By a singular coincidence, the next post from Germany confirmed the prognostic that the Prince's rusty chains were broken ; his Serene partner, who had long been unhealthy, had actually paid the debt of nature.

" Leschen ! Leschen !" cried his Highness, " you are certainly ein Hexenmeister ! do you remember fot you said about dat mystery dat was shown me in mein dream ? Ach ! but you pierce de darkness of *die Zukunft* ! you see

through dat mysteries of chains ——” (lowering his tone) “meine wife is dead—oh, yes indeed! she die at last in earnest—pofe! mein rusty chains are broke—ach! but I did not half belief you—pofe!”

“Your Highness surprise me! I do condole very hearty vid your Highness.”

“Oh, as to all dat condoling business—pofe! I do tank you mein friend, for you mean it fery civil. I must haf mourning livery for Hoffman Achloss, and all dose oder scoundrel—Baf! we must do dese tings *comme il faut—en prince*, as the French say.”

“Permit me, mein prince; you vill not be offend, nor affront, at fot I say; but I tink dat you should stay in your chamber for two or dree days, and make less dialogue vid beoples for a week dan fot you haf done; and put on show of being fery sorry for a while; for beoples exbects dese mark of mourning, wheder you do

care von pinch of snuff or not. Your Highness is not offend."

" Pofe! you nefer could offend me, Leschen. I will take dat advice, aldough it is all von great foolishness."

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



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OR,

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“ Tell the politic arts  
To take and keep men's hearts ;  
The letters, embassies, and spies,  
The frowns, the smiles, and flatteries,  
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,  
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# THE HUSBAND-HUNTER;

OR,

“ DAS SCHIKSAL.”

A Tale.

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## CHAPTER I.

Sweet, innocent and unobtrusive one—who could have seen thy blushing cheek, and heard thy tongue falter out the tender story of thy love, without longing to clasp thee in his arms ?

STEPHEN RACKET'S ADVENTURES.

IN pursuance of Leschen's advice to regard appearances, Prince Gruffenhausen secluded himself in his chamber for two or three days. His apartment opened on a long and lofty gallery, hung with old portraits; the next doors

in succession to that of his Highness, were Lady Jacintha's and Mrs. Mersey's.

Mrs. Mersey commenced her operations at once. Arranging her attire to resemble the dress of the "*baarenhauser womans*" in his Highness's dream, she assumed a flowing robe of snowy white, and shrouded her head in a long, thick, sweeping, sable veil. And, thus attired, she sallied forth from her apartment, confident that Gruffenhausen's locomotive impulses would speedily stimulate his Highness to promenade the gallery.

She scarcely had begun to pace its length, when Lady Jacintha appeared from her apartment. Astonished at the strange, and almost spectral vision which the widow's appearance presented, her ladyship had nearly screamed, when Mrs. Mersey raised her veil, and laughingly said, "Do not be alarmed—it is only a friend."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Lady Jacintha, "what does all this mean? where is Baron Leschen?"

“ Ah, you most suspicious of · suspicious beings !” cried the widow, “ how soon your apprehensions are alarmed ! But fear not,” continued Mrs. Mersey, affectionately pressing her ladyship’s hand, “ my present manoeuvres have not the most remote connexion with Leschen—I surrender him wholly, freely, unconditionally to you, now and for ever. And since we are no longer rivals, why may we not be faithful allies ? Lady Jacintha, do we understand each other ?”

“ Perfectly, my dearest Amelia,” answered her ladyship, returning the widow’s friendly pressure,—“ perfectly, so far as Leschen is concerned ; but your dress is an inexplicable mystery—Do explain.”

“ No ! no ! no ! away ! away ! I cannot at this moment explain any thing ! For mercy’s sake away ! vanish ! I hear his Highness clattering about in his jack boots—away ! away ! BE SILENT, and keep Leschen in the drawing-room.”

Lady Jacintha vanished as the widow desired, in utter astonishment at her singular attire. She had scarcely disappeared, when Gruffenhausen opened the door of his apartment to saunter forth upon the gallery, and was suddenly confronted by the widow.

“Tousand deyvils!” screamed the prince, sinking back upon a chair, “it is mine bäarenhafter womans! O! Spirit of Diedrich Klingerstein! mein Schiksal vas foreshown to me in dat dream! Speak, dow Woman of Destiny! haf you gotten chains?”

“No,” responded Mrs. Mersey, in a voice most musically soft and sweet, “not chains, but silken cords.”

“Woman of Destiny,” exclaimed his Highness, much perturbed, “who beest dow? Put away dat veil, and let me see your face.”

“I cannot put aside my veil,” replied Mrs. Mersey, whose voice the excessive agitation of the prince still prevented him from recognizing;

“how could a gentle and retiring woman, consistently with the shrinking delicacy of her tender sex, declare *unveiled* that her heart has been won? and declare it, too, to the man by whom the conquest has been gained?”

“Oh mein heafens!” groaned the Prince, “dis is de *second* chains I dreamed of! De dark, gloomich hour, foreshadowed in mein Schiksal, has come.”

“Do not call your Schiksal dark or gloomy,” said the widow, in her softest, most assuasive accents; “I can read it too, and I here proclaim that it is bright and joyous.—Your page in the Book of Fate is henceforth studded with glowing gems of the rarest lustre; it is twined with roses of the softest fragrance. Shadows, no doubt, there are; but believe my skill in the mighty and portentous mystery, when I tell you that those shadows are merely the deeper recesses of felicity.”

“ Mein heiligkeit ! but dis is most marvellous talk ! ”

“ Yes, it is marvellous, no doubt,” resumed the widow. “ To us, poor, powerless automata, an insight into the mysterious future must always be marvellous. But to those who have made the Mighty Mystery their study, the veil that overshadows Destiny is but a veil of gossamer. It conceals enough to excite interest and to rivet curiosity : it exhibits enough to remove perplexing doubt and terror.”

“ Mein himmel ! but you do understand de marvellous dogtrine ! ”

“ I have had my warnings,” continued Mrs. Mersey, “ in the shadowy visions of sleep ; the unearthly hand that spreads before our slumbering eyes the dim and shifting, yet prophetic scenes, from which we may collect our future lot, has copiously unrolled before me his phantasmagoria. I started, I shuddered, on behold-

ing it ; I dreaded lest its flattering import might prove delusive ; I studied the incomparable treatise of Diedrich Klingerstein, and applied his rules in a hundred varied ways to my nocturnal visions. Oh ! Prince Gruffenhausen ! the result was invariably the same—my heart trembled, my bosom throbbed, as I found the conviction irresistibly forced upon my mind, from repeated experiments, that my SCHIKSAL was inextricably interwoven with that of your Highness.”

“ Ach ! mine friend ! but I tink I know you now,” said the Prince, whose agitation had so much subsided that at length he recognized her accents. “ Mein himmel ! I tink you are Mrs. Mersey—pofe ! ”

The widow was silent.

“ I tink you may take off dat veil,” he continued, removing from her head the sweeping folds of sable drapery. She modestly sank down upon her knees, crossed her hands upon

her breast, hung down her classic head, and bent her eyes upon the floor with a captivating air of timidity.

“ And so *you* are de baarenhauter womans of mein dream ? ” exclaimed the Prince in a moralizing tone ; “ Mighty queer decrees of Destiny—baf ! we are all like de little feather on de wind ; we are blown, blown away, where ever de storm fwhistle us. Mein wort ! but you do understand de dogtrine fery well, mine Woman of Destiny ! ”

“ I could not escape the thorough knowledge of it,” answered the widow, still upon her knees, and not daring to raise her eyes to the hairy face of the August Man ; “ I could not escape the thorough knowledge of it, with such an instructor as your Highness. And the doctrine itself is a most fascinating one, and seizes with resistless force upon the intellect and the affections. How could I—unguarded, inexperienced being as I was !—how could I hear its canons



explained, its mysteries unfolded, its wild bewildering labyrinths familiarized, in your Highness's serenely condescending accents, without feeling——Heavens! what was I going to say? At all events, it is certain that my present condition affords an overwhelming proof of the truth of the mighty and ponderous doctrine. For,—what power in the universe, save that of all-controlling, irresistible Schiksal, could force an humble, unobtrusive, shrinking, and retiring woman, in defiance of the dictates of her native delicacy, to declare to your Highness that her heart, her wounded heart, is YOUR'S?"

And the widow, overcome by the wound that fate inflicted on her modesty, burst into tears.

"Pofe! I don't like crying womens," said the Prince. (Mrs. Mersey's tears instantaneously ceased.) "Get up out of dat. Baf! if any body saw you kneeling just inside my

door, dey would tink you were fery queer, and dat I vas fery queer too. Mein honest wort, it is all a marvellous queer business, efery bit of it. Oh ! de dark, and huge, and black, and mighty volumes of Das Schiksal ! if we could read de tousand pages of our hidden Fate—(Pofe ! I wish you vould go away, mine Woman of Destiny !) if our Schiksal has decreed dat we are to be married—(oh ! mein heafens ! fot a Schiksal !) I suppose we will, wheder you stay dere or not.” (The widow vanished.) “ Pofe ! she is gone. Poor womans—she is not to blame—she cannot help dese tings no more dan I. And yet she is a bedder Destiny dan mein cousin Prince Rupert of Saxe-Blunderstein got. Mein wort ! he married de tochter of a tinker, and she had no teeth, and only dree vingers on her left hand. But, ach ! she had de gelt ; her fader plundered Badajoz after dat siege, and robbed four great, rich Jews. Mein him-

mel ! de tinker's tochter had a million golden  
——(I would like to see Leschen.) Mrs.  
Mersey haf not got de gelt, but O ! I like her  
bedder dan de tinker's tochter."

Leschen came when summoned by the Prince.  
On entering his Highness's apartment, the  
Baron at once perceived that the serenity of his  
Serene Friend was much disturbed; his eyes  
rolled wildly; he had dashed aside his hair,  
and left his rugged brow exposed, and his whole  
exterior was that of a man in a state of great  
mental excitement.

"Mein vriend," said he "I haf seen de  
Woman of mein dream."

"Impossible !" exclaimed the Baron.

"Tousand deyvils !" cried the Prince, pro-  
voked at Leschen's incredulity, "but I tell you  
dat I *did*."

"Well," demanded Leschen, "and who is  
dis marvellous fraüenzimmer?"

“ It is Misdress Mersey.”

“ Misdress Mersey ?”

“ Yes, I do tell you, Leschen. Dat funny, sprightlich widow, is de woman of mein destiny. Mein wort ! but I started when I opened mein door dis morning and saw de ferry woman of mein traum ! I schwear to you, mein friend, dat dere she vas, valking back and forward like de baarenhauter, dressed in de long, white gown, and her head wrapped up in de black veil ; efery bit of it just like de woman’s dat I dreamed about.”

“ Marvellous ! ferry marvellous indeed !” ejaculated Leschen.

“ And den she propose to chain me in de silken cord of matrimony—baf ! I could not tell you de von half of fot she said ; but her voice vas as sweed as an angel’s.”

“ Marfellous ! fery marfellous indeed !” repeated the astonished Leschen.

“ I do not like to marry de womans at all,” said the Prince.

“ Den do not marry her,” sagely advised Leschen.

“ Pofe! Leschen, I tought you had more sense. You know dat as she is mine WOMAN OF DESTINY, shown forth in dat most wonder-fullest dream, I could not escape marrying her, no more dan I can escape dying when de hour calls. Marry her! no doubt I must, but I say I do not like it. Marry her? Ach! Ich ver-muthe es meine schickung sie zu vermählen\*!”  
Yes! yes! yes! it is mine destiny.”

“ Mein dear Prince,” said the compassionate Baron, “ I do pity you.”

“ I wish it were my destiny to break her neck!” growled Gruffenhausen.

“ O, mein friend,” remonstrated Leschen, “ dat

\* Ah! I suppose it is my fate to marry her.

is not a kind notion ; put away dat notion entirely from you. Mein wort, she is a very prettich womans, and I tink you may like her fery well."

" Ach ! I fery nearly broke her neck before ! you remember dat day, Leschen ? But it vas not alloted dat should happen. Oh, Leschen, if it had ——"

" Well, and if it had ? fot den ? you would have lost a fery sprightlich, prettich wife, who undersdands your own favourite dogtrine, and beliefs in it too. When I think moche upon it, I do not tink you haf got such a fery bat fate as you do fear."

" Baf ! I must only make der best of it. Pofe ! I suppose de allerbestmost ting I can do now is to marry dis womans as quig as I can. Since Das Schiksal has decreed it, de sooner as de better."

The Fatalist having now got strongly pos-

sessed with the notion, that the likeliest method of propitiating his destiny, was to accelerate, so far as he could, the execution of its decrees, Baron Leschen's chief difficulty was to prevent him from marrying Mrs. Mersey indecorously soon after the demise of his late illustrious consort.

But his efforts could only avail to effect a month's postponement of the nuptials. His Highness and the widow repaired to London, where they were married by the chaplain to the Bavarian Ambassador. Lady Jacintha was bridesmaid, which office she performed with immense satisfaction.

When the prince bestowed the bridal kiss upon his princess, the face of the latter was buried in the huge curled muff that adorned the serene physiognomy. Lady Jacintha laughed.

"You may laugh," whispered the Princess Gruffenhausen, good humouredly, "*mais n'est-*

*ce pas le grand jeu après tout ?* Thank my stars,—or as his Highness would say, thank my schiksal, I have done for a while with *mon métier de veuve.*”

“Votre métier de veuve !” repeated Lady Jacintha, “I fancy you care not how soon you resume it. You know my father’s chaplain says he can never recollect your name, you have changed it so often.”

“Tell him,” replied her Serene Highness, “that on this last occasion I have changed it so well, that he need not apprehend any future alterations. Ah, no, my dearest Jacintha ; you shall see that I have really some moderation ; should I, unfortunately, be doomed to survive my furry partner, I would never supplant him with another ; unless, indeed,” she added playfully, “some royal lover should tempt my constancy ; in which case I cannot say that I should prove unreasonably obstinate.”



“Come, come, come!” exclaimed the bridegroom; “my vrowtchsk is waiting at de door, and I am waiting to drive it. Get in, Lady Jacintha; get in mine Wife of Destiny; I made promise to Lord Marston to be at his house at dree o’glock, and it is now fife minutes after two; dwenty-one miles to go in fifty-fife minutes—pofe! but de horses are goot—fery goot.”

“Now,” thought the princess, “may kind Heaven forefend a repetition of his serene coachmanship—assist me, dearest Jacintha, in this awful strait.”

“Surely,” said Lady Jacintha, who felt alarmed on her own account as well as on that of her friend, “your Highness cannot possibly mean to occupy the coach-box and leave Amelia and myself alone? Such a thing would be really unprecedented—you *must* come with us.”

“ Pofe ! I hate to be boxed up vid womans, but if you all haf such desires for mein company, I don’t gare if I oblige you for dis once.”

His Highness accordingly entered the vehicle, much to the delight of his fair companions, who felt the safety of their limbs essentially concerned in the commission of the reins to more judicious hands.

“ Pofe ! pofe ! pofe !” puffed the princely bridegroom, throwing himself back in his seat, and inhaling enormous quantities of German snuff, of which the minuter particles were wafted to the Princess and Lady Jacintha, and set them sneezing violently.

“ Pofe ! pofe ! pofe !” puffed his Highness, twisting his fingers through his ponderous mustachios, and casting his eyes upwards with an air of abstraction ; “ queer ting it is to be married, doubtless. Why do beoples do it ? Ach ! dere is but de *one* answer—begaufe dey

cannot help it. Deir destiny impels dem. Why are de ships swallowed up in de black, mighty vortex of der Maelstrom? Mein wort, it is begause when dey get within de suction of de fwirlpool, dey are swept round, round, round; getting nearer and nearer to de centre of de mighty gulf, until, at last—baf! down dey go. Just so it is vid matrimony. It is a mighty Maelstrom, in which, like de ships, we are swallowed up, when once our SCHIKSAL impels us within de suction of its influence. Pofe! it is all von huge foolishness, like every ting else in dis world of folly—pofe! pofe! pofe! Hermann,” cried his Highness, suddenly pulling the checkstring, “drive faster! faster! faster! whip de horses—slash! slash! slash! We shall not be at Lord Marston’s at dree o’glock.”

“Will that be any great harm, my love?” said the Princess.

Lady Jacintha's good-breeding could hardly repress a smile.

“Mein love!” repeated Gruffenhausen scoffingly; “mein love! where did you learn to speak foolishness? Call me your *Schicksal*, not your love, if you wish to sbeak de truth. Slash away, Hermann—Slash away—dat is right—dere we go—pofe! slash! slash!”

They arrived in safety at Lord Marston's, where the bridal festivities afforded delightful materials to the newspaper chroniclers; and after a few days, of which the events left the Princess much in doubt as to whether she had purchased her elevation at too dear a price, the Fatalist transferred her to the ancient Castle of Krunk's Doukerstein, where she was destined to spend the remainder of the honeymoon,—and some tedious time besides.

His Highness turned his attention to the science of judicial astrology, the study of which

was revived by a learned professor in the neighbourhood of Krunks Doukerstein. The astrologer predicted the birth of a young prince upon a certain day ; and as the event happened to verify the augury, the Serene Philosopher, in order to propitiate the astral influences, insisted, notwithstanding the remonstrance of his august consort, on naming his infant son, Capricorn.

“ Pofe ! foolish Woman of mine Destiny —haf you not sense enough to know dat de constellations dat foretold our young Capricorn’s birth, vil be likely to take gare of his fortunes, for haffing his name called after von of demselfs? Baf ! you vill nefer haf sense.”

## CHAPTER II.

Once PEACE smiled on the peasant's cot,  
And all was bliss beneath her rays ;  
Oh, why was not my humble lot  
Cast in those happy, early days ?

TALES OF THE GLEN.

Months passed on, and in the following September, Mr. Wrench's threat of ejection was carried into effect against Jerry Howlaghan. Jerry had offered the agent to pay for every one of the improvements on his farm, if he only were allowed *time* to make up the money ; or, in the event of his not being able to make out the requisite sum within a given period, he proposed to pay the amount of the balance *in*

*labour*, either at his landlord's domain, or at Mr. Wrench's. But he offered in vain. Mr. Wrench was inexorable; and to all the remonstrances of Jerry, he constantly answered, "It's impossible—perfectly impossible. The ground is promised to a solvent, honest, respectable man, who won't be requiring allowances for farm buildings."

"Troth he needn't," said Jerry, "for they're all built to his hand."

"Well, well, Howlaghan, I tell you the farm has been promised, and you wouldn't ask a gentleman to break his promise, would you?"

"The gentleman has broken his promise already to myself about the allowances," said Jerry, doggedly.

"Get out of my presence, you insolent scoundrel," said Wrench; "what a fool I am to bandy words with you!"

Jerry departed without further remonstrance, for he saw the case was hopeless. It should be noticed, that whatever features of penuriousness appeared in Wrench's conduct, were entirely the offspring of his personal habits and character; Lord Ballyvallin had not the smallest concern with them. His Lordship did not want to increase his rents, or to evade giving reasonable aid to such farmers as were suffered to remain on his estate; the motives of his conduct were exclusively political. He wanted his tenants to support his favourite candidates at elections, and was quite ready to persecute them if they refused to do so. Exclusively of this motive, Lord Ballyvallin was not only a just, but inclined to be a kind and generous landlord. It was, on every account, an extremely unfortunate circumstance for the tenants on the Knockanea estate, that the agency was held by Mr. Wrench; for, while on the one



hand, that gentleman's political zeal spurred their landlord to acts of oppression, on the other hand, his habits of exaction had led him to extort money, and labour, and subsidies of different descriptions from the farmers, by the means with which the unconscientious Irish agent has so long been familiarized.

In order to meet all these demands, the farmers were compelled to augment their resources by all the expedients within reach. The readiest means that seemed to offer, was the system of illicit distillation; for the distiller can always command a quick market for his whiskey. That such a system should extensively demoralize the district where it once becomes prevalent, must be obvious to every one; and accordingly it happened that many acts of outrage and of riot, from time to time, disgraced the Knockanea estate; certain portions of which, were particularly marked by the

turbulence that sprang from a source so mischievously stimulating. These circumstances afforded Mr. Wrench a most acceptable pretext for expelling as many of the farmers from their holdings as he possibly could: he talked of their crimes, of their murderous propensities, their demoralization; which, by accidental candour, he ascribed to their habits of illicit distillation, totally forgetting that the abettors of that system were equally culpable with the distillers themselves.

That in a wholesale process of expulsion there should be *some* individuals expelled, whose idle or disorderly conduct disentitled them to favour or protection, was naturally to be expected. But that many other individuals were victims to cruel and unprincipled oppression, was also undeniably true. The agent made no distinctions. How, or why should he? He sent adrift the honest and in-

dustrious, as well as the demoralized and worthless. For *him*, it was enough that the delinquent had voted against Mr. Beresford; his doom was irrevocably sealed\*. Jerry Howlaghan's former pugnacious propensities were cast in his teeth; his subsequent amendment was studiously forgotten.

It was a day of gloom and sorrow to Jerry, when he and Nancy were to take their final leave of the farm of Gurthnahucthee. The house was empty enough; for they had disposed of their furniture by private sale, to such of their neighbours as were sufficiently wealthy to purchase it. Some of the articles were new, and these Jerry would have willingly retained, if he had any prospect of again possessing a house,

\* The author, in the present sketch, does not mean to delineate the circumstances of any *particular* estate; he only desires to point out one source of the turbulence that sometimes afflicts certain portions of his native country.

in which to make use of them. But no such prospect presented itself; and he was consequently obliged to sell them at some disadvantage.

“Come, Jerry, sit down and eat your breakfast,” said Nancy, who had arranged their morning meal upon a table of which one end was fastened by hinges to the wall, and which Wrench had prevented them from selling, on the plea of its being a fixture.

“Our *last* breakfast in the house I’ve laboured so much for,” responded Jerry, mournfully.

“Yes, dear,” said his sister, “but what must be done must; and to tell you the truth, I’d rather have as little delay as possible when Wrench and Schofield comes for the *shelliv*\*. And you may be full sure the blessed pair will come airly enough.”

\* Possession.

“ May the devil inconvenience the pair of them !” ejaculated Jerry.

“ Jerry asthore, don’t curse, but eat your breakfast. It’s a great sin to wish that the very worst enemy ever you had, should get a squeeze from *that* ould chap. Sit down, man,” she continued, placing an inverted potato kish for a chair, “ and instead of cursing any body, bless God for giving you so good a meal of elegant potaties and sweet milk, and for giving us both our health, and the way of working out a life of *some* sort, till may be a better chance (who knows?) might turn up.”

“ May the heavens smile upon you, Nancy ; only for you, my courage would be gone entirely.”

“ That would be the shame, then. *You*, a man, and able for all work and all weathers ! and I—but now you’ve set to work at your breakfast, I’ll say no more to you about that.

Do you think you'll sleep at Father John's to-night?"

"It's little matter where I sleep. Ay—I suppose I *will*—and you, Nancy; will you stop with Mrs. M'Evoy, or what way will you manage for yourself?"

"I don't know yet," said Nancy, "but I hope before the day's at an end, I'll make out a berth—But hurry, hurry wid your breakfast, dear. I see Wrench, and Schofield, and a string of fellows scampering after them, down by Ballysaggart bridge—they'll be here in ten minutes."

Jerry, thus admonished, soon despatched his breakfast, and had hardly done so, when the agent, the new tenant, and their party, galloped up to the door.

"Come, come," said Wrench, pulling out his watch, "I've plenty of work on hands to-day, and no time to lose—Make haste, Jerry

Howlaghan, and give up possession—put out the fire, and tumble those kishes and the stool out of the house—the swinging table may stay where it is, for that's a fixture—Is there any thing else to put out? No, 'pon my soul you've swept out all the furnishes—made a clear house of it—Ha! pretty Nancy? good morrow to you, sweetheart,” (chucking her under the chin), “I wish Jerry would have let me treat him kinder, if it was only for *your* sake, my collieen. Come—is all put out? where's the key of the house door? Walk out every mother's son and daughter of you all, except Jerry and myself.”

The house was accordingly cleared of every person except Wrench and Jerry, who delivered up possession to the agent in the form prescribed by law. This ceremony over, Wrench and Howlaghan walked out, the former locked the door, put the key in his pocket, took it out

again, and unlocking the door inducted Schofield, giving him up the possession with all the requisite formalities. The moment he had done so, he mounted his horse, and, escorted by the attendants who had followed him, galloped off to perform the same ceremony in twenty other cottages.

“Faith I’ve got into a snug consarn, I must say,” said Mr. Schofield, surveying the recent additions to his new abode. “To do you justice, Mr. Jerry Howlaghan, you’ve put me under obligations to you for the way you’ve settled up the house and offices. ’Pon my conscience it was very kind, to say the least of it.”

Nancy, who feared that this illnatured taunt would rouse her brother’s angry passions to some deed of violence, hurried him off, as fast as she could, to Dwyer’s Gift, where she had arranged to meet her friend, Mrs. M’Evoy, at an early hour. Jerry’s wrath was rising to an



almost ungovernable pitch ; he was grasping his alpeen (the celebrated “ Baus gaun Saggarth ”), when his sister, seizing his arm, succeeded in forcibly dragging him away.

On the road they were met by one of the Knockanea tenants, who had been threatened by Wrench with expulsion, but in whose case the execution of the sentence had been averted by the intervention of the Rev. Anastasius Montgomery Wingcote, Lord Ballyvallin’s brother-in-law, upon condition that the tenant in question should abandon Popery and embrace the Anglican faith. The terms were agreed to, and the convert was accordingly secured in the possession of his farm. He proffered his condolences to Jerry.

“ But I’ll tell you, Jerry,” said he, “ how you might have kept your berth ; or how, even now, you may get into another one. Go to *black Anty*, as I did, and tell him that the light

of heaven has broke in upon your sowl, and that you are sartain his religion is the right one—and—my word for it, Jerry! but he'll manage to pop you into as good a farm as the one you lost; or into some other way of living, any how\*."

Jerry's reply displayed more energy than piety; it was a sudden and indignant flourish of his Baus gaun Saggarth, that warned his compassionate adviser to abstain from a repetition of his friendly counsel.

Nancy was delighted when at last she saw her brother safely seated at Father John O'Connor's kitchen fireside; she believed that the priest's influence would be more effectual than any other, in controlling the principal vice of Jerry's disposition.

\* This advice was actually given, almost *totidem verbis*, by a "convert," who recently secured the possession of his farm by conformity, to a sufferer who had been expelled by a depopulating landlord.

“ Where are you going now ?” she said, with feeling of alarm, as he rose from the seat he had occupied beneath the ample chimney.

“ Only to the stable,” he replied, “ to do a turn for the gossoon, who is gone to the village.”

“ O, very well,” answered Nancy, relapsing into security. “ Poor fellow,” said she to the old housekeeper, when her brother had gone out, “ he hasn’t had any thing but worrying and fretting for this long time past. First, Wrench threatens him, which made us unhappy enough ; then, when he went to my Lord to try could he make any hand of his Lordship, he was pounced on, and worried, and shook, by that cracked ould mischief of a Jarman Prince, Mr. Gruffus ; and only the nice little widow, Mrs. Mersey, happened to be there, I don’t say what Mr. Gruffus wouldn’t have done to him. (I ’m sure I wonder that she married him ; but the quality takes wonderful fancies betimes.) Well, all we had

for it was to sell off as fast as we could, from time to time; and indeed, Peggy, it cost me less pain to part with half our other things, than with poor Bluebell, the cow. Indeed, indeed, you'd think the crature knew the night before that she was going to be taken away, for after I milked her she came and rubbed her face to me, and lowed as mournful as any thing ever you heard."

"The poor crature!" apostrophised Peggy.

"But it's all a folly to talk," resumed Nancy, in a lower tone, "my heart's fairly broke about Jerry. I know the darkness of his mind, and how the impudence of Wrench has vexed and scalded him, and his promise-breaking about the allowances, and the saucy talk that Schofield has given him, triumphing-like for slipping so handily into our farm. His mind is just this minute like a boiling pot, and although he doats alive upon myself, and would

do a hundred things I'd bid him, yet—Peggy, I'm afraid o' my life that he'll come across some of them Schofields at some unlucky minute, and get into a quarrel, and God only knows what would be the end of it."

While Nancy thus detailed her grievances and fears, Jerry, left alone, had full leisure to ruminate upon the bitterness of their condition. There was *one* ingredient in his sorrow, which he named not to his sister. Since his conduct had become more steady, he resolved to lay by all he could save for a fortune for Nancy; he had done more than *resolve*, for he had actually commenced the saving system, and had put together between two and three pounds for this purpose, the first fruits of his economy and industry. But all these little efforts of brotherly affection were now thwarted, and all that remained for him was to divide with her the proceeds of the sale of his furniture; the stock

upon his farm having been seized for the arrears of rent.

“ Oh, Jerry,” said one of the labourers at Dwyer’s Gift, “ if your ould father had dipped down his hand in his long purse, and paid off the arrears for you, all would have been well.”

“ How could he, poor ould man,” answered Jerry, “ and two ministers *playing with him\**, Parson Gregg and Parson Hickson? Sure didn’t you hear how Gregg got a writ of rebellion, as they call it, and broke open his door in the middle of the night with a sledge hammer, and whipped him off out of his bed in the wickedest storm of rain that came this season, to the Dublin Marshalsea?”

“ I heard it, Jerry, sure enough, but I did not know the truth of it.”

\* “ *Playing with him* ;” Hibernicè for “ *persecuting, or torturing him.*”

“ Well, it’s true, more’s the pity. So the ould man had to pay the tithes and costs—devil’s cure to them for ministers! they say they’ve got the Apostles’ religion; but, bad luck to me, if any thing could make me believe that Saint Peter ever broke open people’s doors in the dead of the night with crowbars or sledge hammers; or that the blessed Saint Paul ever cantered about with a troop of dragoons at his heels to knock the tithes out of farmers. No, no; the Apostles were not boys of that kidney. But, be that as it may, my father was cleaned out to the last penny, and more by token he had just paid down my sister Kitty’s fortune; so he had nothing, as the saying is, *from the skin to the sky*, but the clothes on his back. Poor ould man, he’d have helped me if he could, but indeed there was too many playing with him.”

“ Schofield’s a middling wealthy chap,”

said one of the men, "and has some money saved."

"Schofield!" cried Jerry, throwing down the horse-brush, "don't mention his name to me. It was *he* circumvented me entirely, the villain of the world! it was *he* put up Wrench the first day, to turn me and Nancy out—it was *he*, the 'tarnal rascal, that was jeering me this very morning, when he saw me walking out of my cabin with a sore and heavy heart, thanking me, *morri-ē*\*, for making it so snug and so nice for him. Oh! I've heard of his doings from them that knows him well. He has had his eye upon my farm a longer time than what you'd think—see will it thrive with him now that he has got it."

All Jerry's auditors expressed their sympathy in his indignant and exasperated feelings; in which, indeed, they fully shared.

\* "*Morri-ē*;" signifies literally, "*as it were*;" or "*pretendingly*."



“ Pity such a ruffen should be let to enjoy the profits of his scheming.”

“ It’s a murther that the likes of him should put an honest boy out of his own.”

These, and many similar ill-timed and mischievous expressions, added fuel to the flame of Jerry’s wrath, and kindled it to the fervour of vengeance and hatred, which the mild and gentle Nancy above all things dreaded.

After dinner, one of the men to whom Father O’Connor had given a letter to post at Knockanea, ran to Jerry with it, saying, “ Here, Jerry—will you plase to put this in the post for his reverence—I’m too tired to walk to the village—you are fresh ; will you go ?”

“ With all the pleasure in life,” said Jerry, taking the letter ; and, donning his hat, he set forth on his way to the village, which was nearly three miles distant.

“ You’ll be back before nightfall, asy,” said the man. Jerry nodded, and walked off.

## CHAPTER III.

‘ Qu’est ce que c’est que vous avez de nouveau ? ’ ‘ Ah, dites moi ! ’ “ Une bagatelle—l’histoire d’un cheval.”

TABERTIERE.

THE following morning, before sunrise, Wrench, whose habits were early, and who had now risen in order to take a journey of some length into a neighbouring county, was riding along the road between Knockanea and Dwyer’s Gift ; his stout, clean-limbed, ambling nag, bearing marks of the domestic care that enables a horse to show action on the road ; and his plethoric leathern knapsack and saddlebags evincing that the worthy traveller had made all requisite provision for equestrian

comfort. He was accompanied by an underling, named Jobkins, a "driver" on the Knockanea estate, who was mounted on a broken down race-horse, whose occasional fiery curvettes and bounds gave Jobkins some trouble, and contrasted ludicrously with the strong propensity to stumble that the poor brute displayed, and which compelled his rider to keep a short grasp of the rein to prevent the steed from falling on his knees every five minutes.

Their road lay rather in a western direction; so that Wrench, who had, strange to say, sufficient taste to admire the sunrise, was constantly obliged to turn his face *en croupe*, in order to enjoy the golden glories of the early east.

"'Tis elegant! beautiful, certainly!" said he, as the sun emerged in a volume of golden radiance from the narrow gorge between two mountain peaks; "isn't it an elegant sight, Jobkins?"

“What’s an elegant sight?” demanded Jobkins, whose mind did not happen at the moment to sympathise particularly with nature’s sublimities.

“Why, the sunrise, the sunrise, man,” said Wrench.

“Umph!” muttered Jobkins, “the sun rises every day in the year—there’s nothing new in that.”

“*Do* turn about and look, though; the sky seems on fire between Slievekillig and Bennabrach.”

“May be so,” returned Jobkins, “but Slievekillig and Bennabrach are both behind my back, and if I turned about to look at them, this d——d ould blood would be down upon his knees, and myself would be spilt upon the road. Weary on him, for a stumbling brute—I must keep my two eyes skivered into his two ears, for if I cease to mind him for a minute, down he goes.”

“ Why do you keep such a beast for a roadster ?” asked Wrench, whose mind was now withdrawn from solar movements to the more congenial subject of the foundered steed’s defects.

“ Och, I’ve a rason for it,” answered Jobkins, winking shrewdly ; “ It isn’t for nothing I’d keep him. If you saw him when I got him a fortnight ago, devil a morsel was upon his bones but the skin. I’ve brought him into flesh most wonderful.”

“ Curse him, he isn’t worth his feed,” said Wrench, contemptuously glancing at the animal ; “ he’s only fit for dog’s-meat.”

“ I think I’ve a right to know something of such matters, Mr. Wrench. It isn’t a month since I cleared fifty pounds by a pair of horses that were three times worse. I picked them up for a song from Lord Clangollock’s groom, who had half a mind, as you said this minute, to

shoot them for dog's-meat. Well, Sir, I fed them, and pampered them, and doctored their teeth with a hot iron—(faith I clapped four *false* teeth into one of them), and between oatmeal, and praties, and new eggs, and porter, and what not,—troth, I had them as sleek as mice, as plump as Hampshire pigs, and as humorsome as dancing-masters. I declare to you, Sir, if you did but look at them, they'd begin to neigh and caper like a couple of shy cowlts. When my pair of beasts were doctored up for sale, I had them led, every foot of the road, to the city of Cork, with their knees cased up in leather caps, to guard against ould tricks. I kept them a couple of days in a private stable, to recover any little falling off they might have had from the journey, and about five or six o'clock the second evening—ha! ha! ha! I got the bellman, with his ring-a-ding-a-dingo, to proclaim an auction of a couple of elegant

hunters, six and seven years ould, to be peremp-  
torily sould, being the property of an officer  
who was laving the country immediately.  
Troth, in less than half an hour my stable was  
full of raw spooneys—young grocers, or attor-  
neys' clerks, and such like gulls—that wanted to  
cut a smart flash, and ride down to Glanmire of  
a Sunday, or after the hounds now and then.  
My son, Tom—(you know Tom? he's in  
Trinity College—a cute, pleasant wag, is Tom  
Jobkins, though his father says it)—my son,  
Tom, played the part of the officer going  
abroad; he got an ould military cap, and  
rowled an ould red yeomanry sash round his  
blue frock-coat, and made a bow like a colonel  
of dragoons, to the company. Indeed, he had  
greatly the look of an officer, for he's tall, and as  
upright as a ramrod, and sports bowld whiskers.  
So he swore, like blazes, that there wasn't two  
more varmint horses in the kingdom; and

tould of all the ditches and walls they had carried him across. And the horses played their parts in great style, too :—‘ That’s a handsome bay,’ says a smart young baker, touching him gently with the whip. So the bay began to neigh, and cut capers, and the black began to prance and caper for company. Myself was auctioneer ; I put them up at twenty-five pounds for the bay, and twenty-eight pounds for the black, and the townsbred fools bid like shot against each other, till the beasts were knocked down to one Condon and one Murphy, for five-and-thirty pounds a piece, he ! he ! he !”

“ And I suppose,” said Wrench, “ they weren’t worth a crown a piece ?”

“ Och, devil sweep the crown ! Why, in less than a week, the bay had stumbled a dozen times, and threw Condon against the pier of a gate that nearly did his job for him ; and



Murphy shot the black to feed hounds, and swore hard that he wouldn't buy a horse in a hurry again *from an officer laving the kingdom*. Didn't we do it nately though?"

"O, very neatly. And pray, Mr. Jobkins, allow me to ask you if the bay horse you tell me you sold Condon, was the same that you told me you had got for sale, and that you wanted *me* to buy about a month ago? if so, I have to thank you for your kind intentions."

"Mr. Wrench, Mr. Wrench, and is it *you* that asks me that? and is it *you* that would suspect Paul Jobkins of meaning to play *you* a trick? I didn't expect your suspicions, Mr. Wrench, and I didn't deserve them. An honest man, like myself, will always make a difference between friends and strangers, Mr. Wrench. But that's a nice cut of a nag that you're on, and I don't think you have him very long; did you buy him at Kildorrery fair?"

“ No.”

“ Where else did you get him, then ?”

“ Oh, that ’s best known to myself.”

“ Did you buy him — eh ?” looking knowingly.

“ Why do you ask me that ?”

“ Och ! ’pon my sowl, I ’ll wager any money that you got him from——*Now* did I guess the mark ?”

“ Why how can I tell ? you haven’t named any one.”

“ You got him, then,” said Jobkins, with the timid air of one who ventures to make a remark to a superior, doubtful as to the reception it may meet,—“ you got him then from Schofield, as a *compliment* for managing to put him into Boney Howlaghan’s farm ?”

“ Who the devil dared to tell you that, Sir ?” said Wrench angrily.

“ Och, whisht, Mr. Wrench, my jewel,” replied Jobkins, pursing up his eyes and mouth

with a humorous expression ; “ more than Paul Jobkins knows *that*, for Schofield whispered it to Sammy Wrightson last Monday night, when the pair of them got a little flustered.”

“ Then the d——I may twist his neck,” said Wrench ; “ he told him an infernal lie.”

“ If he did,” remarked Jobkins, by way of softening the offence, “ he wasn’t so much to blame, being somewhat elevated at the time.”

“ Mind your horse ! blood alive, mind your horse, Paul Jobkins !” exclaimed Wrench, as his companion’s steed made an unexpected bound from the dyke, at a sharp angle of the road, and rushed with such sudden force against his own more manageable nag as to throw the rider off his equilibrium.

“ Gently, gently,” said the startled Jobkins, patting his steed upon the neck—“ gently, gently, Bruiser—Soho, there now, my man—what’s the matter ?”

Wrench's nag continued to shy and snort, and Jobkins, descending from his own horse, whom neither spurring nor coaxing could urge forward, beheld, on advancing past the angle of the road, the body of a man lying stretched upon the grass at the road-side, the face down, and the right arm torn, as if mangled by a heavy fall.

"Who the devil can it be?" exclaimed Wrench; "whoever he is, he gave our horses a good fright, and nearly threw us."

"Some rascal, I suppose," said Jobkins, "that fell over the hedge, drunk, coming home from the fair last night."

"He's very well dressed," observed Wrench; "assist him up, Paul, and see who he is."

Jobkins obeyed; and what was his astonishment, and that of Wrench, on recognising the body of Schofield, not drunk, but dead, and evidently murdered by the blow of a stone, or

some heavy weapon, on his temple, where the skull was fractured.

“Heaven preserve us!” cried Jobkins; “it isn’t two minutes since you prayed that the devil might twist his neck, and look at him there for you now, Mr. Wrench.”

“Heaven forgive us all our sins—this is dreadful, Jobkins—I’ll lay my life that that hell-born, blood-thirsty scoundrel, Boney Howlaghan, did this—Oh, nobody else can be the murderer. Ride as hard as you can to the police station—or stay—my nag is better—I’ll ride there, and do you stay here with the corpse till I return.”

Jobkins dared neither disobey nor remonstrate, for his principal was peremptory; although he liked as little as any man to be left alone with the body of a murdered person.

“He needn’t have left me to watch,” said he,

to himself ; “ the corpse can’t run away, and if any of the murderer’s friends meant to hide it, they wouldn’t have left it here till this hour.”

But his anxiety on this score was speedily dispelled by Wrench, who changed his mind, and said,

“ Don’t stay there, Paul, but ride off to Father O’Connor’s—is it not there that Jerry Howlaghan was to stop, till he sailed for America ?”

“ I don’t know,” answered Jobkins, “ but I heard so.”

“ Ay, ay ; like enough—the priest’s house is a very fit nest for a murderer. Come along, and when we get to the police station, you shall take a lot of them to Dwyer’s Gift, and I’ll gallop over to Justice Madden, to get a warrant to search the priest’s house. It’s a d—d pity that I ain’t in the commission of the peace myself.”

All this while they had been trying to get their horses past the part of the road where the murdered body lay, and they had now, with considerable difficulty, succeeded in doing so.

When they arrived at Dwyer's Gift, Nancy, who had spent the preceding night there, had risen, early as the hour was. Her mind had been thrown into a state of intolerable restlessness and agony by her brother's protracted absence. She had sat up until long past twelve the preceding night, in expectation of his return from the village; but hour after hour passed, and yet he came not. At length the old housekeeper persuaded her to go to bed, in the hope that repose might allay the mental torture she endured. But sleep came not at her bidding; and after spending some hours of inexpressible misery, she rose, and had scarcely descended to the kitchen, when Jobkins, the police, and Wrench, who had managed to procure the

necessary warrant in an incredibly short time, knocked loudly at the door, demanding admission with raised voices.

“What do you want, gentlemen?” said the housekeeper, protruding her face from the window of her dormitory.

“To search for, seize, and apprehend the body of Jeremiah Howlaghan, to abide his trial at the next assizes, for the murder of Peter Schofield ——”

Nancy heard no more ; the apartment seemed to swim before her eyes ; she sank on the floor in a fainting fit.

“Wait for one moment, gentlemen,” said the housekeeper, and I’ll be down and open the door ; it’s best,” she reflected, “to let the fellows in, for as Jerry isn’t here, the delay can only sarve him ; and may be he didn’t lay a hand near Schofield at all.”

“If you don’t open the door at once, we



must break it," said Wrench. "Paul" (in a low voice to Jobkins), "is there any body watching at the other side of the house, to prevent his escaping at the other door?"

"Yes; Jack M'Grath and Billy Jenkins."

"Right—Come mistress—must we knock with a sledge?"

But as he spoke, the door was opened by the housekeeper, and forthwith the whole party entered. They hunted through every portion of the house except O'Connor's dormitory, where the priest was still in bed; and having completed their researches elsewhere, Wrench tapped at the door of the bed-room, desiring Jobkins and the rest of the party to remain on the stairs, and observing that he wished, so far as his duty permitted, to act civilly.

"Who is there?" said the voice of O'Connor.

"Mr. Wrench."

“ Mr. Wrench? Sir, you are unusually early. To what can I impute the honour of this visit?”

“ May I enter your room, Sir?” said Wrench.

“ Undoubtedly, Sir, if you’ve business with me.”

“ My business,” said Wrench entering, “ is a cursedly unpleasant one ; Peter Schofield has been murdered.”

“ Murdered?” repeated O’Connor, starting up in his bed, “ God bless me ! When, where, or by whom ?”

“ As to the *when*,” replied Wrench, “ it must have been last night some time ; as to the *where*, his body was found at six o’clock this morning, or a little after, by Paul Jobkins and myself in a dyke at the roadside at Ballymagner Cross ; and as to the person by whom he met his death, my own suspicions rest so strongly

upon Boney Howlaghan, that I got a warrant for his apprehension this morning from Madden, and I came here, having heard that he was staying in your house."

"Now the Lord forbid," said O'Connor, "that Jerry should be the delinquent!"

"I'm afraid there are no doubts about the matter," answered Wrench; "I know that ever since he heard that the farm he formerly occupied was promised to Schofield, he has from time to time uttered threats, in the presence of different persons, that it never should thrive with him. It is a horrible affair, Sir, and I wish you a good morning. I owe you an apology for this untimely intrusion; but I deemed it right to let you know the purpose that brought the police here so early; and it was also necessary I should search your room—an office I did not wish to commit to an inferior."

“ Much obliged for your polite consideration,” said O’Connor, as Wrench departed with his men, to search all the cabins in the vicinage where they deemed it at all likely that Jerry would take refuge. Placards, describing his appearance, were extensively posted up; and an express, detailing the lamentable event, was despatched forthwith to Dublin Castle.

Meanwhile, Nancy had wakened from her fainting fit to a state of stupor. She did not seem conscious that any thing remarkable had happened; she did not converse with the people in the kitchen; but sat by the fire all day with her head supported on her hand, merely muttering at intervals, “ I wonder what keeps Jerry so long—he ought to be back before this.”

## CHAPTER IV.

*Martin.*—Where do you say we are to go, Sir?

*Archer.*—Round the hill, and along the side of the stream; the fisherman says he often lurches about there, and is surely to be found in the neighbourhood.

*Martin.*—I think the fisherman deceives you, Sir.

*Archer.*—What, varlet, d'ye talk? Do as I tell thee, bring the lads to the river-side, await my coming, and say nothing.

*Martin.*—To which side of the river, Sir?

*Archer.*—Plague on the scoundrel! how stupid he is! To both sides; to both sides. [Exit *Martin*]

THE DOUBTS OF A DAY.

THE Coroner's jury returned a verdict of "murder by some person or persons unknown." But although such a verdict was inevitable in the absence of all direct evidence, yet the popular belief that attached the criminality to Howlaghan, remained in full force, and seemed

to acquire confirmation from his sudden disappearance and protracted absence.

Wrench's efforts to discover his retreat were actively continued; he scoured the country with his escort for two successive days, and his force had received some auxiliaries from the friends of the deceased. On the second evening the party were returning home towards night-fall, when their attention was suddenly arrested by the violent barking of a terrier belonging to Jobkins, which had followed the body of horsemen the whole day.

“Hark to, Boxer! hark!” exclaimed his master, reining in his steed, [*not* the racer he had ridden the preceding day;] “hark to Boxer! he has got the scent of something—hoix ho! give us more of your music, little varmint!”

The barking suddenly sank into a short, angry yelp, and then ceased altogether.

“ Get into that furze-brake, Billy M‘Grath, and see what the terrier’s at,” said Jobkins ; “ ’pon my song, that *last* stave he gave us, sounded much as if somebody was throttling him.”

Billy M‘Grath endeavoured to obey, accompanied by half a dozen boys, who tried to force their way through the high, thick, and matted furze, that presented an almost impenetrable barrier at every step. Every one of them whistled, and called the little dog, but their calls were not answered by either the appearance of Boxer, or a note of his music.

“ I suppose he has got into a fox-earth or a rabbit-hole,” said one.

“ If he has, you may whistle in vain ; he won’t come till he plases, and we needn’t be tearing our clothes,” said another.

They advanced in different directions, through the tortuous paths of the furzy labyrinth, until

Billy M'Grath caught the eye of one of his comrades through one of the bushes—its expression was wild, almost horrible; he laid his finger on his lips, and with his other hand beckoned to M'Grath to follow him. They then crept as silently for a few paces as the large obstructing bushes would permit, and suddenly stopped, as M'Grath's arm was strongly pressed by the hand of his comrade, who pointed to the aperture at the bottom of an old lime-kiln, through which they distinctly saw the terrier violently struggling to get free from the grasp of a man who held his mouth close shut, to prevent him from barking.

“That's Boney Howlaghan,” whispered the conductor, in a low, shuddering tone.

“May be not,” replied M'Grath in a whisper, “we don't see his face.”

“Yerra who else would it be?” rejoined the man. “But any how *he* doesn't see *us*—we are



hid by the bushes. I'll stop here, Billy ; and do you go to Jobkins and bring him, and Wrench, and all the men that's there, to surround the ould kiln, for fear Boney would escape through the brake, and he asily might, it's so tangled, and the evening's getting dark. Go, Billy acushla, and make haste back."

M'Grath accordingly departed for the men, who entered the brake and arranged themselves round the old kiln with as much expedition as the nature of the ground permitted. The kiln was, to use the expression of one of the party, quite *smothered* in furze-bushes.

When all retreat was deemed sufficiently cut off, Wrench, Jobkins, and M'Grath, suddenly dropped into the kiln from the opening above ; its miserable occupant, hearing the approaching noise half a second before, rushed out through the lime-door, or small lower opening, and had scarcely proceeded three yards, before his further

progress was intercepted by the original discoverer of his retreat and two of the police.

It *was* Jerry Howlaghan.

“ Hah ! you murdering ruffian ! ” exclaimed Wrench, “ so you’re caught. Handcuff him, boys. And what the devil tempted you to do the deed ? ”

“ It *was* the devil, surely,” answered Jerry.

“ So you don’t deny it, then ? indeed you needn’t.”

“ I don’t deny any thing,” said Jerry, with a groan of anguish.

“ Then you’ll swing for it, plase heaven,” said Jobkins.

“ Oh, what’ll become of my poor Nancy ! ” moaned the culprit.

“ Better befits you to think what’ll become of yourself. You feel the devil an’ all for Nancy, to be sure—oh, yes—you’re grown mighty tindher-hearted all of a sudden, though your

tinderness never prevented you from killing an honest man than ever you were."

One of the party compassionately handed the criminal some bread, observing that he looked very faint; in truth he had not eaten a morsel for two days. They marched him on to the public-house in the village of Knockanea, where he remained in the custody of the police, while a carriage was being got ready to convey him to the county gaol. During this interval, O'Connor arrived.

"And is it *you*, Jerry Howlaghan," said he, "that I see in the custody of the police, under a charge of murder?"

Jerry's eyes fell on the ground, and he was silent.

"Are you guilty?" asked O'Connor, in a low tone, which reached no other ears than those of Jerry.

"I AM," said Howlaghan, aloud, and looking

round him, "I am; may God have mercy on my sinful, sinful soul. I killed him—I don't want to conceal it, for I know that whether I did or not, I'd be hanged as I deserve. I've felt ever since I did the deed as if I was in hell; and though I made a rush to save dear life, I can't say I was very sorry to be caught by the police."

"Unfortunate man!" exclaimed O'Connor, "how often have I warned you to guard your fierce and savage temper from temptation."

"You did—you did, an hundred times—it's no use talking of that now—my doom is cast, in this world and the next."

"Oh, Jerry, do not say the NEXT—grievous and damning as your heinous crime has been, yet a contrite sorrow, through the virtue of the all-atoning blood ——"

"Eisth—eisth anish\*!" exclaimed the miser-

\* Eisth! eisth anish!—Hush! hush now.

able criminal, in agony, waving his hand to impose silence on the priest; "oh, Sir, there was a time when I loved to listen to those words, before the devil had got the entire hould over me that he has *now*—but oh! to hear you talk to a murderer like *me*, of the pure, and high, and holy things of heaven—it pierces my heart like a knife."

"Unhappy man, although you have richly earned hell, yet you must not forget that you are still within the reach of God's pardon ——"

"Don't talk of that," said Jerry, "my mind may be quieter when I'm in the gaol."—The priest was silent, thinking that he might injure the cause he was desirous to advance, by pressing the sacred subject on the culprit, until, as he intimated, his mind should have become more calm, and better adapted to receive the religious impressions O'Connor was anxious to impart.

"I'll tell you," said Howlaghan, after a

pause, during which he appeared as if collecting resolution to make the detail, " I'll tell you how this mischief happened—I freely bear evidence against myself, so I think you may believe what I say of that unfortunate crature I killed, and I scorn to belie him when he's dead.

" The evening before last, I was carrying a letter to the post, that one of the boys at Dwyer's Gift handed me; and as I was walking along with my stick in one hand and my letter in the other, who should I meet but Schofield, marching along the road, as if the world was his own. He was something flustered, I believe, for if he wasn't, he'd hardly have given me so much impudence.

" ' You needn't make way for me,' says he, as if I was shoving aside from him, ' there's plenty of room on the road for us both.'

" ' I'm not making way for the likes of you,' says I, houlding on my own course.

" ' Faith I think you made way for me this

morning, and no thanks,' says he again, stopping short ; ' and when you had very little mind to make way for me either. You thought to have every thing your own way,' says he, ' and to hould my Lord's ground against his lordship, and against my good friend Mr. Wrench, and myself ; but you see you weren't able, my man ; you weren't able.'

" With that, I made an offer to hit him on the shins with *Baus gaun Saggarth* ; but, tipsy as he was, he hopped aside, and managed to escape the blow. Indeed I won't belie him—he didn't offer to strike me *then*, but stopped with his back against the corner of the ditch, laughing at me ; and that vexed me worse.

" ' You've given up the farming business now,' says he, ' and you've taken up the thrade of a postboy, I see,' says he, looking at the letter in my hand ; ' it's very good work for you, Boney ; and pray what's Miss Nancy's employment to be? '

“ From the first time the fellow began with his prate, I felt all in a shiver, as if the devil was coming to tempt me; and faith the ould Tempter knew his time; my farm was taken from me, myself and my shister were thrown upon the wide world; it was Schofield was working up Wrench to do it all, who was willing enough to be worked; my heart was scalded enough, for being turned out, and sent adrift; and here on the lonesome road, with my mind like a stormy sea, I was laughed at and jeered by the fellow that was surely *half* the cause of my misfortunes. The devil was watching, to be sure, as he always is, and he caught the right moment for his devilry. Schofield had no sooner mentioned Nancy’s name, than I wheeled Baus gaun Saggarth at his skull, crying out, ‘ You cursed ruffen! you’ve done your best to ruin us—how dare you draw Nancy Howlaghan’s name through your mouth, after plundering herself and her brother?’



“ And with that—may God forgive my sowl! I hit him on the temple. He rolled down the bank, stone dead. I don’t think he lived one minute after. I lay down, and riz his face, to see were there any signs of life, but there wasn’t e’er a sign at all. I felt as if the devil was inside me, and so he surely was at that same moment. The first one I thought of was my poor ould father, and the second was Nancy. ‘ Their son and brother shan’t be hanged if I can help it,’ says I to myself; and with that I cut away, thinking every noise I heard was the steps of the police running after me, till I got into the ould lime-kiln in the furze-brake. And oh! mavrone! how I spent the night, and last night! There’s ne’er a one listening to me now that would wish the worst enemy they have to spend two such nights. I shivered like a man in a fever; my body was could and hot by turns, and my mind was broiling like hell. And

every time the wind stirred the bushes, I shut my eyes, for I felt half sure that Schofield's ghost would haunt me."

The murderer groaned with unutterable anguish as he ended his statement; and just at that instant the vehicle arrived, in which he was to proceed forthwith to the county gaol. "I would tell you," he said to O'Connor, "not to tell poor Nancy I was caught, only that I know she'll surely hear it from some of the neighbours, and it's better she should hear it from your reverence."

Jerry was put into the conveyance, and departed, leaving O'Connor grieved to the very bottom of his soul, and compelled to pity the culprit whom he was also obliged to condemn.

Some of the public newspapers recorded the event in the following terms:—"STATE OF THE COUNTRY—MORE TRANQUILLITY—BARBAROUS

AND INHUMAN MURDER. On Thursday morning last, as Mr. Wrench, Lord Ballyvallon's agent, accompanied by Mr. Jobkins, under-agent, were proceeding at an early hour along the road at Ballymagner Cross, they found the murdered body of a highly respectable farmer, named Schofield, on the bank at the road-side. The murderer has been discovered; his name is Howlaghan, and we understand that he has long been distinguished for his reckless ferocity in party fights. No conceivable cause can be assigned for the atrocious deed, except that the deceased was a protestant, and that the priest-ridden peasantry of this unhappy kingdom are always too easily hounded on to acts of outrage against the orderly, the peaceable, and well-conducted portion of the community. Schofield was an excellent character in every respect, and has left a wife and children to lament his loss."

O'Connor conveyed the painful intelligence to

the unhappy Nancy, who now seemed quite awake to all the horrors of her situation. He also wrote forthwith to Mrs. Kavanagh, with a full detail of all the facts connected with the awful transaction, and particularly specified the numerous exertions that Nancy had made to avert any outbreak of vengeance on the part of her brother. He concluded his letter by suggesting, that in Nancy's forlorn and destitute condition, it would be a valuable deed of charity to afford her the asylum of Castle Kavanagh, in any situation in which the poor girl could make herself useful. Mrs. Kavanagh replied the next post, and adopted the suggestion with benevolent alacrity; directing that Nancy should forthwith be committed to the hospitality of Mrs. M'Evoy, the housekeeper. But Nancy declined accepting Mrs. Kavanagh's kindness till the following spring; "when," said she, "I will go to the good lady if I live; for I then shall have no brother Jerry. As

long as they let him live, I will stay with him in gaol, and give him all the comfort that I can; and may be it will be better for his soul that I should talk to him. Och! God help us! What is this world worth? what is all that's in it worth, if we lose heaven?"

And, bent on her mission of Christian and sisterly love, she proceeded to the gaol; where, day after day, she devoted herself with untiring affection to her wretched brother; doing the best that her unpretending skill could dictate, both for his body and his soul.

O'Connor had another duty to perform.

"I will go," said he, "to Knockanea, and see Lord Ballyvallin on this business. I know I shall have an ally in this, or any other benevolent work, in his lordship's chaplain, Mr. Walton. Walton is an honour to the Protestant church; his virtues are in constant, active exercise; and not the least of them is his warm benevolence."

On arriving at Knockanea, O'Connor first inquired for the Rev. Mr. Walton. On being shewn into that gentleman's study, he commenced by observing, that he had an appeal to make to Lord Ballyvallin, in which he trusted he should have the advantage of Mr. Walton's co-operation.

"Unquestionably," answered the Protestant clergyman, "if my concurrence can be conscientiously afforded, and if it be likely to produce any benefit."

"Of that, my friend," replied O'Connor, "you shall judge for yourself. You have heard of the murder of Schofield by Howlaghan. It is an awful and horrible deed, which admits of no justification. But you have not perhaps learned, that it was in a very great measure provoked; partly by the unfortunate state of society, which visits the peasantry with punishment for their votes at elections, and partly by the insolent triumph with which Scho-

field treated Howlaghan, whom he had supplanted in his farm.”—O’Connor then drew a hasty, yet impressive picture of the sufferings sustained by Howlaghan for the exercise of his elective franchise, which he represented as being too common a case among the humbler class of freeholders; and he repeated the account which the culprit himself had given, of the provocation under which he had taken Schofield’s life.

“ Now,” continued O’Connor, “ in all this, there is every thing to be lamented, and every thing to be condemned; but, alas! corrupt as human nature is, there is unfortunately not much to excite our astonishment. That oppression and insult should drive those who sustain their infliction, to a dreadful and violent vengeance, the history of mankind in all ages has taught us to expect. What I want you to do, my good Sir, is calmly and respectfully to represent these things to Lord Ballyvallin;

and to unite with me in most earnestly imploring his lordship to cut off an exceedingly prolific source of frightful crime, by mitigating the severity with which his unfortunate tenants have been treated."

"And my cordial support you shall command," said the reverend gentleman; "my religion, Mr. O'Connor, instructs me to love all men; to advance the legitimate benefit of all, and to do to all my fellows as I would they should do unto me."

"That *your* religion so teaches you, I have not a doubt," said O'Connor.

"And that *your's* so teaches *you*," replied Walton, "I have had fifty proofs. Now, how lucky for us all it is, that Lord Ballyvallin is not an absentee. If he were, these evils might continue for ever unchecked, and extend beyond all reach of cure; for cold and powerless indeed is the appeal that meets the ear from distant scenes, from which protracted absence



has long weaned our sympathies; cold, powerless, and ineffectual, compared to the actual *sight* of the victims of oppression, crushed and writhing under the infliction of mingled cruelty and insult. We must bring the sufferers to Lord Ballyvallin. I can almost undertake to promise that his lordship will divest his generous mind of all political prejudice on a subject so awfully important, and take effectual means to check for the future, all attempts to persecute his tenants. I verily believe, that though many of the crimes that are committed in Ireland are the offspring of that natural depravity of which every society of men presents examples, yet oppression, such as Howlaghan experienced from Wrench and Schofield, is the parent of a numerous class of outrages."

The two clergymen then proceeded to the drawing-room, where they made their united appeal in behalf of the people, in behalf of the cause of humanity, to Lord Ballyvallin. His

Lordship received their application in excellent humour, as his spirits were cheered by a recent relaxation of the pains of the gout, to which he was frequently a martyr. He was deeply struck with the circumstances of Howlaghan's case, all the particulars of which he investigated with attentive interest. He was silent for several minutes, during which his mind was disturbed by various conflicting emotions. At length his naturally noble disposition triumphed.

“ God help my poor countrymen !” said he, “ their sufferings are great. It must henceforth be my duty and my labour to soften, instead of increasing, the evils that afflict them. Injustice, sad injustice, appears to have been done. I must look after the sufferers. And that girl, that angelic Nancy, where is she ? her future provision shall be my especial care. I shall minutely investigate the conduct of Wrench, throughout the whole business of Howlaghan's farm, and should I find your opinion of that

gentleman's merits borne out, I shall immediately dismiss him from my agency."

O'Connor warmly thanked Lord Ballyvallin, and shortly after took his leave.

Lord Ballyvallin performed his promise to the very letter. He inquired after the tenants who had been expelled. Some of them were worthless men, whose minds and habits had been brutalized by the demoralizing traffic of illicit distillation. Their expulsion was a benefit to the estate, by removing their contaminating influence. Others were industrious and honest, and their landlord found means to support them until circumstances enabled them to emigrate; or until, as in some cases happened, his lordship had the power to reinstate them in their former farms.

Wrench, whose mal-practices could not stand the test of inquiry, was dismissed from the agency.

Nancy felt most deeply grateful for the

interest Lord Ballyvallin expressed for her condition, and the care which he generously promised to take of her fortunes.

“ Oh !” she exclaimed, “ that the villain of the world, Wrench, should have ever gone between my lord and us !”

She remained in incessant attendance on her brother, until the Spring Assizes should decide his fate ; consoling, exhorting, and encouraging him to compunction for his awful crime ; directing his mind to the merits of the ONE ATONING MEDIATOR, and the powerful intercession of His glorified servants.

He suffered the penalty of his offence ; and even Nancy, agonized as was her gentle and affectionate soul at his early, melancholy fate—aggrieved though she had been by the sufferings that had goaded him on to the commission of the fatal deed for which he paid the forfeit of his life ; she, even *she*, the tender, faithful, and devoted sister, could not but acknowledge the

justice of his sentence. For she knew that the dictates of religion enjoined that he should have “borne, and forborne, till the end;”—and yet more, she knew the divine decree that, “whoso sheddeth man’s blood, by man also shall his blood be shed.”

Of the night before his execution, he had spent the greater portion in earnest prayer. Let us hope that his repentance was sincere and acceptable!

Nancy availed herself, with thankfulness, of Lord Ballyvallin’s bounty, which she immediately applied to the relief of her father’s necessities; but she preferred a residence at Castle Kavanagh to one at Knockanea, and became Isabella’s attendant. In this asylum she learned, by degrees, in the language of a distinguished French penitent, “to acquire contentment, but not happiness\*.”

\* It is habitual with anti-Irish partisans to deny, altogether, that suffering is entailed on the Irish people from the system

of wholesale ejection, so frequently practised by landlords. I shall not, on this subject, give one word of my own; I shall content myself with submitting the following testimony of a witness whose evidence is beyond question or suspicion, Mr. Leslie Foster:—

“ In what manner does this dis-peopling of particular estates tend to the dis-peopling of Ireland?”

“ Because it places the surplus population of those estates *in circumstances of such misery* that the number must eventually disappear.”—[Minutes of evidence before the Lords' Committee, in February 1825, p. 59.]

I beg to add a more lengthened extract from the same right honourable gentleman's evidence:—

“ State to the committee the opinion you formed on the origin and causes of this?”

“ My opinion was and is, that in Limerick, and the adjacent parts of the counties of Cork and Kerry, the spirit of insurrection which had broken out proceeded from local causes and the condition of the lower orders of the people.”

“ Have the goodness to state to the committee, generally, in what way you think the condition of the lower orders operated to produce this apprehension—on your general view of the state of the country, your general view of the case?”

“ The population of the parts of the country where insurrections were most prevalent, is extremely dense. The property is greatly subdivided, and the condition of the lower orders of the people is *more miserable than I can describe it*. The great increase of people, with other causes, which I shall advert to more particularly, had raised the rents of lands in that part to a degree that was *perfectly exorbitant*. Land, in that country, which is totally destitute of manufactures,

appears to me to have become (if I may use the expression) *a necessary of life*. The common mode of livelihood speculated upon in that country, is the taking of land; of course, in proportion as the population multiplied, the demand for land increased; and that, combined with the extravagant prices of all species of agricultural produce, had raised land to a price beyond any thing which we can call its intrinsic value. The subdivision of land was also produced by *speculations of a different kind*; the consequence of this was, that land appeared to me to stand, generally speaking, at a rent which it was *impossible for the tenant at any time to pay*, reserving the means of decent subsistence."—[Minutes of Evidence, pages 5 & 6.]

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I would beg to ask any dispassionate, rational man, whether outrage will not necessarily result from the wholesale expulsion from their tenements of a rustic population, already reduced to the wretched condition depicted by Mr. L. Foster? Can the pious exterminators—the saintly Orange-landlords—expect to sow the wind without reaping the whirlwind?

## CHAPTER V.

Confide in him who by experience knows,  
This is the woe surpassing other woes  
From his sad brow the wonted cheer is fled,  
Low on his breast declines his drooping head.

HOOLE'S ARIOSTO.

THAT Lucinda's marriage with Fitzroy should have been a union of happiness, no person could possibly expect, who did not think that habits of caprice and frivolity on the lady's part, and of depravity on that of the husband, contained the ingredients of felicity. To the whim that united the parties, succeeded indifference, chequered only with the variety of occasional re-crimination. He discovered her acceptance of



the Marquis of Ardracchan's offer of marriage, and reproached her with incessant bitterness. She retorted, by upbraiding him with twenty infidelities, which he scarcely took the trouble to conceal. He would listen with apparent unconcern and contempt to an eloquent torrent of conjugal censure, and then quit the room with a yawn of listlessness. At length, the well-matched pair agreed to separate.

“ Ah ! ” thought Lucinda, “ had I remained faithful to O'Sullivan, how different would now have been my fate ! I am punished, justly punished, for my folly.”

O'Sullivan's success in India exceeded his most sanguine expectations. His relative had succeeded in procuring for him, immediately upon his arrival, an honourable and lucrative employment ; in addition to the emoluments of which, he received a gift of great value, in diamonds and money, from the gratitude of a native Indian Prince, whom he had an opportu-

nity of essentially serving. In fact, his acquisition of wealth was so rapid, that he resolved on abridging the term of his exile from Ireland, as at the expiration of very little more than a year, he found himself the master of sufficient funds to render him a not wholly unsuitable match for Lucinda, so far as pecuniary matters were concerned. He was thinking of fixing the time for his return, but various unlooked for occurrences detained him for another twelve-month. This delay increased his wealth; but ere the expiration of the second year, a letter from Father O'Connor announced, among other scraps of Irish intelligence, Miss Nugent's marriage with Fitzroy. Utter incredulity was O'Sullivan's first feeling; but to incredulity alarm soon succeeded, when he reflected that, since his departure, Lucinda had possessed three or four opportunities of writing to him, of only one of which she had availed herself. Suspense was agonising; it was worse than the worst

certainty ; he persuaded himself, for a moment, that O'Connor was mistaken ; he recalled to his mind Lucinda's vows of constant love, and cheated himself into a transient belief that her breach of faith was quite impossible. But then, again, the assertion deliberately made in the letter of his friend met his eye : it was not a very likely thing that O'Connor could mistake on such a subject. To get rid, as fast as possible, therefore, of torturing doubt, he surrendered his employment, and sailed in the first home-bound British vessel.

On arriving in Dublin he found his fears confirmed by the Kavanaghs, who were staying at their house in Stephen's Green. The episode, too, of Lucinda's readiness to marry Lord Ardbraccan, was faithfully narrated to our hero, and excited the natural emotions of indignant sorrow. But he *once* had loved Lucinda ; and to a heart of the native tenderness of his, it was impossible to hate *her* who had early engrossed

his affections; he might grieve, condemn, lament, and feel estrangement; but hatred,—hatred was impossible.

During his absence from Ireland he had been frequently exposed to the temptations that assail all men who mingle in the world; vice, in a thousand fascinating forms, presented her blandishments; and the society of dissolute youths, who tried to laugh him out of what was right, spread around him all the snares in which practised depravity invariably desires to entangle the innocent.

To resist the temptations thus presented, there is but ONE guiding, governing motive, on whose guardian efficacy man can securely rely, — and that is RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE. O'Sullivan had been early impressed with the lesson, that in every case of doubt or difficulty he should put the question to himself, "How would God choose that I should act in this case?" and abide by the answer of his con-

science. Taught by Divine Authority to pray against being "led into temptation," it struck him that it would be exceedingly absurd and incongruous in one who professed to be a Christian, to expose himself voluntarily to temptations from which he daily begged to be preserved. The hint he had received from Father O'Connor, at parting, on the subject of the *ridicule* cast by the dissolute on virtue and religion, had left a deep impression on his mind. Gifted by nature with a lively sense of the ridiculous, our hero could return shaft for shaft, and sarcasm for sarcasm ; and whenever (as was sometimes, though not often the case) he found his rejoinders overmatched by the practised satire of some witty profligate, he would still remain unshaken in his steady resolution, treasuring in his recollection O'Connor's pithy and contemptuous apophthegm, that "the man was undeserving of the name of man, who was capable of surrendering the solid convictions of

his reason to the husky cachinnation of some unprincipled libertine's half-wasted lungs. Let them laugh away!" he would say to himself; "I don't forget the good priest's pregnant commentary on such melancholy laughter—I don't forget, that by rising superior to its despicable influence, I shall, in the long run, have the laugh at my own side—even if I had not got it now, which I think I have, if the exquisitely delicious tranquillity of a peaceful conscience, possesses a superiority over the excitements, the disgusts, the fears, the ennui, the half-stifled remorse, and the feverish and intoxicating revelry of vice."

Such was the constant, the habitual tone of O'Sullivan's reflections on the prevalent crime and dissipation, which persons of the world endeavour to palliate by calling it "gaiety." Perhaps his resolves received additional strength, from his anxious desire to render himself in every respect deserving of the paragon of love-

liness and worth, that he fondly and firmly believed Lucinda Nugent.

“ Now, my dear friend,” said Kavanagh, who wished, not from idle curiosity, but from the sympathy of friendship, to sound the recesses of O’Sullivan’s mind, “ tell me whether you *still* retain any of your former love for Mrs. Mor-daunt—nay, tell me all without reserve—with *me* your candour cannot be misplaced, and I hate to see the melancholy mood you have presented ever since your return.”

“ Frankly then, my excellent old friend, I feel that, in spite of her conduct, the influence of former attachment *does* still retain a strong hold upon my heart—O ! if you knew with what intense devotedness I loved her ! she was the love of my boyhood, of my early youth—It is foolish, I feel—extremely foolish ; I have always been able in ordinary cases to conquer my passions by my reason ; but in this case,—alas,

my friend, I find the task inexpressibly difficult."

"That is not surprising," replied Kavanagh; "in all other cases you were necessarily conscious of the first approach of passion, and religion enabled you to check it ere it had acquired strength. But here you are differently situated; *here* you have fondly encouraged an attachment which has now reached maturity, and consequently gives you more trouble than if it had been checked in its infancy. Weak and frail as human nature is, I should fear, notwithstanding your sense of moral duty, the effect of a *rencontre* with Mrs. Mordaunt. I speak plainly, you see, and I warn you of your danger. She is now in Dublin, and one really would think she was ubiquitous, from the number of persons who tell me they have met her *partout*. Your mind, my dear O'Sullivan, wants repose as well as your body; and as soon



as you possibly can settle your business with Dowton, your attorney, I earnestly wish you would go to the country ; your own place is not yet out of lease, nor will it till next September twelve-month, and during the interval, will you oblige me by making Castle Kavanagh your home ? There is nothing upon earth like the sweet repose of rural life, for calming the exhausted spirits."

Conversations, frank and unreserved, such as these, tended much to restore O'Sullivan's cheerfulness. Oh ! it is those *only* that have felt the sting of anguish, who can tell the consolation which the wounded spirit receives from possessing one faithful, sympathising friend, to whom the sufferer can pour forth his sorrows ! To O'Sullivan, Kavanagh was such a friend ; and the old man rejoiced as he perceived the beneficial efficacy of his fatherly kindness. Kavanagh also endeavoured to engage the

active mind of O'Sullivan in pursuits of literary interest, and often engaged in discussions, in which he was aware that O'Sullivan would adopt an opposite opinion, for the purpose of withdrawing his attention from the painful and engrossing recollection of Lucinda's caprice.

One night the old gentleman was seated in his library, awaiting the return of O'Sullivan from Dowton's, his attorney, to whose house he had gone, in order to arrange some important business. Kavanagh was impatient for his friend's appearance, as he wanted to show him sundry learned authorities he had collected, touching some warmly contested point in Irish history. O'Sullivan, in compliance with the early habits of Kavanagh, had arranged to return at ten o'clock; but eleven, twelve, and one, successively struck, without his reappearing; and Kavanagh, wearied by the delay, fell into a broken slumber, from which he was soon

aroused by a loud knocking at the street-door. Internally execrating the modern alarming knocks that bid defiance to repose, he felt somewhat relieved on hearing the voice of O'Sullivan, who entered the library a minute after.

“ Glad to see you, my dear boy—sit down—but how very unpunctual you are—Bless me !” (taking out his watch,) “ it is after one o'clock ! How long have I slept ! What detained you, O'Sullivan ? Sit down, my boy, and stir the fire.”

But O'Sullivan seemed as though he heard him not. His glance was wild and disturbed, and seemed to indicate a mind tormented with harrowing emotions. Kavanagh, surprised at his silence, arose and approached him, and raising a candle to his face, was alarmed and astonished at its agonized expression.

At length O'Sullivan passionately exclaimed, “ Speak to me, for pity's sake ! let me only hear your voice ! the sound of any voice but

*her's* is welcome! Would that I had never heard, had never seen her!"

"My dear young friend," said Kavanagh, much affected, "be composed, and tell me the cause of your affliction. Perhaps I may be able to comfort or relieve you."

"Impossible!" exclaimed O'Sullivan hastily; "*you* never felt what *I* feel. I dread your censure—I dread still more your contempt. If I dared to hope for pity, or to look for consolation, I might venture——but no! I must be silent."

"And is it to *me* you can speak thus?" said Kavanagh in a tone of affectionate reproof; "my son! my old friend's only living child! I am not stern, nor am I exempt from weakness."

O'Sullivan sighed deeply. "You are old, my good friend, and cannot make allowance for the warm and impetuous feelings of youth. I will not—*cannot* speak."

Kavanagh took his hand with an air of benevolence, and said, "Age may have sobered me in many respects, but towards *you* it can never blunt my feelings. I am often considered capricious and censorious. I am sure I have suffered enough to make me so. But my *manner* alone is tainted with those failings; they have never reached my heart. I look with pitying sympathy upon the woes, and wants, and frailties of mankind; although I have experienced but little sympathy in my own misfortunes. The dear objects whose presence once rendered life desirable," continued the old man, while a tear, excited by the painful recollection, fell upon the hand that he held, "have long since been taken from me. I stand almost alone in the world; disappointed in nearly all I loved, I am hastening to the border of the tomb, to which I look forward as the only place of rest from the sorrows of my joyless existence."

O'Sullivan's attention was fixed. He felt much surprise at the pain with which Kavanagh reverted to his early life, as he never had known a single expression of complaint escape from the lips of his friend. He ventured to request the old man would tell the tale of his sorrows; "Perhaps," said he, "the recital may benefit me; at least it may teach me a lesson of fortitude in supporting my lot. And at all events, whatever can withdraw my thoughts for a moment from myself, must be of use."

## CHAPTER VI.

And let th' aspiring youth beware of love ;  
Of the smooth glance beware ; for 'tis too late,  
When on his heart the torrent softness pours.  
Then wisdom prostrate lies.

THOMSON.

“ It is hard,” proceeded Kavanagh, “ to drag from the grave the fault of my father ; but I fear I must do so to render my story intelligible. I was his only son, and heir to a moderate fortune. My father’s happiness seemed centred in my prospects. Alas ! had his views been less tainted with ambition, I might still have been happy. While yet a boy, my disposition was retiring and contemplative. Although I

excelled in all the manly and social sports of youth, yet I often shunned the society of those with whom similarity of taste might have led me to form a friendship. Not that my youthful mind was tinged with any misanthropic tendencies; but I felt an early impatience of the 'gay, unthinking crowd;' and, unable to find a companion, who might realize my visions of rational friendship, I preferred the alternative of solitude. In such cases, we are marvelously apt to fall in love. Rose O'Connor,——" Mr. Kavanagh sighed as he continued, "years have elapsed since I last pronounced her name! She was artless and innocent in mind, and lovely in person. My father affected slightly to disapprove our union, as Rose was a Catholic——" (O'Sullivan seemed astonished.) "You are naturally surprised," resumed Kavanagh, "as I am one too; but my father was a Protestant. The old penal laws had reduced him to the puzzling alternative of relinquishing his



creed or his estate; the latter he considered the more valuable, and accordingly became an edifying convert to the legal church. Indeed his father, who was alive at the time, was partly the cause of his recanting; for a Protestant relative, a third or fourth cousin, who, as nearest of Protestant kin, had filed a bill of discovery against the old gentleman, threatened in the course of the following term to enter into the possession of the estate. There was only one mode of averting the evil; and that was to become a Protestant. It cost my grandsire a hard struggle, but temporal interest prevailed, and at length he resolved on the act. To church then he rode, one Sunday morning, with the purpose of reading his recantation; but just as he was about to dismount from his horse at the church door, the animal suddenly started at some object, and flung his rider with such force against an old tomb of our family, that his collar-bone was broken.

“ ‘ Ha ! ’ cried he, writhing with pain, ‘ no luck attends *my* recantation—I won’t do it. But then the estate ! *I will make my son Denis recant*, and that will do as well ; for myself, the knock I got against the corner of my father’s tombstone is warning enough to deter me\*.’ ”

“ And he *did* make his son recant, and accordingly our property was saved from the clutches of the cousin. The Orange gentry gladly hailed this accession to their ranks, and my father’s conversion effectually cancelled the remembrance of certain ancient political misdoings that had often been imputed (by their party to our family. Notwithstanding the gratifying consciousness of having ascended some steps in the scale of social intercourse, I fancy some latent remnants of the ancient leaven were lingering near his heart ; for I

\* This anecdote of *recantation* I give, exactly as I received it, from the Protestant descendant of a Catholic ancestor to whom it occurred.

remember in an illness occasioned by a dangerous fall from the wall of a cottage he was building, he showed some reluctance to face the other world with his Protestant credentials; and the dislike to my union with Rose, which I verily believe he had affected for the purpose of preserving the esteem of his Orange associates, was rapidly wearing away. You may be certain my father's religious anxieties did not escape my observation. My tutor was a Protestant curate; a man of the most amiable heart, the purest morality, of the mildest zeal: conscientious and exemplary, one might naturally have expected that his precepts, enforced by his virtues, would have firmly fixed me in the doctrines of the thirty-nine Articles, which the good man took incessant pains to instil into my mind. But it was not so. A knowledge of the causes of my father's conversion, a certain mischievous inherent nationality, a hatred of oppression that acted on a vivid and romantic

fancy almost reckless of control,—all powerfully conspired to dislodge old Cranmer and the thirty-nine Articles. Such, I verily believe, were the first *external means* that God employed to produce in me a most important end.

“ You know the little arm of the sea that winds beneath the wooded hills of Inchafell. Unless when the tide is out, it has quite the appearance of an inland lake. The Atlantic is completely shut out by the intervening heights.

Often have I left the hall of social mirth and revelry, to wander alone along its shores at the calm hour of moonlight, and to think of the faith whose inheritance I had lost, through a parent's misfortune. ‘ It shall *not* be lost to me,’ I mentally resolved ; ‘ even now it is secretly mine ; and mine it shall openly be whenever I become my own master.’ These contemplations formed *one* principal source of whatever happiness I then enjoyed ; and perhaps I prized my ‘ fairy bliss’ the more, because

it was confined within the limits of my own breast. Oh! those were indeed the days of enjoyment and peace! The remembrance is sweet, though sorrowful! How many buoyant hopes, which have since been blasted! How many anxious fears, which served but to enhance the sweets of hope!

‘Blest age! when life springs forward with a smile.’

But those days are long past, and the pleasing visions of the youthful mind have been long since dispelled by the better realities of life. Poor Rose! of that bitter cup she had more than her share!

“It was on one of my evening rambles by the woody shores of Inchafell, that we first met. She was carrying a basket of fruit to an aunt of her’s, who was one of the little sisterhood by whom the convent of Conela was then occupied. A shower came on, and I offered to conduct her to the shelter of an ivied rock which overhung the shore. She accepted my offer

with frank simplicity. We were quickly friends. Ourselves unconscious of guile, our hearts were habitually open. I spoke of the former intimacy of our families, and hoped it might revive. Rose sighed; for she well knew what had escaped my recollection through a momentary inadvertence, that the friendly terms of which I spoke, had been interrupted by the bitterness of feeling attendant on my father's conversion. The O'Connors, aware of his motives, considered him a traitor to Erin and Religion; and the Orange airs which he, poor man, immediately assumed, were not calculated to conciliate the friends he had left. Both Rose and I were silent on this painful subject; but the remembrance of it led to another, to which she ventured to allude. 'Is your tutor with you still?' she asked. 'He is,' said I. Rose was for a moment silent; I fully understood her feelings. We continued to converse, and Rose's religious prepossessions were strikingly apparent. To

her, in hesitating accents, I then ventured to confide, what had till that moment been a secret to all save myself, that my own heart too, had been from childhood, devoted to the Catholic religion. What external causes had produced this effect, I was not *then* philosopher sufficient to discover. Some impulse, soothing at once and irresistible, had impelled my dawning reason to the ancient altars of the christian worship. I was puzzling myself to account for this impulse. Rose, with great simplicity, cut short the thread of my perplexed inquiries. ‘It was the mercy of God,’ said she. We continued to converse until the shower was over; the moon had risen over the bay, and we traced the path that led along its shores to the convent, where I parted from her, as she was to spend the night with her aunt.

“ I frequently met her after this: my happiest hours, I need scarcely tell you, were spent in her society; I was one of her mother’s most

welcome guests. Rose heard, and at length accepted my suit. And oh! I never shall forget the angel smile that played upon her lip when first I informed her that my father's consent had been obtained. Happy, happy moments! But our bliss was delusive. On returning from one of my visits to Rose, I observed that my father's manner betrayed unusual perplexity. To *me* he scarcely condescended to speak. At length I ascertained that the unexpected death of a distant relation had placed him in possession of a vast increase of wealth. To this, it soon appeared, he had determined to sacrifice my happiness. Rose was a girl too humble for the heir of five thousand a year. Her family, indeed, was good, but an ambitious connexion was now to be my object. And when I urged the folly, the cruelty, of blighting the hope so fondly cherished and now so nearly realized, my father suddenly reverted to his old objection on the score of religion!



Indignation kept me silent ; but I formed an internal resolution to quit for ever my father's roof, devote myself to honest industry, and rely on Rose's constancy ; for well I knew the faithful girl would consider the want of wealth a trifling evil, when it enabled the husband of her choice to give her so strong a proof of his fidelity and love. But my father, as if intuitively aware of my intention, defeated it by closely confining me to my apartment."

" Bless me !" cried O'Sullivan, " I would have escaped."

" If you *could*, I suppose you mean," resumed Kavanagh, smiling ; " but escape I found utterly impossible, as my room was secured by a double door ; and the outer one was always locked by those who were allowed admission, before the inner door was opened. To defeat any effort I might make to regain my liberty, my father observed the precaution of stationing two trusty

servants at the outer door, who could easily have intercepted my escape. Two years thus passed ; when one morning I found the passage empty and the doors unlocked. A fearful foreboding took possession of my mind—that Rose was no more. It was indeed too true. The gentle girl died of a broken heart. She was never made aware of my fate. Gold had bribed my gaolers, who were duly sworn to secrecy, and care was taken to spread the belief that I had entered into some foreign service. Rose probably concluded I was faithless and interested. And thus the cold and silent tomb for ever closed upon my only hope of happiness.”

Kavanagh paused for a few moments; the exertion of speaking so long had fatigued him. He soon, however, resumed.

“ Perhaps my narrative tires you ; but this is the first time I ever have told it, and it shall be the last. I am old and feeble ; but before

‘ I go hence, and am no more seen,’ I would willingly retrace the lights and shades, the joys and sorrows of my past existence,—pour them for once in the bosom of a friend, and then forget them, if possible, for ever.

“ Rose’s death seemed to soften my father considerably, and in his first relentings I am told he even wept. He endeavoured to console me for the past ; but his efforts were vain. My fancy was perpetually haunted by the form of Rose, pale, faint, and dying,—mourning over *me* as a perjured traitor, for her gentle heart could not execrate even the wretch she must have thought me. My health became seriously affected ; and as change of scene was recommended by the physicians whom the care of my father had collected about me, I departed for France, with a fixed resolution that I never would revisit Ireland. Years glided on, and my grief, at first, sullen and morose, gradually yielded to the charms of French society. My

mind became calm and even cheerful. I was now capable of deriving satisfaction from the objects around me, though the avenues of my heart which once had been open to love, were closed for ever. My father sometimes wrote to me ; and latterly an air of tenderness pervaded his letters, and he gently reproached me with not writing more frequently. To write to him was always a painful task ; for the sad remembrance of his cruelty was then revived. At length, he importuned me to return to Ireland. At first, I refused, but he repeated his request in terms which rendered any further refusal impossible. His health, which had long been declining, was now in a state more precarious than ever. Although he might possibly linger for months, yet the stroke of death might fall at any time. He said he had much to tell me before we should part for ever, and conjured me by my filial obedience to come to his dying couch, and assure a repentant father of my full for-

givenness for his past severities. To Ireland, then, I returned. You may think with what feelings I caught the first distant view of the mountains at whose feet lay the lowly grave of Rose. I did not trust my fortitude with a visit to the place, as the meeting with my father awaited me. I rather tried to banish from my thoughts all the painful events connected with poor Rose's memory. Our old family seat at Inchafell had been let by my father, who had gone to reside at Castle Kavanagh. This circumstance I regretted; but it was out of my power to recall it.

“ I was shocked at the change that age, and illness had made in his appearance; I freely forgave him all his injuries, and felt that I would sacrifice almost any thing to alleviate his sufferings. He speedily put my obedience to a serious trial. ‘Edward,’ said he, ‘you are the last male member of our family. I shall not die in peace until I see you married.’ I ex-

claimed that marriage was impossible, while the unfading remembrance of her whom I once loved so dearly occupied my breast. He persisted; and his perseverance weakened my resistance. Indeed my own mind was so thoroughly unnerved by suffering—by the painful emotions of years gone by, which my return to Ireland revived—by the pity which my dying parent's illness excited—by the unearthly energy with which he enforced his request, that at length I yielded, and became united to the lady whom *he* selected as my bride. Poor thing! she was gay and thoughtless. She is now no more; and I trust that my conduct never led her to perceive that I had not a heart to bestow. My father seemed to derive some pleasure from my marriage, but the excitement soon subsided. He sank into a kind of torpor which sometimes was disturbed by fits of mental agony. On these occasions I *alone* was permitted to approach him. Every one else was

carefully excluded. One evening he appeared particularly restless and miserable ; some friends had repeatedly urged him to send for the Rector of the parish, and partake of his spiritual aid ; but he always answered ‘ No—no—I shall get over this.’ At this time I was openly a Catholic, and asked him if he wished for the ministration of the parish priest ? His reply was still the same,—‘ No—no—I shall get over this.’ I verily believe that lurking Catholicism prevented his sending for the Protestant Rector, and that pride prevented his allowing the priest to approach him. On the evening to which I have alluded, I heard him groan repeatedly, with inexpressible bitterness of mental or bodily anguish. I rose, and was actually startled at the wild and horrible expression of his haggard face ; he cast up his eyes ; his lips moved frequently—I think in an effort to pray. At length I heard the words, ‘ O, this is death !’ faintly uttered—he tried to make the sign of the

cross, and expired. I shall not describe my sensations.

“ Months passed, and a new source of interest presented itself. I became a parent. A son and daughter were the issue of my marriage. The birth of the girl proved fatal to her mother; and the undivided duties of parentage devolving upon *me*, I devoted my entire attention to the care of the children. My affections were now engaged, and my heart was again expanding to happiness, when my peace received a bitter interruption from my son's untimely death. He went out boating with some friends who met to celebrate his sixteenth birth-day: the youthful mariners had ventured out too far towards the mouth of the harbour; the weather became suddenly rough; the boat, by unskilful management, upset, and before aid could reach the sufferers from a vessel that was anchored in the bay, my Edward had sunk—to rise no more to life. I was standing on the beach, and saw



him carried on shore; I wept not *then*—I moved not—I gazed in silent horror. My poor, poor Edward !” faltered the childless father, softened for a moment to tears by the bitter recollection. But he soon recovered his composure.

“ My cares were now completely centered in my daughter, who soon became a source of real consolation. But *her* ruin, too, I was destined to witness. A frivolous youth, who had served in the army, contrived to engage her unwary affections by the fascination of his manners. My attempts at dissuasion were vain; her heart was fatally engaged, and reason was powerless. I witnessed her inauspicious nuptials, and the next year followed her to the grave. This last conclusion to my hopes imparted some degree of melancholy consolation, for I felt that her sorrows were over, and I wept but for the loss I had myself sustained. It is far more painful to behold the hopeless sufferings than the death

of those we love. A parent *only* can understand the grief of one whose child is doomed to sorrow that admits not of relief.

“ I have told you my tale : you see that my life has been a life of suffering. God has sustained me through it all ; and I feel solemnly convinced that the dispensation, severe though it may seem, can be turned to my spiritual benefit. It has taught me, at all events, not to centre my happiness *here*.”

“ Your sufferings have indeed been bitter.” said O’Sullivan ; “ but it does not appear, from your narrative at least, that you have to reproach yourself with weakness. Oh ! this night ——”

O’Sullivan paused.

“ What of this night ?” demanded Kavanagh.

“ I have seen Lucinda Mordaunt.”

“ Well ?” pursued Kavanagh, anxiously, “ what of that ?”

“ Heaven help me ! I feel that in spite of all,—aye, of ALL ! I love her still dearly—too

dearly ! Oh ! I knew not the full power of the fatal fascination, until I found her, this evening, faint and lifeless in my arms. The light from the lamps imperfectly displayed her beauteous features ; their healthful brilliancy was faded, but a much more bewitching attraction replaced it. She was motionless—her eyes were closed, and her disordered hair was blown over my face. The scene so forcibly recalled our first sad parting, that I scarcely had strength to support her *one* moment,—and the *next*, she was pressed to the heart she had tortured and betrayed. I blush for my weakness ! my criminal weakness. Till to-night I never knew the true state of my mind—I have hitherto deceived myself with idle dreams.”

“ There is but *one* course to be taken,” said Kavanagh ; “ and that is to fly from the presence, from the neighbourhood of this dangerous enchantress. You must go to Castle Kavanagh.”

“ Ah ! ” said O’Sullivan, “ I promised to visit her to-morrow.”

“ Promised ? madness. You shall not, must not, cannot keep that promise. It was a promise to *do wrong*—to expose yourself to infinite peril ; and no promise to do wrong is binding.”

“ I promised, most solemnly, and on my honour.”

“ Ah, the artful, subtle creature ! and how did she manage to extort such a promise ? Well, well—if you *will* go, Henry, it is at least my duty to render your visit, which I trust will be brief, as little dangerous as possible, and therefore *I* shall accompany you. But under what circumstances did you happen to meet her to-night ? ”

**CHAPTER VII.**

Before the wind the vessel lightly glides,  
And the swift stream with swifter prow divides,  
But Rodamont in vain, on land or wave,  
From cruel care his anxious hours would save.

HOOLE'S ARIOSTO.

WE shall answer Mr. Kavanagh's last question, by narrating the events of the night. Returning in his chariot, from the house of Mr. Dowton, his attorney, in Fitzgibbon-street, O'Sullivan heard screams from a hackney carriage that had been upset at the western corner of Mountjoy-square. He hastened to afford assistance, and succeeded in extricating from her perilous predicament a lady who appeared to

have fainted. The wheel of the overturned carriage was broken; the hour was late; no other aid appeared at hand: and O'Sullivan conveyed the fainting fair one to his chariot. But ere he ascended the step, her veil, which was dark and ample, was blown aside by an eddying gust of wind, and the features of Lucinda were revealed to her astonished assistant. His first emotions, his remembrance of her ingratitude and perfidy, impelled him to await her return to sensation to load her with reproaches; but this impulse soon vanished, as he gazed upon her helpless and exhausted form. In spite of himself, the strong current of his early attachment rushed back upon his heart, and he hated himself for his cruelty. Admiration soon returned, and when Mrs. Mordaunt saw to whom she was indebted for assistance, she displayed much agitation. They remained for a very few moments in embarrassing silence. O'Sullivan asked at length, in tones that were

tremulous with intense emotion, whither he should direct his coachman to drive?

“ I lodge at Rathmines,” replied Lucinda, naming the terrace where her present residence was situated.

“ Drive to —— terrace, Rathmines,” said O’Sullivan to the coachman.

“ He is mine ! he is *MINE* !” triumphantly exclaimed Lucinda to herself, as she marked the agitated manner, and the ineffectual effort to assume composure. But the tremor of his voice betrayed him.

“ Oh, you are kind—you are good—you are all that your years of early excellence promised—and to *me* ! to one so undeserving !” faltered Lucinda, in accents that thrilled his inmost soul. “ But do not, Mr. O’Sullivan, condemn me quite unheard—blame I have merited—but ah ! I am far more unfortunate than erring—I am a thousand times more sinned against than

sinning! Henry—I *once* could have dared to say *dear* Henry—can I ever, ever be forgiven?”

O’Sullivan felt wholly unable to reply. He gasped for breath. “Can it then be POSSIBLE that I have wronged, that I have misunderstood this exquisite creature?” he asked himself; “O! the very thought is agony.”

Lucinda’s tears fell fast, and auguring forgiveness from O’Sullivan’s agitated silence, she ventured gently to press his hand, and then immediately withdrew her own, exclaiming, with delicious confusion,—“I forgot—I reverted for *one* moment to our former intimacy—I should not indeed have forgotten.”

“Do not apologise, Mrs. Mordaunt,” said O’Sullivan.

“Mrs. Mordaunt! call me Lucinda, if you would not kill me with your coldness. But no—it is right that I should thus be punished,



although it is far more for the fault of others than for my own."

"Dare I believe you?" asked O'Sullivan.

"Pray tell the coachman to drive *very* slowly," said Lucinda, faintly; "I am quite too weak to bear the rapid motion—I have recently been ill, and I have much, very much, to say to you."

O'Sullivan desired the coachman to moderate his pace.

"O, that is a relief," said Mrs. Mordaunt, leaning back with an air of great exhaustion. "I can now," said she, "breathe more freely;" and she heaved a long drawn respiration. "I am now," she continued, "beginning to recover from the shock of so very unexpectedly meeting one whom I had been taught to believe was a tenant of the tomb. Henry, I had thought—nay, start not—I had thought you were DEAD."

"Good heaven!" ejaculated O'Sullivan, "dead!"

“ I am now, Henry, about to impart to you the story of the cruel, cruel wrongs that I have suffered ; *you*, I know, will feel for me ; *your* true heart will sympathise in all the pains I have endured ; but promise me first, dear Henry, that you will not repeat to any person breathing what I am now to communicate ; by doing so, you could only increase the torture that I suffer. Promise me, Henry ; promise me solemnly.”

“ I promise,” said O’Sullivan.

“ That is sufficient ; your promise never yet has been broken. Now, then, I will open my whole soul to you. I have told you that I blame myself ; and so I do, most bitterly, for suffering you to depart for India alone. I *should* have accompanied you. For neglecting to do so I was wholly inexcusable. United as our hearts then were,” (here Lucinda sighed deeply, and seemed oppressed with a sudden reminiscence,) “ our only security for happiness had been an immediate union. I thought otherwise at the

time, and have since been given ample reason to lament my folly. After you were gone, my brother became excessively attached to Fitzroy. Why so, heaven only knows ; for I think there is as little in Fitzroy to attract admiration or to win esteem, as in any worthless trifler I have ever met. Nugent, you know, had been always a kind brother ; but when he perceived my positive determination to avoid Fitzroy and to reject his suit, he became totally different ; his manner changed ; he was no longer the affectionate brother he had formerly been ; he was peremptory, stern, and authoritative. If I said that he was *savage* upon some occasions, I should not exaggerate. Fitzroy continued to press his hateful attentions ; and one day that my brother was particularly harsh, and actually threatened to expel me, without any provision, from his doors, unless I consented to the nuptials, I boldly declared that so long as *you* lived, it was utterly impos-

sible ; that our faiths had been mutually pledged. Nugent was thunderstruck ; it was impossible to discover whether his astonishment or his rage was the greater. The miserable agitation into which I was thrown by his cruel persecution, brought on a fever, and oh ! how cordially, how earnestly did I not wish, in the paroxysms of my misery, that the disease might prove fatal, and terminate my wretchedness ! But that was denied me. I recovered ; and one of the first pieces of intelligence with which they welcomed my returning health, was the news of your death. It never for one instant occurred to my mind to doubt the truth of the story, for they showed me a newspaper in which the event was minutely detailed ; you were said to have been killed in an engagement with the Looties. I do suppose that Fitzroy was the author of the vile fabrication, and procured its insertion in the newspapers. Be that as it may, I unhesitatingly believed it ; I surrendered my

mind to despair; my spirit was paralyzed; I cared little how soon they might lead forth their victim to the altar, or how they might deck her for the sacrifice. Oh! it was a terrible, terrible period! I dread to go on with my melancholy tale."

Mrs. Mordaunt paused, and sobbed convulsively. O'Sullivan's heart was melted to the utmost tenderness. All his former love returned, with its early force and freshness; he gazed with intense affection, with unspeakable commiseration, on the innocent and lovely being at his side, who had thus been lost to *him* and to herself, the victim of domestic persecution. A shade of doubt, however, crossed his mind, as he remembered the episode of Lord Ardracchan.

"Lord Ardracchan? yes," said Lucinda with a faint smile, as O'Sullivan pronounced the name; "I was going to be married to the poor old Marquess too, and I candidly acknowledge I

should *then* have rejoiced most sincerely had that marriage taken place. Even to *you*, dear Henry, I can say so ; because I am all openness and candour ; from *you*, indeed, there is nothing to be hidden. It was in the midst of my brother's persecution about Fitzroy, that Lord Ardbraccan offered me his hand : as for *love*, I did not care for either ; but I especially detested Fitzroy, and would gladly have married the Marquess to get rid of my other hateful suitor. In truth I was passive, I was deadened by the stunning succession of miseries ; happiness was quite out of the question, and all that remained for me was to select what appeared the lesser evil."

Lucinda spoke with such apparent candour and ease of her motives for wishing at that period to marry Lord Ardbraccan, that a more suspicious person than our hero would have found it, under all the circumstances, impossible to doubt her sincerity.

“ I had not then,” she resumed, “ accepted Fitzroy; but Lord Ardbraccan died suddenly, and his death left me no alternative. And now, dear Henry, that you have heard Lucinda’s simple tale, do you blame her? or is she forgiven?”

“ Forgive you, Lucinda?” he passionately exclaimed, “ what have you done, that required forgiveness? Innocent, persecuted angel! I pity you—pity you from the very bottom of my soul. But Nugent! that Nugent should have been your persecutor, appears, I confess, almost incredible! how his character must have altered!”

“ He was rendered excessively irascible and peevish by numerous heavy losses on the turf,” said Lucinda. “ His temper became soured, and he knew I was wholly in his power, being left by my parent’s premature death completely dependent on my brother for a fortune. In truth

I had not a shilling, independently of Nugent's bounty ; and Fitzroy and Lord Ardbraccan both tempted his cupidity by offering to take me portionless. But oh ! dear Henry," entreated Lucinda, energetically clasping her hands, " you will never, never reveal one word of all I have now told you, to mortal."

" I have promised," said O'Sullivan, expressively.

" For Nugent, harsh though he has been, is still my brother, and his sister loves him—loves him, notwithstanding all his cruelty. And if one pang more severe than all I have hitherto endured, could be added to my load of misery, that pang would be the apprehension of a hostile rencontre arising from an angry discussion between you and my brother on this subject. Avoid Nugent, oh avoid him, if you love me—*Love me !* how dared my lips give utterance to the expression ! Alas, the emotions of my



heart break forth, despite propriety and prudence! But promise me, Henry, that you will avoid Colonel Nugent."

"I certainly shall not unnecessarily seek his company," returned O'Sullivan; "but I should not feel called on to quit any society, merely because *he* formed part of it."

"Fitzroy, I understand, has been seriously ill," said Lucinda, anxious to ascertain how the contingent prospect of a possible reversionary interest in *herself* would affect O'Sullivan.

But O'Sullivan received the information merely with a sigh.

"So very ill," pursued Lucinda, "that his physicians twice despaired of his life, I understand."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Henry, who seemed at this latter intelligence to be struck with the reversionary possibility; "what was his complaint?"

“ He has always been dreadfully dissipated,” sighed Lucinda.

O’Sullivan was silent, and his thoughts involuntarily framed themselves somewhat after the following fashion :

“ What now, if Fitzroy should die? May Heaven defend me from the sin of *wishing* it—but *if* he did—all obstacles would most undoubtedly be removed, in such a case, from my union with the love of my earliest boyhood. Oh, dream of bliss! Here she is, still unchanged in loveliness, in innocence, in affection—happiness may *yet* be mine—ha! begone, foul Tempter! happiness contingent on another’s death—O, it is perilous to trust myself near her; I will tear myself from her—this unexpected meeting shall be our last, while Mor-daunt lives.”

As O’Sullivan formed this resolve, the carriage reached the door of Lucinda’s residence.

He descended for the purpose of assisting her : his footman knocked ; the hall-door was opened by a woman-servant, who held a lamp in her hand. Its beams fell full upon Lucinda's lovely face ; she had now recovered her colour, and her fair cheeks glowed with the suffusion ; her tears were dried, and she smiled upon O'Sullivan the smile of days of yore, the kind, warm-hearted, *artless* smile, that had a thousand times welcomed him in former years to Martagon.

“ Good night, my preserver,” she said, as she shook his hand with affectionate warmth. “ My heart feels lighter,” she added, in a lower tone, “ since I know you do not think unjustly of me. Will you visit me to-morrow at two ? or at any other hour that suits your convenience ? ”

“ Yes,” replied O'Sullivan, hardly conscious of what he said, as he gazed with admiration

on the exquisite form before him; the intervening time, and its painful events, seemed all forgotten; the illusion of the moment, the fresh, girlish beauty of his own Lucinda, placed him once more in the midst of the fairy happiness of Martagon. Lucinda perceived her advantage. "You will not fail me then, at two?"

"Certainly not."

"On your *honour*?" (smiling enchantingly).

"Yes."

Another smile and pressure. He then got into his chariot, was visited with certain compunctious emotions as it rolled away to Stephen's Green; where, as the reader is aware, he detailed his adventure to Kavanagh, merely suppressing Lucinda's self-exculpatory statement, as he had promised her to observe a faithful silence on that subject.

Kavanagh retired to rest. O'Sullivan tried

to sleep, but he found it impossible. The events of the night left his mind in a wild and painful whirl, that defied repose, and the dawn of morning found his wearied eye as yet unclosed.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Think, turn back, before it be too late,  
Behold in me th' example of your fate ;  
I am your seamark, and, though wrecked and lost,  
My ruins stand to warn you from the coast.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

“ Now, my friend,” said Kavanagh, the following morning, “ have you made up your mind as to what you mean to do ? Will you visit Mrs. Mordaunt, or will you not ? Is it right, or is it wrong ? that is the plain question. You say that your former affection for her returned last night. And *I* say—remember that she is the wife of another. Now, pray

what will you do? There is but one right, and one wrong, so far as I can see through the question."

"I do not like to break my promise," said O'Sullivan.

"Your promise? phoo! a cobweb, because given under a delusion—Suppose you heard the typhus fever, or the plague, had broken out in her house, would you *then* keep your promise? I warrant me you would not. And for *you*, if I know aught of human nature, a worse plague may be risked—a moral plague."

"You are right," said O'Sullivan; "I should be highly imprudent, I believe, to encounter real danger for the sake of a punctilio. I shall write, however, to inform Lucinda, that as I see no good that could possibly arise from my visiting her under present circumstances, I have made up my mind not to do so."

"Certainly," said Kavanagh, "politeness demands that you should write."

The note was accordingly written and despatched.

“Come, now,” said Kavanagh, “to Dowton’s ; you have business there to-day, and so have I.”

To the house of the attorney they proceeded. Mr. Dowton was out when they arrived, but his clerks expected that he would return immediately. The gentlemen were shown into an inner study, or “whispering office,” as the attorney facetiously termed it. Among a heap of dusty briefs and papers on a desk, lay two, of which one was indorsed, “O’Brallaghan and Foster, Jewellers, *versus* Fitzroy Mordaunt, Esq. :” beneath this indorsement was written the word “Compromised.” On the back of the other document appeared a voluminous title, superbly engrossed, in which Mrs. Fitzroy Mordaunt’s name occurred two or three times. What it was, O’Sullivan did not investigate, notwithstanding that his curiosity was strongly in-



terested ; for he felt that it would have been base to examine. Dowton presently came bustling in, and accosted his clients with a world of apologies, for having been absent when they came.

“ Hah !” said he, chuckling, and rubbing his hands, as he saw O’Sullivan’s eye wander for a moment to the mountain of briefs, and alight, as he thought, on ‘ O’Brallaghan and Foster, Jewellers, *versus* Fitzroy Mordaunt, Esq.,’ “ that was a comical job in the honey-moon of that harum-scarum genius, Fitzroy Mordaunt. His wife, Miss Nugent that was (I believe you knew her, gentlemen), was going to be married to the poor, old, doating Marquess of Ardbraccan, who ordered O’Brallaghan and Foster to send her a splendid suit of ornaments, valued at £.1500. The Marquess’s order was merely a verbal one, and given to a clerk, who sent Miss Nugent the jewellery on the very same day. In a week the Marquess suddenly dies,

and lo! in a fortnight dies the clerk as suddenly. No living witness could O'Brallaghan and Foster produce, nor witness of *any* kind except their books, which were all kept with great regularity, and in which the entry was found in the hand-writing of the defunct clerk, but set down to the account of the defunct Marquess. What was to be done? All my Lord Ardbraccan's executors were ready to make oath that they never had seen nor heard of the trinkets: they challenged the jewellers to show a written order from the Marquess; no such thing was in existence. Hopeless of payment in *that* quarter, the poor jewellers' only chance remained in an appeal to"—(Here Mr. Dowton elongated, as far as it was possible, his dumpy rubicund visage, and raised his eyebrows to the meridian of marvel) "to—  
—what do you think? to Miss Nugent's *honesty*—ha, ha! She would not pay,—oh, no! she knew nothing whatever of the matter—it was

Lord Ardbraccan's business, and not her's, to settle his accounts with his jewellers. O'Brallaghan and Co. were in despair; the dead clerk had himself—as they believed—been the bearer of the jewels to Miss Nugent, so that even the secondary evidence of a messenger was not to be had. This *last* defect of evidence we were not at that time aware of, although we afterwards learned it. Meanwhile, Miss Nugent was married to Mordaunt, decked out in the very suit of ornaments in question, and most heavenly she *did* look, no doubt! Next day, notice of action was served on the gay bridegroom by O'Brallaghan and Co., to recover the amount of the glittering gems that adorned his fair bride; and Fitzroy, who has, at all times, a plaguy indigestion of bills and accounts, but especially of those for which he personally gets no value, popped the case into my hands. I called on the plaintiffs—had a long palaver with

Fleece'em, their solicitor, and persuaded them that though they might put us to some trouble and expense, they could never recover a fraction. So they jumped at a compromise—and we gave them, for fifteen hundred pounds' worth of trumpery,—ha ! ha ! how much do you suppose, Mr. Kavanagh ? how much do you guess, Mr. O'Sullivan ? Eighty-two pounds, ten and six-pence ! Faith, that same Lucinda is the devil at a *squeeze*, when she can—Wheugh !” (and Dowton grinned, puckered up his eyes, and shook his head, as he threw himself back in his official chair,) “ she's a damned long shot, faith ! Ough ! I know her capers.”

“ But I really think,” observed Kavanagh, “ that it was highly reprehensible in you, Mr. Dowton, to assist her in what, to use the gentlest terms, I must designate as bearing a very strong resemblance, at least, to a swindling transaction.”

“ Oh, as to that, I always leave the case of conscience to be settled by my clients—I have only to deal with the law of the case; and if I can bring them off scot free, pray is it not my duty? But pray, let us talk about your business, Mr. Kavanagh—I have had two excellent offers for the houses in Limerick, one as a tenant, and the other as a purchaser; but I would not close without consulting you,” &c., &c.

Dowton continued to expatiate on the subject of Kavanagh's Limerick houses, and their value in the market; but O'Sullivan heard not a syllable he said. His thoughts were painfully engrossed by the story of the bijouterie. One instant he felt indignant at Lucinda's want of principle, and rejoiced that he had resolved on not visiting her; and the next, he felt equally indignant at Dowton's misrepresentation of her part in the transaction; it was thoroughly impossible that Lucinda, the artless and the innocent—that *his own* Lucinda—alas! his own no

longer ! could be guilty of dishonesty or meanness—Oh ! how he wished that he could hear five words from her lips in vindication of her conduct ! it was absolute torture to believe that she was guilty. She would place the transaction in a different light, in its *true* light, he had not a doubt. But Dowton's foul-mouthed calumnies against her—uttered, too, with such an easy, plausible flow of perfect information—the fellow deserved to be put in the pillory for representing the unsullied, the immaculate Lucinda as an unprincipled swindler—a she-blackleg—that is, again, if his story were false;—ay, IF ——

These ruminations were disturbed by the opening of an inner door, from which sailed forth the celestial apparition of—Lucinda herself.

“ Good heavens, Madam ! ” exclaimed Dowton, starting up, “ I did not know you were in the house—I beg ten thousand pardons.”

“ I came,” she replied, “ while you were out,

and your servant showed me into the usual back-parlour, where I have been sitting with exemplary patience this hour. "Ah, my excellent friend, Mr. Kavanagh," she continued, approaching the old gentleman, and warmly pressing his hand, "I am truly delighted to see you. I trust my darling Isabella and her mother are well, and in spirits?"

Kavanagh replied to this tender *accolade* with politeness; and O'Sullivan fancied that he saw, notwithstanding Lucinda's expression of delight at meeting the old man, that she would have been far better pleased at his absence. She next accosted *him*, and bestowed on him such a fond smile, and such an affectionate pressure, that he bitterly reproached himself for harbouring the shadow of a doubt of the stainless purity and worth of a being so true, so lovely, so confiding.

Dowton resumed his conversation with Kava-

nagh, in which he was presently occupied with earnestness. Mrs. Mordaunt took the opportunity to say, in a low voice, to O'Sullivan, "I shall see you at two?"

"No," he found courage to reply; but he said it tremulously.

"No!" she repeated; "to what must I ascribe this sudden change?"

"The truth is plainly this, Mrs. Mordaunt; I feel that I still love you too well, and as you are the wife of another, duty imperatively tells me to shun your society. Now we fully understand each other."

The plain, honest bluntness of this answer, completely disconcerted Lucinda. She saw, that, although the accidental meeting of the preceding night had momentarily thrown him off his guard, yet she would not find it quite so easy as she had anticipated, to entangle him further in a labyrinth of subtle sensibilities and



delicious dangers. She was silent, and a tear fell from her eye; their faces were turned towards the window.

“ You are right,” she said, at length; “ you are always judicious, always excellent. Oh,” (sighing bitterly), “ what a cruel, cruel lot is mine, to have lost the benefit of such a friend and guide! In fact, I particularly wished to speak to you to-day on some matters of business, and to avail myself of your friendly guidance and advice; for my *affairs* —” (and as she pronounced the word *affairs*, a mischievous doubt about the jewellery story obtruded itself on O’Sullivan’s mind;) “ for my affairs are sadly embarrassed; the estate on which Fitzroy made my separate maintenance payable, is over-ridden by half a dozen mortgages, and turns out to be almost worth nothing. Fortune, notwithstanding my former expectations, I had none, or next to none—Colonel Nugent has quite cast me off, since his mind has become so much engrossed

by the turf; and—pardon me, my early friend, for thus obtruding my miseries upon your notice; I feel, indeed, that I am taking an unwarrantable liberty in doing so ——”

“ Oh, Lucinda !”

“ In short, then, I see before my eyes the prospect of a painful and difficult struggle for subsistence. With respect to these circumstances, I own I *did* wish to consult you; but since your prudence has discovered that danger might attend our intercourse, I am sufficiently reprovèd,” she proudly added, “ for my unintentional presumption.”

O’Sullivan, in spite of himself, experienced that choking oppression which is the usual prelude to tears; but summoning his manhood to his aid, he recovered himself. Lucinda saw that she had warmly engaged his compassion in her favour.

“ As you will not visit me,” she said with a deep sigh, “ perhaps you will have no objection

to accompany me to Dowton's back parlour, and to talk over these unpleasant affairs with me there."

"We can speak of them *here*," he replied; "Dowton and Kavanagh are too intent on their own conversation to regard us."

"Unmanageable man!" thought Lucinda; "how provokingly handsome he looks! What, then," she asked, resuming their confidential tone, "would you recommend me to do?"

The question was a very comprehensive, and a very puzzling one. O'Sullivan paused for a few minutes, wrapped in thought, and then asked,—

"Have you not got fifteen hundred pounds worth of diamonds, or bijouterie of some description?"

"I—have," said Lucinda, after two moments' hesitation.

"Then I would advise you to sell them, and

the interest of the money will be a very great assistance to you."

"The man has no heart, after all!" thought Lucinda.

"What income are you able to extract from the mortgaged lands, assigned to you by Mr. Mordaunt, for your separate maintenance?"

"Oh, a mere trifle—£.50 a year."

"Well, say £.70 per annum for the interest of the money your bijouterie will bring; and £.70 and £.50 are £.120. A hundred and twenty pounds a year will enable you, *with economy*, to enjoy real comfort in some quiet retirement. And, harassed and persecuted as you have been, Mrs. Mordaunt, I feel certain that retirement and repose are absolutely necessary to recover your exhausted strength and spirits."

"Henry, do you pity me?"

"From the bottom of my heart."

“ You may assist me in the sale of the jewellery, then. I should wish to dispose of it by private sale, as much as possible—it would sell, I think, to more advantage. Will any thing bring you to the neighbourhood of Knockanea, this month? Lady Jacintha might become a purchaser.—Or stay—Baron Leschen might buy them for a wedding present to her ladyship, to whom he is soon to be united.”

O’Sullivan, with all his affectionate feelings for Lucinda, did not precisely relish the idea of hawking about her bijouterie for sale: he seemed to hesitate.

“ You know you need not say that they are mine,” added she.

“ A-propos,” interjected O’Sullivan, summoning up courage sufficient to seek the solution of a doubt, “ were O’Brallaghan and Foster ever paid for them?”

“ Unquestionably,” answered Lucinda, undismayed by the sudden inquiry—“ of course

Lord Ardbracon paid for them ; he was one of the most scrupulously honourable men in existence. The jewellers commenced an action against me, or rather against Mr. Mordaunt, as we were quite unable to discover a receipt among Lord Ardbracon's papers, in order to make us pay them over again, and we were compelled to give them eighty-two pounds, most unfairly ; for, from Lord Ardbracon's well-known habits of immediate payment for the very largest purchases, I look on it as being utterly impossible that he should, in this solitary instance, have deviated from his invariable rule. But all this is nothing to the purpose—you have not told me whether you will assist me in disposing of them. *Will* you, Henry?"

" You may certainly command my best assistance, if you find yourself otherwise unable to sell them advantageously ; I should, however, strongly wish that you would first try what could be done without employing me."

Before Mrs. Mordaunt could reply, Kavanagh's conference with Dowton ended, and the attorney suddenly turning about to O'Sullivan, said,—

“ I am ready for *you*, Sir, now, if you please.”

Lucinda seemed quite overcome by her feelings, pulled down her veil, and hurried out of the apartment.

“ I suppose,” said Dowton, “ she was giving you a history of her sorrows. Ay, poor thing, let her be what she will, I cannot but pity her, with the prospect of poverty before her. She has somehow mortally offended Colonel Nugent ; and her husband bit her devilishly in that business of the separate maintenance. Well she may weep, poor thing, and lament her former happy days at Martagon. Do you know that it used to be whispered, Sir, that *you* had a hankering after her at that time ——”

“ Sir ?” exclaimed O'Sullivan, angrily.

“ Pardon, pardon—I’m a blunt old fellow, and meant not the least offence. ’Tis almost a pity, if that should have ever been the case, that you did not take her off to India with you when you went there.”

“ I beseech you, Dowton,” said O’Sullivan, manifestly unable to control his agitation, “ I beseech you, let us have no more of this.”

“ Not another word in the world, Sir,” said Dowton, with a serious manner, “ except one. “ I speak to you, Sir, as your father’s old friend, and you must not be angry with me. I see by your look at this moment, you could send me to Old Nick, but I can’t help *that*—it must come out. I am sharp enough to guess that you take some interest in Mrs. Mordaunt, and, therefore, I tell you as a friend, to keep clear of her ; she’s as cunning as a pet fox, and would bubble you as soon as she’d bubble O’Brallaghan the jeweller, and with just as little compunction. Have nothing to say to her,



young gentleman—that's my advice—for I'm sorry to say she's wholly unworthy of your sympathy I have now said my say; and I hope, young gentleman, that you'll take advantage of it."

"Sir," exclaimed O'Sullivan, indignantly; "you are perfectly incapable of appreciating or comprehending the character of Mrs. Fitzroy Mordaunt."

"There, now," said Dowton, turning an appealing eye to Kavanagh; "did I not rightly say that the lady was as cunning as a fox? Only see how she has persuaded our friend of her sanctity!"

"Sir," resumed O'Sullivan, with great indignation ———

"Sir," interrupted old Kavanagh, ludicrously mimicking his indignant manner; "I positively insist that not a single lance shall be shivered between you and Dowton on the subject of

Mrs. Mordaunt's all-unutterable merits and perfections. Nay, not one other word," he added, in a peremptorily playful tone, as he saw O'Sullivan about to speak; "the plain truth is, that Dowton has opportunities of knowing all about her, such as *you* have not. For many of her faults, poor thing, I can readily excuse her, on the very valid plea that she was left without a fitting guide in childhood; both her parents died when she and her brother were extremely young; and Nugent, who was scarcely two years older than his wild and imaginative sister, was, although an excellent fellow in his own way, quite unfit to be a guide for Lucinda. Now to business—to business."

"Ay, to business," said Dowton, arranging all his papers on the desk before him; "enough has been said upon this painful subject for Mr. O'Sullivan to profit by—if he thinks proper."

And dismissing, so far as he could, (which, indeed, implies no very great powers of abstraction,) all thoughts of Lucinda, her errors and maligners, from his mind, O'Sullivan became immediately engrossed, to all appearance, in a monçeau of bills, bonds, leases, and title deeds.

## CHAPTER IX.

Lightly on the sportive wing,  
At pleasure's call they fly,  
Hark! they play, they dance, they sing,  
In merry, merry revelry.

## SONG OF THE MASQUERADE.

A GRAND masquerade at the Rotundo was announced, under the auspices of their Excellencies the Viceroy and Vicequeen, who benevolently interested themselves in the welfare of some charitable institution, in aid of whose funds the receipts on this occasion were to be devoted. Many personages of the highest rank had promised their attendance; and public expectation was raised in proportion to the

interest the approaching entertainment appeared to excite among the noble and the wealthy.

The bustling Mrs. Delacour came to insist on the Kavanaghs' presence at the masquerade. Mr. Kavanagh at first refused ; but Mrs. Delacour succeeded in softening his obduracy.

“ O'Sullivan,” said Kavanagh, “ will you come ?”

“ No, Sir ; I should be sadly out of place among the gay and happy.”

“ Nonsense ! you must not presume to erect yourself into a tragedy-king ; *come* you must, if it be only to attend on Isabella.”

This mode of soliciting O'Sullivan's company was irresistible, as his politeness was concerned in his compliance, and he yielded his consent with the best grace imaginable.

The coup d'œil was superb. The large circular apartment, eighty feet in diameter, and forty in height, was tastefully and richly decorated by our old friend Peverelli ; and the other

apartments were screened off into bowers, and pagodas, and temples, and caverns, affording every possible facility for the performance of appropriate and diversified scenes, by the different groupes.

A spirited Turkey-cock flew up the staircase with expanded wings, and half danced, half fluttered his part in a *pas-de-trois*, in which the other performers were Mother Goose, six feet high, and a Donkey on his hinder legs.

A gentleman appeared in the character—or, we should rather say, in the shape—of a colossal bottle of Warren's Jet Blacking, belabelled on the front with some of the self-laudatory stanzas of that celebrated artist's inexhaustible muse.

A Turkish *marquée* was occupied by the veiled prophet of Khorassan and his harem. A Zelica of exquisite beauty, whose face was almost the only one unveiled, seemed the "favourite Sultana" of the night.

O'Sullivan looked around in search of Kava-

nagh ; and after some minutes recognised the old humorist in the guise of an ancient Irish Chieftain, with his band of galloglasses dressed in flowing saffron-coloured robes, and his harper playing some wild, furious, rapid battle-march on the wire-strung harp.

The veiled prophet of Khorassan, who apparently loved mischief, proposed that the half-tanned deer-skin brogues of the Irish Chieftain's galloglasses, should be polished with the contents of the ponderous bottle of Warren's Jet Blacking.

" Who will dare to draw my cork ?" cried the hexameter bottle, suddenly suspending its slow and solemn progress, as these words reached its auricular faculties.

" *I* will !" thundered the veiled prophet, starting up with an air of defiance from his oriental cushions.

" Thou durst not !" said the blacking-bottle, stoutly.

“ My invariable practice,” said the prophet, “ has been, to strike off the neck of every bottle that presented the least difficulty in drawing the cork.” And he menacingly waved his bright and polished scimitar.

“ In that case,” said the dauntless bottle, with an air of bold defiance, “ I can only resort to my natural means of defence, by squirting a torrent of my sable fluid on the snowy drapery of your veiled Holiness.”

“ Ho !” exclaimed the imperious and indignant prophet, “ then it seems we are defied within the very precincts of our harem ! Slaves ! soldiers ! scourge yonder wretched jar of inky liquid from the purlieus of our tent, or it may be that our just indignation may enforce the execution of our threat to sever its neck from its body.” And again the veiled prophet waved his glittering weapon. But the ladies of his harem, one and all, interposed to prevent the consummation of his vengeance ; starting from



their glowing carpets they compelled him to resume his seat, pleading that although the refractory and insolent vessel well merited the chastisement, yet its infliction would deluge the floor with a torrent of the sable blacking, which could not but prove detrimental to the delicate satin shoes and flowing silken robes of the seraglio.

What the prophet muttered in reply was unheard, being drowned by the overpowering strains of the Irish Chieftain's harper, who incontinently struck up his loudest planxty, chorussed by the wild, shouting voices of a dozen galloglasses, whose purpose was probably to cover the retreat of the blacking-bottle, in which they perfectly succeeded.

Mrs. Kavanagh and Isabella, who wore dominos, now joined the Irish Chieftain, and committed Mrs. Delacour to the exclusive care of O'Sullivan. Dulcet strains proceeded from a distant bower, in which Henry, on approaching,

found Faustus and a troop of witches, exhibiting their wild, fantastic, volatile, yet not ungraceful movements, in a mystic hell-dance. At certain appropriate stages of this extraordinary *branké*, the performers checked their whirling evolutions, twirled their broomsticks with ease and lightness, then clattered them together in the air, and wound up the movement by dexterously pirouetting with their cloven hoofs outstretched.

O'Sullivan was highly amused with the well-trained precision and grace that distinguished the movements of the witches, and would have gladly lingered as long as they danced, only that Mrs. Delacour hurried him away to the darkest recesses of a neighbouring cavern, and ensconced him in a corner which was screened from every ray of light, and in which he neither could see nor be seen. "Why are we here?" he asked.

"Because," replied Mrs. Delacour, "from this spot you will shortly, if I do not mistake,

behold a scene of rare interest enacted, which you could not possibly see to so much advantage if you stood forth surrounded by a blaze of light. Now that your eyes are becoming a little accustomed to the darkness of this cave, do you observe a star that twinkles faintly in the firmament—a single star, that seems to struggle dimly through a mass of murky clouds ?”

“ I do,” replied O’Sullivan, looking upwards. The illusion to which Mrs. Delacour thus directed his attention, was managed admirably.

“ Hush,” said she, impressively placing her hand upon his lips; “ this is the cavern of silence. We must not any more infringe upon its mystic stillness.” She enforced this requisition with a meaning pressure of O’Sullivan’s arm, and he felt himself, he knew not why, *constrained* to acquiescence.

They were silent for at least ten minutes, while the music, the laughter, and the hum

from the other apartments reached the ear of O'Sullivan with a tantalizing influence. Steps were at length heard approaching; and Faustus, the hero of the wizard dance, advanced alone into the cave. He paused for an instant, and then stamped on the floor. "Prospero! Prospero!"

Prospero answered to his call, as if from the bowels of the earth.

"Keep watch, lithe goblin," said Faustus, "and mark me—if hostile steps approach our cave, troll forth the chorus of some merry roundelay to give us notice."

"Unquestionably, mighty Sir," replied the goblin, who forthwith took his station at the mouth of the cavern, as if to keep watch.

"Love, where art thou? Precious love?" demanded Faustus, turning towards an inner recess of the cavern. No answer responded to his amorous query. He paused a few moments, and advancing farther inward, repeated his

impassioned call, in tones as softly sweet, as meltingly seductive, as ever were inspired by Cupid. Soon creeping steps were faintly heard, as though stealthily proceeding from an inner gallery. Faustus clasped his hands with a gesture of impatience. "It is SHE!" he exclaimed in ecstasy.

"Love! dearest love!" he continued, apostrophising the yet invisible object of his adoration, "I await thee here with punctual fidelity. Oh! queen of my affections, I adore thee——"

"With my 'Ri tol loll!' and my 'tol lol de ri!'" sang out Prospero, the goblin watchman at the cavern's outer mouth.

"Damn Prospero!" muttered Faustus; "he'll spoil my heroics."

Prospero trilled forth another stave or two, and was then silent.

"Ay," said Faustus, "since he holds his tongue, all's right again. Oh, angelic Bardinette, delay not! open that invidious door, and

suffer me to tell you that I love you with each pulse of my fond and faithful heart! that I adore you with my ——”

“Rum-tum-tiddy-iddy, heigh-jee-woah!” again chaunted forth the admonitory Prospero.

“Curse that fellow!” muttered Faustus.  
“What is he at now?”

The alarm having passed, the guardian sprite was once more silent.

“What, Bardinette! still silent? can music melt thy obduracy?” and Faustus struck a chord or two on a guitar, that lay in the cave.

“Why did you let that fair young witch escape you, who sang so sweetly in the dance?” at length demanded Bardinette, speaking from the other side of the sable and impenetrable barrier. At the sound of her voice O’Sullivan shuddered, and the blood rushed back to his heart; he feared the tones were too familiar to him.

“ I left her,” answered Faustus, with an affectation of carelessness, “ because a red mouse, in the middle of her song, sprang out of her mouth.”

“ That was all right,” said Bardinette; “ be it enough that the mouse was not grey ;

‘ Do not disturb your hour of happiness,  
With close consideration of such trifles.’ ”

“ Come, fair Bardinette,” cried Faustus, “ open ! open ! would I could say ‘ open Sesame ! ’ and defy the barriers of opposing doors ! I burn with impatience to embrace thee, dear one ! fair one ! fond one ! ”

“ A witch is never won, unwooed, unsere-naded,” replied Bardinette.

Faustus added not another word, but snatched up the guitar, and immediately accompanied its chords with a characteristic “ ditty,” exquisitely chaunting the following

**Wizard's Serenade.**

" Hushed is the wind, the stars are clouded,  
Save one twinkling point on high :  
In sombre mists the moon is shrouded,  
Haste thee, love ! to ecstasy.

" Here, at the lonely, midnight hour,  
Impervious to intrusive eyes ;  
Where odorous flow'rets round our bow'r,  
Their fragrance wave in balmy sighs,

" Thy faithful Faustus waits—O, haste ;  
And list Love's rich, delicious lore ;  
O, linger not, sweet Witch ! nor waste  
The moments that return no more."

" Rum-ti-tum, tiddy, heigh-jee-woa !" cho-  
russed Prospero.

" Hark !" cried Bardinette, " we are inter-  
rupted."

A moment's attention from the listening ear  
of Faustus, allayed this apprehension ; and he  
resumed his ditty.

" An amorous witch, on yesternight,  
Came riding on a broomstick swift,  
Down yonder glen, by the pale moonlight,  
And proffer'd me, love's dearest gift.



“ ‘ Come, come to my cave !’ was her wanton lay,  
‘ And share the rich feast I ’ve made to-day.  
‘ I ’ve a table spread with dainties rare,  
‘ Which none but myself and my love must share.

“ ‘ I ’ve broth that is made of a murderer’s fat,  
‘ Distilled from his flesh on the gallows tree ;  
‘ Of the snake’s poison-fang, and the wing of bat,—  
‘ This dainty dish I ’ve cooked for thee.

“ ‘ Then come to my cave !’ was her wanton lay,  
‘ And share the rich feast I ’ve made to-day.

“ ‘ Of music sweet thou shalt have choice,  
‘ There ’s ever a concert rare in my cave ;  
‘ There ’s the adder’s hiss, and the frog’s croaking voice,  
‘ And the midnight moan from the churchyard grave.

“ ‘ Then come, my loved one, come with me,  
‘ To my den, beneath the blighted oak,  
‘ On the dun scorched heath, near the trysting tree,  
‘ Where the carrion crow and the raven croak.  
‘ Hark ! they call me ! Croak ! croak !  
‘ From the boughs of the huge old blasted oak.’

“ She then brushed my nose with her bushy tail,  
And poked my cheek with her curled horn ;  
But her wanton wiles were of no avail,  
For I repulsed her love with scorn.  
I spurn’d her table with dainties set,  
For my heart was pledged to my own Bardinette.

“ Then haste thee, love ! soon morn will rise  
And dawning streak the eastern sky,  
The melancholy night-breeze sighs,  
To think how fast the swift hours fly !”

“ Tol, lol ; tol de-rol de-rol de-ri !” chorussed  
Prospero.

Bardinette, apparently mollified by the strains of her wizard lover, opened the jealous door, through which streamed a line of brilliant light ; which, however, as it fell on a different side of the grotto from the deep recess where O’Sullivan and Mrs. Delacour were seated, did not reveal their presence to the inquisitorial eye of Faustus.

“ Do you really soon sail for France ?” inquired the fair witch, taking her seat with great sang froid at the side of the wizard.

“ In a month,” answered Faustus, “ all my plans will be ripe for execution ; and then, love,

“ ‘ Our bark shall bound o’er the dark, deep sea,  
Merrily ! merrily ! merrily !”

Don't you love the excitement of feeling yourself borne along on the ocean's foamy crest, with nought around, aloft, but the wide blue waters and the azure sky?"

"I hate the excitement of sea-sickness, and of pale-faced stewardesses, and the fetid effluvia of the cabin of a steam-packet. You know the sonnet to sea-sickness:

" ' There is a punishment for all my sins,  
Which, in their wisdom, if the gods award,  
I'd rather roast for ages, with hot pins  
Stuck through my flesh,—each pin in length a yard;  
It is, to have my disembodied soul  
Condemn'd to sail upon a shoreless sea,  
And to be sea-sick all eternity.' "

"Ah!" cried Faustus, "there is a salve for these transitory desagrémens."

"What is it?" asked the fair witch.

"Love," answered Faustus, with passionate emphasis, and catching the witch in his embrace.

"Yes," sighed Bardinette, "if love be

faithful and enduring ; but of *that* I sometimes entertain a doubt."

" Enchantress !" exclaimed Faustus, " you must not, shall not doubt ! And yet," he added pensively, after a moment's thoughtful pause, " since you mention doubts, I must say that there is a certain point, which, in order to make my own mind perfectly easy, I would gladly have cleared up."

" Name it," said the witch.

" Henry O'Sullivan," answered Faustus.

O'Sullivan started, but Mrs. Delacour forcibly retained possession of his arm, and prevented him from stirring.

" I have heard from a certain quarter," added Faustus, " that you early had a penchant for that Indian adventurer, and that since his reappearance from his two years' exile in the gorgeous East, your early prepossessions have returned in full force."

" Your suspicions are supremely absurd,"

replied Lucinda, (for, as our readers have doubtless anticipated, the witch was no other than Fitzroy's accomplished wife;) "O'Sullivan is almost a simpleton, and had once, I confess, the foolish presumption to offer me his hand, but what of that? I care not for him! rather let us think of the present—of the future ——"

"Of the future," replied Sir Henry Bradford, tenderly embracing Mrs. Mordaunt, "which opens such rich stores of felicity to our enjoyment. Oh! Lucinda! you have never been in Paris. You know not then the acme of human felicity. I shall speedily recover the losses I have sustained in England, with the aid of our Parisian faro-bank, which will be an inexhaustible mine of wealth."

Prospero here interrupted the speakers by chaunting forth a noisy chorus, which was quickly followed by the voices, footsteps, and laughter of a numerous party, who approached

the cavern, or grotto, from another apartment. Lucinda vanished through her door, closed and fastened it, and all was again involved in total darkness. Faustus took up his guitar, and, attended by Prospero, as goblin page, stalked through the rooms, chaunting wild and characteristic roundelays.

“ Will you await his return, and Lucinda’s, to hear more ? ” asked Mrs. Delacour.

“ Heaven forbid ! my heart is sick—sick to the very core. I will go home—this scene of noisy mirth makes me giddy.”

“ Was Dowton right ? ” asked Mrs. Delacour significantly.

“ Alas ! I fear he was.”

“ You *fear* ? are you not certain ? ”

They were now moving rapidly down one of the staircases leading to the great round room, and O’Sullivan was assuring Mrs. Delacour that had he not been rooted to the spot,

as if by magic, he would never have remained the invisible auditor of Lucinda's disgraceful arrangements.

"But," said he, "I shall warn her from plunging into final ruin—ruin both of soul and body—I shall expostulate ——"

"Do nothing," said Mrs. Delacour, "without consulting Mr. Kavanagh."

"How did you become aware of the amorous tête-à-tête that she proposed to enact with Sir Henry Bradford?"

"I learned it from Lady Bradford, who has long been aware of her husband's infidelities. She discovered—I know not how—the assignation at the masquerade, and the dresses of Lucinda and Sir Henry, and unreservedly spoke of the affair to me; and, on my mentioning what I had heard to Mr. Kavanagh, he immediately pointed out the mode in which the information could be turned to your benefit."

The next morning, at six o'clock, O'Sullivan was rolling along in one of the southern mail coaches, on his way to Castle Kavanagh.

"There is but one miraculous part of the transaction," said Kavanagh; "and that is, that this universal gossip, Mrs. Delacour, should have abstained from conveying a hint to Lucinda or Sir Henry Bradford to keep out of the grotto."

"Oh, that would have spoiled her own peeping," said Mrs. Kavanagh, "which sufficiently accounts for her silence. But she will certainly now contrive to let Lucinda know that O'Sullivan witnessed all her manoeuvres."

Mrs. Kavanagh was mistaken in this anticipation, for Mrs. Delacour had not any opportunity of conveying to Lucinda the intelligence in question. Lucinda quitted Dublin the following day *incog.*, in a carriage which was rapidly driven through the western outlets of



the city with the side blinds up, and which stopped at a lonely house on the Kilcullen road, where a gentleman hastily got in, and the vehicle immediately resumed its former rapid pace.

The gentleman was Sir Henry Bradford.

## CHAPTER X.

Wreck of a warrior pass'd away,  
Thou form without a name!

MALCOLM.

So, my brethren, if Principle guide not our actions, soul  
and body will alike become a miserable wreck.

LYNCH'S SERMONS.

O'SULLIVAN's spirits returned, with a freshness and rapidity that astonished himself.

"Make what one will of it," said he, "the whole affair is resolvable into this plain fact—that I have had a most blessed escape of a very worthless woman. Broken heart? pshaw! why may not a broken heart (even supposing that my own had suffered fracture) be restored as

well as a broken leg, or a broken arm? The only difference is, that the heart requires *moral* surgery, and the leg or the arm *physical*. For my life-long I have trained myself to conquer passion, and now, after a long and arduous struggle, shall passionate regret conquer *me*? By my father's hand it sha'n't! I am sorry for Lucinda—sorry that she seems in such a promising way to go to the devil—glad, exceedingly glad, that I am not her companion on the journey. Whatever the diversified amusements on the road may be, it must be acknowledged that the termination is not a peculiarly inviting one. Ah, no—common prudence should make every rational being avoid *that*. How many miserable, self-conceited asses there are, whose sole occupation in life appears to be an indefatigable, ceaseless effort, to lay up a plentiful store of everlasting misery!”

As the coach speeded merrily on, O'Sullivan experienced that interest which is always felt by

a traveller on revisiting the scenes of his boyhood after a sojourn in a distant land, even although his residence abroad may not have been of very long continuance. He saw the monumental pyramid erected by Lord Naas in the churchyard to the left of the road, and recognised, as an early friend, the dark sepulchral mass of stone. He swept beneath the embowering elms of the Earl of Mayo's park—passed through Naas; beheld, in quick succession, many a town and spire familiar to his eye; saw beneath him, in the valley to the right, the decayed old house of Belan, the deserted abode of the Earls of Aldborough; while on a gentle eminence at his left, was a small and airy temple, *once* in the centre of the Belan pleasure grounds, but *now* in the midst of a coarse pasture, undefended from the inroads of incursive cattle. Onward, onward, swept the coach, the steeds gently tickled by the delicate lash of Jemmy King, the most merciful whip on

the southern road. The peaked mountain of Mount Leinster majestically rose to the East; Colonel Bruen's deer-park, with its lines of old trees protected by their several palings from the antlered tribe, was passed in its turn; the town of Carlow, with its huge and ancient castle, and its new cathedral, opened on the view; horses were changed—Jemmy King, who had taken five minutes refreshment, remounted his throne, and the words, "All right!" from the scarlet-coated guardian of the rear, were the signal for a fresh start with a set of prancing greys.

Off we go! and ere long, the narrow confines of Carlow are passed, and the green, swelling pastures, and extensive stubbles of Kilkenny, spread before us. Mount Leinster still stretches at our left; the rough granite of its steep sides emitting an occasional sparkle in the cold wintry sunbeam. Our neighbour on the coachtop is a smart, intelligent, agreeable companion, on a journey—he is, peradventure, a Tighe, or a St.

George, from the neighbouring county of Wicklow ; or, it may be, a Vigors or a Kavanagh from Carlow. Be that, however, as it may, we are charmed with his manifest enthusiasm for the pleasures of the chase, and the unrestrained frankness wherewith he gives us all the advantage of his intimate acquaintance with the sporting localities of the country : he is not, either, a mere man of fox-earths and hunters ; his mind has been enlarged by travel, and his natural quickness of perception improved by constant mixture with the world. As the coach rolls along, he points to our view the vast towers of the Ormonds in the southern horizon, flanking the courts and angles of the ancient hereditary castle of Ireland's Chief Butler, that seems the giant guardian of the city of Kilkenny, which stretches at the base of the eminence on which the castle stands, with its celebrated qualities of

“ Fire without smoke,  
Air without fog,  
Water without mud,  
And streets paved with marble.”

That castle—with its ancient halls—its dreamy galleries—its store of portraits, of which many are almost as old as the walls that they adorn—its historic and romantic recollections—the unrivalled view commanded by its windows! How provoked we feel when our dream of chivalry is suddenly broken by the voice of a smart waiter from the Rose Inn, who informs us that dinner is on the table, and that as the coach only waits twenty minutes, we have not a moment to lose, if we mean to reach Clonmell to-night! The doom, however, is imperative; and we incontinently find ourselves seated at the *table d'hôte* of the Rose Inn, ingurgitating mulligatawny, or masticating Leinster mutton, with a haste that bodes evil to our powers of digestion; but we have spent a dozen truant

~~...the ...~~ the old castle, and a  
~~...the ...~~ on the guard's French-  
~~...the ...~~ to make up for our lost time.

.~~hour~~ is speedily concluded, and the early  
~~after~~ night having fallen already, we are  
~~some~~ passengers for the rest of our road to  
 Connell, where we sleep soundly until five the  
 following morning; at which period our repose  
 is invaded by a slipshod waiter, who leaves a  
 candle on our toilette-table, and informs us  
 that the Cork mail-coach will start in an hour.  
 We summon courage to dispel the pleasing  
 drowsiness of slumber; spring from our bed  
 with a sudden effort of desperate resolution, and  
 having despatched, with all convenient speed,  
 the duties of our toilette, descend to the lower  
 apartments, where a plentiful and excellent  
 breakfast awaits us. The horn sounds and the  
 coach appears; behold us once more upon  
 the roof; the cold moon shines over the quiet  
 empty streets, the glassy river, the leafless



woods of Marlfield, and the ancient limes and elms of Knocklofty. In passing the bridge at the northern end of Knocklofty, the wary coachman slackens his pace, for the wheels are destined to encounter an angle of ninety-six degrees in the roadway over the central arch, which has been rendered particularly dangerous by the hard frost of the preceding night. This "kittle-step" surmounted, we resume our rapid pace; the paling stars are gradually lost in the golden dawn, and the moon, who has hitherto done us much good service, modestly retires behind the distant hills, as if she felt disinclined to obtrude herself further on our attention, when her presence is no longer necessary. The sharp morning air is keenly exhilarating; the outlines of the mountains of Clogheen are clearly defined against the horizon. The coachman selects the left-hand road, which affords us a view of the lordly Gothic towers of Shanbally Castle, embosomed in their dark expanse of

aged oakwoods, and fronting the full beams of the morning sun. Clogheen is passed; we ascend a well kept road which gradually brings us to the summit of the Kilworth wastes, from which we command the stupendous Gaulty range of mountains to our right, with their steep, peaked, and jagged outlines. A faint and distant peep may be obtained of the castle of Mitchelstown, a truly magnificent monument of the splendour and opulence of the family of Kingstown.

Onward still we are whirled, through Kilworth's straggling village—have a momentary glimpse of Moore-Park's glen, and stream, and solitary tower; half a dozen miles bring us to Fermoy with its barracks like a ducal palace, and its streets decaying and deserted. We admire the broad and curving Blackwater;—learn with much satisfaction that Cork is only seventeen (Irish) miles before us, and, after a quarter of an hour's delay, are once more *en route* for

“the beautiful city.” We sweep by the hill of Corrin, enter Rathcormac, skirt Lisnegar and its trellissed range of cottages, pass by Kilshan-nick’s stately mansion, admiring, as we pass, the aged oak that fronts the entrance gate. Five miles farther, and lo! Watergrass Hill, of yore the residence of Father Prout of eccentric notoriety; it was here that the worthy ecclesiastic composed Greek stanzas and shod horses. The scene is now sterile, unpromising, and bleak, and it does not improve for four miles more; when the road, as if to reward the patience with which we have traversed its recent sterility, conducts us, by gracefully descending undulations, to the exquisite scenes of Glanmire. Here nature has lavishly scattered all the charms that wood, and hill, and water, can contribute to the picturesque; and through this lengthened avenue of loveliness, did our traveller, Henry O’Sullivan, reach the venerable city of Cork

moment directed the ideas of our hero, at least for a while, into another channel.

“How fares it with your parishioners?” said he, when the cloth was removed: “I deeply regretted to hear of poor Howlaghan’s fate.”

“Ah, that was a very sad business indeed. But Lord Ballyvallin’s subsequent councils, influenced by the amiable Walton, have been those of justice and mercy; so that matters have assumed an aspect far brighter than they wore some time ago.”

“Do you ever go to Knockanea?”

“Sometimes; not very often, however. I shall probably go there to-morrow, and you may as well accompany me; for I assure you Lady Ballyvallin never sees me that she does not particularly ask if I have recently heard of your movements.”

“Her ladyship does me much honour; I am

wholly at a loss to account for the interest she expresses in me."

"I dare say we may attribute it partly to the constant encomiums Mrs. Mersey,—I beg her highness's pardon,—the Princess Gruffenhauseu, pronounced on your merits."

"On *my* merits!"

"Yes—but do not be too much flattered; good looks and *naïveté* would have secured the good graces of that clever and somewhat romantic lady at any time."

In a day or two O'Connor and O'Sullivan went to Knockanea; and the latter was favoured with an invitation from Lord Ballyvallin to pass some days there. He accepted his lordship's invitation before he discovered that one of the guests at Knockanea was Mr. Fitzroy Mordaunt. He received this intelligence with rather an unpleasant feeling of surprise.

"But after all," he mentally demanded, "why should I avoid this man? He has pro-

bably done me good service in placing Lucinda beyond my reach, although it is possible,—just possible, that had I become her husband she might have turned out a different character. Be that, however, as it may, nothing is more certain than that, as matters now stand, it is somewhat better for me that the lady should be any body else's wife than mine."

O'Sullivan learned, that among the estates that had recently devolved to Fitzroy at the death of some antiquated uncle, there was one which was situated contiguously to Knockanea, and which Lord Ballyvallin was desirous to purchase. It was to conclude the arrangements of the sale that Fitzroy now visited his lordship.

Lord Ballyvallin had so far recovered from his late indisposition, as to be able to hobble about the shrubberies with his stick, and to drive to the farther entrance gate in his wheel-chair.

For two days after O'Sullivan's arrival, Fitzroy was invisible; on the third he appeared in languid elongation on a sofa in the breakfast parlour. His attitude was one of elegant exhaustion; and O'Sullivan gazed at the manifest inroads that disease had made upon his constitution, with a feeling of compassionate interest.

"How stout you look, O'Sullivan," said he; "India seems to have thriven with you famously in every respect."

"He has not been quite such a dissipated dog as *you*," said Stapylton, a brother officer of Mordaunt's, who had formerly known O'Sullivan.

"Stapylton," said Fitzroy, "did you ever procure that specimen of ancient Flemish tapestry, woven by the Klosz family, which you promised Lady Jacintha months ago?"

"Found it impossible hitherto," said Stapylton, "but I live in hopes."

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"I saw it in mynheer Heidenmeister's house,

at Hoogevecht," said Fitzroy; "it was woven on a loom two hundred years old, that had descended for eight generations from father to son."

"That was an *heir-loom*," said O'Sullivan.

"A pun, by Jove!" cried Mortaunt; "I laid that trap for you."

"And you meant to have caught yourself in it," said O'Sullivan.

Stapylton laughed, for he knew that Fitzroy was a constant dealer in the *impromptu fait à loisir*, and frequently laid pun-traps and quibble-springes, of which he took advantage with most innocent imaginable air of unconsciousness. Fitzroy was angry because Stapylton laughed, and because O'Sullivan saw that he had spread a deliberate snare for a vapid witticism. He changed the conversation from tapestries and Flemish looms, and began to inquire what Indian adventures O'Sullivan had met, seasoning his questions with a strain of prurient libertinism

that shocked and disgusted O'Sullivan, who gave unequivocal expression to his sentiments.

"O, I beg pardon—I forgot," said Fitzroy, with an air of sneering nonchalance; "you, I believe, are what we call a pattern man—is not that the phrase?"

"Not a pattern, indeed," replied O'Sullivan, calmly; "but I try to be a copy of such models as appear to be worthy of imitation. But *you*, Mr. Mordaunt—are *you* not a pattern man on the opposite side of the question? that is, a pattern of the charming, encouraging, consoling, invigorating effects of your favourite pursuits, on the *body*, as well as the mind?"

"Pooh!" said Mordaunt carelessly, "there's nothing new in that retort; it was made before now by the Abbé Morellêt to Grignac. As Sheridan observed of some one, you are indebted to your imagination for your facts, and to your memory for your wit."

"And *you*," retorted O'Sullivan, alluding to

Fitzroy's previous tone of libertinism, "are indebted to the brothel for your facts, and to its inmates for your wit. I must confess that I think my imagination and memory are rather more reputable sources of either wit or facts, than those on which you habitually draw."

"That's all a matter of taste," answered Mordaunt with an air of indifference; "such incomparably pious moralists as *you* are, would compel us to pass through the world on our knees, with our eyes turned up, and our hands clasped together in one long, canting, interminable prayer."

"And moralists of *your* class," returned O'Sullivan, "would compel their disciples to limp through the world upon crutches, their self-entailed debility requiring artificial assistance. Now, on every account I should prefer the kneeling plan, although it excites your derision; for it trains us to ask and to strive for a favourable lot in the world to come, but

not to anticipate the natural period of our exit from this; whereas *your* disinterested, self-devoting system too often hurries its votaries prematurely out of life,—*not* in the odour of sanctity, but in the odour of a pharmacopœia, which affords a pretty foretaste of the agreeable eternity they take such incessant pains to secure for themselves — Faugh! the very idea is revolting!”

“ Well,” said Fitzroy, “ you will at least admit there is no wisdom in anticipating evil.”

“ There is wisdom, I should think, in trying to avert it.”

“ Excellent cant for a parson or a monk,” said Fitzroy; “ but I do not pretend to the honours of either the pulpit or the cloister; I am a citizen of the world.”

“ A citizen of the world !” repeated O’Sullivan, exchanging his tone of sarcastic acidity for one of mild expostulation; for in very truth his disgust and contempt were overcome by his

unfeigned commiseration for the wretched being who endeavoured to sustain the cause of immorality; "a citizen of the world! a citizen of the empire of vice. Great God! and is *this* the use to which you perversely turn the intellect, the will, your Creator has given you? Your days are fleeting; you have probably shortened your span by intemperance. And yet you boast that your proficiency in vice is a citizenship of the world? Mordaunt, the immortal christian soul is a citizen not merely of the world, but of the universe—a citizen of eternity. How is it possible that vice can have so bewitched your reason, as to blind you to the claims of that immortal state upon which you must one day enter, while your whole attention is devoted to the fleeting concerns of this world, of which we shall speedily say, 'IT IS PAST!'"

The tones of O'Sullivan's voice thrilled with rich, expressive fervour, and his keen, black, penetrating eye, seemed as though it pierced



through the dark veil of time into that eternal world on which his hopes were fixed. Fitzroy was silent ; a sneer curled his lip ; the vapid and abortive sneer of callous, profligate indifference.

“ Can nothing rouse this miserable man ? ” thought O’Sullivan ; “ he is, indeed, extremely hardened.”

At length the oracle vouchsafed to speak. “ It were bad philosophy,” said he, “ to suffer the facilities of happiness, presented by kind fortune, to escape me unavailed of.”

“ Happiness ! ” repeated O’Sullivan, “ you certainly cannot be serious. You don’t pretend to tell me that *you* have found happiness, or that your course of life could possibly lead to it. There you lie, pinched by disease, of which the pains are not alleviated by a single consolatory reflection. Is *that* happiness ? ”

“ And there you stand,” quoth Fitzroy, “ a pillar of virtue, as you wish to persuade us ; and since you are so very personal, permit me to

inquire if any of the shots you ever aimed at happiness have brought down the game for yourself? There's a certain Lucinda, for instance, the possession of whom was once to have conferred on you exquisite felicity.—How has that affair ended?"

"Why, really," answered O'Sullivan, "the gentleman who *did* obtain her hand seemed so anxious to recover his liberty, that *he*, at least, would not seem to afford any proof of the lady's powers of bestowing happiness ——"

"Hush, hush," interposed Stapylton; "do not philosophize any longer—here comes Lady Jacintha."

The various members of the family now entered the room, and took their places at the breakfast-table. Lady Jacintha's forced composure of manner, and certain traces of recent indulgence in sorrow which she had not been perfectly successful in effacing, revealed to O'Sullivan's quick perception that her heart was

not at ease. Baron Leschen was planted at her side, and was indefatigable in his efforts to amuse and enliven her. His endeavours appeared to succeed, especially when reinforced by an epistle that arrived by the morning's post from the Princess Gruffenhausen, whose description of the stately, etiquettical, and philosophical *bixarrieries* of the Serene Fatalist's court of Krunks-Doukerstein, elicited a smile from her ladyship.

The letter of our animated and amusing acquaintance the ex-widow, we may take a future opportunity of presenting to our readers.

## CHAPTER XI.

*Gibbet.*—Well, gentlemen, 'tis a fine night for our enterprise.

BEAUX STRATAGEM.

IN about a week, the following brief billet was popped into O'Sullivan's hands by our old friend Padhre, whose debut on the stage of this veracious drama was made in the character of guardian to Father John O'Connor's sporting provision-store, somewhere in our first or second chapter. Thus ran the billet of which Padhre was the bearer :—

“ I write from Beamish's humble inn at the cross roads near Dwyer's Gift. I saw your

departure from Dublin announced in the papers, and I traced you immediately to Dwyer's Gift, and thence to Knockanea. I have followed you to claim your promise to assist me in the sale of my little *trousseau* ; I dare say you could coax a larger sum from Baron Leschen for it, than from any body else. I want much to see you about that, as well as other matters. Meet me to-night in the woodland path that leads to the old bridge of Glen Minnis ; whether you answer this or not, I shall await you at the end of the path at seven o'clock precisely.

“ I am, (*alas !*) dear Henry,

“ Too, too truly your's !”

“ She's a beautiful crature, masther Henry, whoever she is,” observed Padhre, when he saw that O'Sullivan had finished reading the note ;  
“ is she any relation to your honour ?”

“ No,” answered Henry.

“ Why then, I’d make bould to tell your honour ——” Padhre paused.

“ Speak out, Padhre, whatever you have got to say.”

“ Your honour won’t be angry, if I

“ Most certainly not.”

“ Well, then, what I’ve got to say is this; I don’t suspect your honour of any thing that isn’t quite right; but if it’s private business that’s bringing you to meet this handsome lady, I can tell you I’ve a notion you’re watched.”

“ Watched !”

“ Ay, watched, your honour. I was slashing along to your honour after getting the note from the lady, and who should come up to me but Maccleston, Mr. Fitzroy, Mordaunt’s new English wally-de-sham ; and, ‘ I say, boy,’ says he, ‘ who was that lady that I heard desiring you to bid Mr. Henry O’Malivan to be certain to meet her at the time and place mentioned in the

note?' 'Botheration, Mr. Maccleston,' says I, 'is it dreaming, or what is it, you'd be?' 'Ah, my lad,' says he again, 'I'm quite too ould a cock to be caught wid chaff, but I see you're an early bird, anyhow.' With that he winked, and off wid him. Now, as sure as a gun, he'll tell all that to his master when he's curling his hair, for every body about the great house knows, that he fetches and carries news for Mr. Fitz., just all as one as any spaniel."

Padhre's suspicions were well founded. Maccleston, in his humble department, was a constant caterer of gossip for his master. Of course, when arranging Fitzroy's chevelure before dinner, all that he had heard, all that he had fancied, and much that he did not hear, was copiously detailed for his master's delectation.

"Stapylton," said Fitzroy exultingly, "I've made an invaluable discovery—an assignation! between an anonymous charmer, of whom I can

only learn that she is transcendently beautiful, and—pray whom do you think ?

“ Lord Ballyvallin.”

“ Pshaw ! nonsense—guess again.”

“ Anastatius Montgomery Wingcote, the interesting pulpit *roué*.”

“ Worse and worse ! Come—I see your obesity will never be able to discover, without my assistance. What think you of O’Sullivan ? aye, laugh you may—our immaculate monitor, our spotless moralist, our stern instructor in the paths of rectitude.”

“ It’s devilish good, certainly,” said Stapylton, enjoying the discovery : “ what a capital idea it would be, Fitzroy, if one could get a set of trusty fellows to watch the amorous pair, and as soon as their tender endearments were commenced, to make a sudden rush upon them both, and toss them together in a blanket !”

“ Inimitable, faith ! inimitable !” exclaimed



Mordaunt in an ecstasy. "O, the rich idea of catching the exalted moralist with his darling Dollabella! and richer still, of tossing the magnificent *citizen of eternity* in a blanket! By all that's comical we'll do it—we'll do it ——"

"If you can get trusty men on whose fidelity you can rely, which I very much doubt," observed Stapylton.

"Oh, Maccleston, I'm certain, can manage all that," replied Mordaunt; "money does wonders, you know; and it's really worth bribing a few scoundrels, to enjoy the satisfaction of blanketing the *eternity-man*. The 'citizen of the universe!' the intolerable puppy! affecting such airs of supremacy, on the score of his pretended sanctity."

Maccleston was summoned, received his instructions, and entered with spirited zeal into his master's frolic.

"Mind," said Fitzroy, "the fellows must wear black crape upon their faces, for one

would wish to spare them the danger of being recognised, when embarking in such an adventure.

“Certainly, Sir,” replied the acquiescent valet; “but the nights are very dark.”

“And, Maccleston, are you positively sure that the bridge of Glen Minnis is the place, and seven o’clock the hour?”

“As sure as my ears could make me, Sir; I was standing close behind the stable door, and the lady gave Padhre the message and note in the doorway.”

Maccleston immediately proceeded to execute his master’s orders. He engaged four trusty fellows to watch at the appointed hour near Glen Minnis bridge, to each of whom he opened his frolicsome mission with the acceptable earnest of a golden *douceur*, accompanied with an assurance that the guerdon would be trebled, if the result of their enterprise should answer their employer’s expectations. “You’re all

stout Irish boys," said the dexterous envoy, with insinuating national flattery, "and I never yet heard of an Irishman who wasn't up to all manner of fun, in all its branches. You'll be sure, now, to give the lady and her lover a right, good, rattling, roaring, rollicking, jolting toss in the blanket?"

"Oh, Mr. Maccleston, honey! niver fear us. Be sure now to get a strong blanket, Mr. Maccleston—for if you don't, by the powers o' fun, we'll rattle it into a riddle."

"Be certain, boys, that I shall take very petticlar care o' that."

"Tundher an' ajers!" cried one of the quadruple alliance of blanket-shakers, "but my arms are jigging already to be at them."

"I've no more to say to you, genn'lmen," quoth Maccleston, "until we meet this evening, at the place and hour appointed; except only to caution you all to observe a strict and prudent silence on the business."

“ O, sartinly, sartinly, Mr. Maccleston, honey. We’re the prudentest, silentest, dacentest, quietest, honestest set of four boys, that ever broke heads at the fair o’ Ballinagrab.”

“ I haven’t a doubt in the world of it, genn’lmen,” responded Maccleston, “ and I wish you all good day until the time appointed.” And the valet bowed, and returned to report his success to his master.

“ May the devil throw snuff in your eyes, and make you pick your teeth with a walking-stick, you English spalpeen !” cried one of the “ honest, prudent, dacent boys,” as soon as Maccleston was out of hearing. “ What a green one you are, to fancy that *we* would lay so much as a finger in dishonour upon Mr. O’Sullivan.”

“ Owgh ?” exclaimed another of the party, interrogatively ; “ and is it masther Henry, that used to be out shooting with the priest, that they want us to sky in a blanket ?”

“ The very same man, Larry Mahoney.”

“ Why then, bad luck to their impudence. But how do you know masther Henry is the same?”

“ I know it from Padhre, the priest’s ould innocent *that was*—Troth Padhre isn’t innocent *now* ; he’s got wonderful bright ! It was Padhre got the note from the lady at Beamish’s inn to desire masther Henry to meet her—he tould me every sentence about it, before Macceston opened his lips—and—whisper, boys ! I’ve a notion who the lady is—a bird at the shebeen chirruped something to Padhre, and Padhre has a notion that he saw her half a dozen times before, riding out with the Knock-anea quality, or rowling about in the Knock-anea coach —— ”

“ Yeh, Barny, who is she ? ” said one of “ the boys.”

“ Yerra, tell us, Barny, will you ? ” said another.

- Ducheration, Barry, will you speak?"  
said the third.

"Mrs. FITZROY Mordaunt, and no other,"  
Barry answered, "who split from her husband,  
and ran the devil's rig besides, they say; and  
Paddy says, that from her look, and her way,  
and her talk, and all about her, he'd bet a new  
frock trusty as a pair of tattered breeches,  
that she wants to fasten herself now on master  
Henry's back—they say he was her sweetheart  
long ago, before he went to Ingee, and then  
she broke her faith to him, and married that  
little grasshopper Mordaunt, that has legs like  
a kangaroo, and a neck like a poker, and feet like  
two shovels! And to quit the likes of Mr.  
Henry for such a rapscallion as that! oh,  
blame!"

- And does Fitz. know his wife is the one  
that has deserted our master Henry?" de-  
manded Larry Mahoney.

"Not he, to be sure. If he did, I suppose

he wouldn't toss them together in a blanket, for all how bad he is."

"By Saint Patrick, I've an elegant plan in my head!" cried Larry Mahoney, snapping his fingers with delight. The self-same idea occurred simultaneously to all the four blanket-shakers—it rushed through their minds like electricity, and with true Irish glee they all capered and pranced in anticipated enjoyment of the project which all had alike conceived.

Barney Delany had often in his earlier days been Henry O'Sullivan's shooting attendant, and was warmly attached to him; and Larry Mahony had once experienced his bounty at a period of great family distress. To the two other men, O'Sullivan was not personally known; but they willingly adopted the favourable view of his character so warmly put forward by Barney and Larry, who would both have almost as soon bestowed on Saint Peter as

on "masther Henry," the salutiferous and somewhat sudorific exercise to which Mordaunt and Stapylton had destined the unsuspecting O'Sullivan.

Lord Ballyvallin never dined until eight o'clock, so that Mordaunt calculated he should have ample time for his frolic before dinner. The night was very dark and frosty; but he ventured to encounter the chill air, enveloped in an ample Spanish cloak. Desirous to avoid being prematurely seen by the fair incognita, he avoided the footway; and accompanied by Stapylton, Maccleston, and "the quiet, dacent boys," he advanced with noiseless steps along a grassy glade, well known to his rustic attendants, that swept in a gentle curve through the centre of the wood, and opened on the pathway at the bottom of the glen. They were not long stationed in the spot selected by Barny, who acted as guide to the localities, when a form



was faintly, *very* faintly, discerned in the darkness, emerging from the shadowy woodland path upon the bridge.

“ I wonder whether that is the cock or the hen ? ” whispered Mordaunt to Stapylton.

“ Oh, the hen, certainly ; I think I saw the waving of a veil, and as well as I can discern in the gloom, O’Sullivan is much taller.”

The lady, meanwhile, quite unconscious of her proximity to the hidden host, reclined on the mossy battlement of the bridge. She crossed her hands upon her breast, in anxious, pensive expectation : but this movement, of course, was invisible to Mordaunt and his party. Ten minutes thus elapsed, and to the fidgetty impatience of Fitzroy they seemed as many hours.

“ Deuce take our virtuous precisian,” said he to Stapylton ; “ what if he does not mean to keep his assignation ? ”

Barney overheard this whisper, and instantly

profited by it. Breathing his instructions into Larry's ear, he stealthily moved away some paces from his party; and then, suddenly emerging on the bridge from a different part of the wood, he confidently approached the fair veiled form that reclined against the battlement.

"My own, own Henry!" faltered forth Mrs Mordaunt, in the very faintest accents audible; "my heart told me that you would not disappoint my hope of meeting you."

Barny Delany had infinitely too much tact to hazard a shriek, or a premature discovery, by attempting to reply; he therefore only sighed.

"Will we tip 'em the blanket now, your honour?" whispered Larry to Fitzroy.

"Yes—by all means," answered the party appealed to.

Immediately the adventurous Fitzroy found himself whisked aloft by some half dozen stalwart arms, and as suddenly consigned to the

womb of a capacious fleecy blanket, in companionship with the fair unknown, who joined her screams with his furious threats and exclamations.

The whole movement was so instantaneous, so totally unexpected, and the darkness around was such an effectual aid to the plot of the blanket-shakers, that neither Stapylton nor Maccleston were in the least aware that Fitzroy enjoyed, in person, the honours he had destined for O'Sullivan. His cries for emancipation from his fleecy prison were nearly stifled in their utterance; and both his friend and his valet, for some minutes, were under the undoubting impression that Mr. Henry O'Sullivan was suffering the pains and penalties of a first-rate tossing. It appeared that Barny and Larry had secured the assistance of Padhre, and some other volunteers; for the instant that their brawny arms felt at all fatigued from the weight of the blanket and its contents, their

places were taken by a fresh detachment, who performed their arduous duties *à merveille*.

“ Blood and thunder!” roared Fitzroy:  
“ let me out—I shall be stifled—choaked!”

“ Shake him well, Jerry Hennigan—never crack cry, my boy.”

“ Damn you for a pack of savage vagabonds—will you let me out before I’m dead, I say?”

“ Shake away, like blazes, boys! shake as if you never *shuck* before!” and the shaking was fearfully redoubled.

“ O, for pity’s sake, let us out! let us out!”  
cried Lucinda.

“ Hell and furies!” yelled Mordaunt, “ my wife’s voice! Stapylton—Maccleston! let me out of this cursed stifling cage! she is sticking her nails in my eyes, I tell you. Damnation! will you let me out? She’ll scratch me to pieces!”

“ Shake away, my hearties!” roared out Barney; “ nothing like it, boys! shake! rowl!

jumble them into good humour with each other."

"Stapylton! Maccleston! Maccleston! Stapylton! I tell you this'd——d she-tiger won't leave an inch of skin unscratched upon my face! Have you no compassion?"

"Execrable man!" screamed Lucinda; "what odious, unprincipled trick is intended?"

The merciless Barny and Co. continued to shake unremittingly. The inmates of the blanket suffered such awkward contusions from their frequent concussions, that, in order to avoid their recurrence, they were at length compelled, in self-defence, to embrace each other with as firm a grasp as the incessant bumping and jerking permitted. Never was so firm an embrace bestowed with such cordial, mutual detestation, on the part of the embracers. Clapsed in each other's arms, they interspersed their cries for liberation with the bitterest

taunts, the most pungent criminations, and re-criminations.

“Barney! Larry!” cried Mordaunt, “I’ll give you gold if you’ll only let me out—this she-bear will hug me to death, if you don’t. I’ve no more chance with her than a cat in hell without claws.”

When the blanket-shakers conceived that punishment enough had been inflicted upon Mordaunt, they *then* (and not one moment sooner) released him from his durance. Lucinda, in despair of seeing O’Sullivan, crawled back to her miserable inn, more dead than alive; and Fitzroy, who was wholly unable to walk, was hoisted home to Knockanea, panting, breathless, and exhausted, on the shoulders of Stapylton and Maccleston.

“Why the devil did you not let me out?” he angrily said.

“Because, my dear fellow,” said Stapylton,

“ some minutes had elapsed before we found out that you were *in*; and when at length a complaining stave or two *did* reach our ears from your woollen prison, you informed us that your wife was caged up with you there. Now, even had Barny and his lusty crew permitted us, you know that politeness would have certainly prevented our rudely breaking in upon a conjugal tête-à-tête.”

Fitzroy replied with a wrathful execration, and swore he would fight Stapylton and dismiss Maccleston. Stapylton swore, in return, that he would *not* fight Fitzroy; and Maccleston pleaded his own cause with dexterous address.

On entering the house Fitzroy resumed his feet, much to the relief of his bearers; but his wrathful emotions were awfully aroused on beholding the “ citizen of eternity,” as he spitefully nicknamed O’Sullivan, walking through the hall to the dining-room in innocent uncon-

sciousness of all that had occurred. On receiving Lucinda's note, O'Sullivan had promptly resolved that he would not meet the writer. The scene he had witnessed at the masquerade had fully revealed her real character, and confirmed the truth of Dowton's information. He addressed to her a cold, admonitory letter, in which he stated his positive resolution never again to meet her on terms of acquaintance; stating his motives for forming an unfavourable opinion of her discretion, and impressively exhibiting the awful termination of her present course of life, from which, as a christian and a fellow-being, he earnestly implored her to desist.

This epistle awaited her at Beamish's inn on returning from her blanketeering adventure.



## CHAPTER XII.

And now, sweet PEACE, our bosoms deign to bless,  
Thou foretaste of celestial happiness !  
*Our's*, if we walk in virtue's straitened path ;  
Rich jewel that the dissolute ne'er hath !

WEBBER.

“ And now,” said Kavanagh to O’Sullivan, when they met once more at Castle Kavanagh, “ you have gone through a tolerably respectable portion of scenes and adventures, and will you allow an old friend to take the liberty of asking if you will still persist in adding matrimony to the number of your exploits ? ”

“ I do not think that such a dénouement is absolutely necessary,” answered O’Sullivan, laughing ; “ nevertheless, I am now, thank

Heaven, perfectly heart-whole, and have not the smallest objection to act under prudent advice on a question so important. Candidly, what would you recommend me to do?"

"To marry Isabella," replied Kavanagh.

"To marry Isabella! I beg pardon for repeating your words, but I should really have deemed such an alliance so unattainable, so ——"

"Of course I mean," resumed Kavanagh, deliberately, "providing that *she* will marry *you*, and that *you* have no objection."

"Both indispensable preliminaries, certainly. For the last, I know not yet if I can answer; but for the *first* ——"

"Why should you deem my niece's hand unattainable?" asked Kavanagh.

"Because I had fancied that Mr. Jonathan Lucas and Mordaunt had given her such a dislike to our sex as could not be lightly or easily surmounted."

“ They unquestionably taught her to look sharp, and trained her to detest all selfishness, hypocrisy, and double-dealing. But I am very much mistaken if Isabella has been merely a *one-sided* pupil ; she has also learned, not only to prize, but to discern, the existence of virtue in our sex ; and even if the excellent principles in which she was trained had not previously taught her the lesson, she would have seen, from Fitzroy’s odious conduct to his miserable wife, how wofully a woman mistakes who seeks happiness in becoming connected with a *roué*. Now *you*, my dear young friend, have invariably held libertinism in contempt. Believe me that *this* is a merit to which Isabella’s experience has trained her to be eminently sensible. Try your chance with her at once, and may fortune favour your enterprise.”

O’Sullivan said that an immediate decision was impossible ; that, however, so exceedingly

tempting a suggestion should receive, as it merited, his best consideration.

Meanwhile, Knockanea became the scene of a nuptial festivity.

Lady Jacintha had been long and passionately attached to Baron Leschen, whose protracted residence at her father's house had enabled her to see, or to fancy that she saw, in the Baron, a strong and increasing attachment to herself. Yet the magic words, so ardently expected, were as yet unpronounced; those words, for which the voluptuous whirl of the waltz, or the soft alternation of repose upon the pillowed ottoman, afford such deliciously tempting facilities. For some time the rival charms of Mrs. Mersey accounted for Leschen's delay in the offer of his hand; his heart was in all probability held in cruel equipoise by the conflicting attractions of "dat lifelich widow" and Lady Jacintha. This cause, however, had been

long removed, for the ex-Mersey had been swept off in the telegraphic vrowtchsk to preside at Krunks-Doukerstein. Meanwhile, Baron Leschen *said* agreeable things, *looked* delightful things, and *sighed* unutterable things. Notwithstanding repeated delay, Lady Jacintha experienced an internal hope, amounting nearly to assurance, that some time or other the agreeable and handsome German would propose. She knew the slow solidity of the German character; she knew the ample time that Germans usually took, ere deciding upon any measure of importance; in fact, the only exception she had ever met to the stately, slow, solemnity of German movements, was the winged fleetness of the Fatalist's whirlwind vrowtchsk, which had more than once threatened the limbs and lives of its terrified occupants. But Leschen drove no electric vrowtchsk of this description, and was satisfied that things should take their sober course, at the usual

moderate Teutonic rate. Since the Fatalist's departure, he had not so much as once adverted to the rapid, mystic Destiny that sits on the coach-box of human events, capriciously jerking the reins at the most inconvenient and perplexing junctures. For Leschen, "the Mighty and Ponderous Mystery" appeared to possess no charms. Content to dwell among realities, he gazed for almost two years on the charms of Lady Jacintha; and then, when her ladyship was just on the eve of resolving to entrust her matrimonial destinies to the chances of a London season, he opened his lips, and out crept the long-expected declaration.

Her ladyship's reply was in the affirmative.

"I tank you, mine dear lady," said the grateful Baron, pressing her fair hand to his lips; "I fery much tank you, indeed. I am fery, fery habby, now. O yes, indeed—mine heart enjoys perfect felicity."

Lady Jacintha internally wondered that the

Baorn had not long before made an effort to acquire the possession of perfect felicity.

“ I would haf made de offer of mine hand to you long time ago,” said Leschen, “ only dat it has not efer been de customs of our family to do tings in any haste. Mine great, great-grand-fader, Count Ethelbold Wolfganger Kleigenmaüer, vas feifteen years making love to de beautiful Adeline Hartsburgh, and at last dey were married in great splendour. Mine grand-fader shortened de period to twelf years ; and my own honoured fader abridged it still further to ten. And I—oh, yes, yes indeed ! most charming and amiable Jacintha ! haf shortened it for *your* dear, precious sake, beyond all de examples you can find, if you search in de books of our House dat contain all our Chronicles, in de archives of de left-hand wing of de old baronial Library of mine castell of Schloss-Leschenhaus.”

Lady Jacintha smiled her very best ; and felt, as in duty bound, a sufficient share of

gratitude for the ardent attachment that had spurred her steady German lover to a haste so utterly unprecedented in the solemn and stately amours of his baronial ancestry.

A day was fixed for the celebration of the nuptials; but an event occurred which necessarily interposed a brief delay. What this occurrence was, we shall leave Mr. Walton to explain.



CHAPTER XIII.

And is he gone? for ever gone?

*Monody on the Death of his Most Sacred Majesty,  
George IV.*

FROM THE REV. HERBERT WALTON TO THE  
REV. JOHN O'CONNOR.

“ My dear Friend,

“ At your request I write a brief detail of the dying hours of Mr. Fitzroy Mordaunt. The unhappy libertine is dead. Stapylton was in the room at the time, and I trust that the awful spectacle will teach him to *think*; a lesson which I much fear Mordaunt never learned till too late.

“ Mordaunt’s health, you are aware, had long been in an extremely precarious condition ; about a fortnight ago, however, he rallied for some days, but this brief amendment was speedily followed by a dangerous relapse, which was partly brought on, I believe, by his disregarding the orders his physician had given respecting his diet.

“ Notwithstanding the severity of a disease induced by profligate indulgence, the wretched invalid does not seem to have yielded his mind to a single impression that could tend to improve his prospects of eternity. I incessantly urged all that the precepts of the Gospel so clearly and expressively enforce ; but I was met with callous inattention, and sometimes with sneers.

“ Meanwhile the sands of life were running fast ; no mortal hand could stay their rapid progress. The physician said that yesterday would prove the crisis : his opinion was correct.

“ Morning dawned ; the last that was destined to rise on the mortal career of the miserable Mordaunt. He now, for the first time, seemed to be thoroughly aware of the unspeakable horrors of his dreadful condition. Oh, how awful, how unutterably hideous, is the state of a being whose mind is *first* awakened to a full sense of religious duties trampled on, religious obligations scorned and neglected, when stretched upon the bed of death ! when, yet a few more fleeting moments, and the soul will be tried and judged by the law she has habitually broken, spurned, and defied !

“ Such was the condition of Fitzroy. May I never, never, witness such another dying scene ! The agony of his mind made him callous to the torture of his body. He felt that he was dying, yet not a single ray of hope or comfort beamed on the boundless, the unfathomable gulph into which he was inevitably hastening. He grasped the objects that were nearest—he clung to the curtains, to the bedclothes,

as if by so doing he could lay a detaining hold on life ; he cast a convulsive look at me, as if I could assist him to avert the final agony. At length his struggles ceased, and the body lay still.

“ But *the soul*——whither had *she* flown ?

“ The miserable libertine is gone ; and his cheerless, hopeless, yet instructive death, elicited a fervent prayer from Stapylton, that his own latter hour might *not* resemble that of Mordaunt.

“ Oh, my valued friend, how transcendently beautiful is the holiness of youth ! how lovely to behold the early morning of the christian’s life, his youthful health, and strength, and vigour, devoted to his Maker’s service ! to see him advancing with humble, yet undeviating steps, along that path which alone can conduct him to eventual happiness !

“ What unspeakable fatuity to calculate, as many deliberately do, that God will accept the dregs, the refuse of our lives, if their spring-

tide strength and freshness have been wasted in the service of Satan !

“ ‘ Be not deceived,’ says Saint Paul ; ‘ for those who do these things shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.’ ”

“ Let us both incessantly urge this immortal truth upon our flocks ; it is one on which *no* difference of opinion can exist between our churches.

“ I am, my dear Sir,

“ Your attached and faithful friend,

“ HERBERT WALTON.”

“ Knockanea,  
“ December 18, 1834.”

Father O'Connor perused his friend's letter with deep interest, and carefully put it in his desk, to enrich a collection of similar details of ministerial experience, in which he was anxiously engaged.

O, that the vicious and dissolute might witness the unspeakable pangs of such an end as

Mordant's! the spectacle would teach them, in language more forcible than words, the awful fatality of those who never labour to make the requisite provision for that great and final journey that awaits all men at the close of their mortal existence.

"It is all too true," exclaimed Stapylton, who was deeply impressed with what he had witnessed: "men who would not travel from Dover to Calais without making ample, nay, superfluous preparation for every comfort on the passage, spend the whole of their lives without making a single preparation for the all important journey from Time to Eternity! In sober truth, the immoral man is an ineffable idiot, if wisdom consists (as it certainly does) in making the concerns of the greatest importance our principal object. There lies poor Mordant, stark and stiff—and where, where in the name of common sense, are all his poisonous pleasures now? what advantage does he now derive from all the seductive blandishments,

the ensnaring indulgences, that lured him to destruction?"

"Ay," observed Walton, who was pleased at the salutary lesson that Stapylton derived from the death of the profligate—"we may ask, in the language of Saint Paul, 'What profit have ye, in the things whereof ye are now ashamed?'"

Fitzroy's remains were forwarded to Yorkshire for interment in the family vault. A strange predilection this, and one with which the writer of these pages entertains no sympathy. Doubtless, if we die in the vicinage of our hereditary cemetery, no reason exists why our bones should not lie side by side with the bones of our fathers. But if we die at a distance from our family burying-place, it is hard to assign a rational cause for the inconvenient and expensive transfer of a poor unconscious carcase, merely in order to place it in the subterranean company of a particular set of the decaying relics of mortality. At all such *post-mortem*

expeditions (and, indeed, at fully five-sixths of ordinary funeral honours) the writer feels strongly impelled to exclaim, in the cynical language of Prince Gruffenhausen—"Pofe! it is all one great foolishness!" Few things, indeed, appear more absurdly and lamentably ludicrous (at least in our humble estimation) than the notion of whisking a corpse across the empire, in order that a senseless mass of mouldering clay should be formally deposited in the midst of any particular subterranean coterie! presuming, as we modestly venture to do, that the juxta-position is not fraught with any interest either to the inanimate tourist himself, or to the previously assembled relics of his race, among which he is placed by the family-pride of the survivors.

We return for a moment to Lucinda. To such as feel interested in the due development of minor details, we may mention that the fickle Sir Henry Bradford, smitten with the charms of some new enchantress, had deserted her



immediately after the commencement of their unprincipled connexion. She forthwith made the effort, of which the reader is aware, to regain her influence over O'Sullivan ; an effort which O'Sullivan's good sense and deeply rooted principle, aided by a full, though tardy knowledge of her character, enabled him to defeat. Her brother, strongly urged by Kavanagh's remonstrances, extended to his erring and unfortunate sister, the hand of fraternal charity and reconciliation. She now inhabits a cottage near Martagon, where she lives in the deepest retirement. That instruction, which if given in her childhood might probably have shielded her against the crimes and follies into which she fell, is now imparted to her by an excellent divine, who assures us that he entertains warm hopes that the strength and fervour of her penitence may equal the extent of her former iniquities.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Oh, what a plague is etiquette !

STEPHEN RACKETT'S ADVENTURES.

HER Highness, the ex-widow, was by no means oblivious of her Irish friends. Ere she became aware of Lady Jacintha's union with Leschen, the princess indited the following epistle to her ladyship :

“ Krunks-Doukerstein, October 14, 1834.

“ You tell me, my dearest Jacintha, that you feel much anxiety to know if the torch of the German Hymen is unfading in its lustre, and undying in its warmth. The question is certainly a natural one, from a woman in your

present circumstances; nevertheless I should scarcely think that a matrimonial flambeau in the Fatalist's hands, could enable you to form a correct idea of the fervour or brightness of a torch such as Leschen would unquestionably wield.

“ You say Leschen is slow. My dear, his ancestry were slower. They made love at a snail's pace. They marched with a solemn, measured, pompous step through Cupid's flowery paths, conceiving that the sportive and frolicsome evolutions of many of his little winged godship's customers, were altogether inconsistent with the stately honours and hereditary dignity of the antediluvian house of Leschen. You will make allowances for hereditary practices and prejudices in a far-descended German baron; and I fervently entreat you to assure yourself that Leschen loves you; he is doubtless somewhat slow in bringing forth his declaration; but if I know any thing of men (and I modestly conceive my own

experience unimpeachable), I tell you that *out* it will eventually come. And do not try to hurry him, or pique his jealousy by affecting partiality for any body else. Leschen is not the man to be won by those tactics, and we both are agreed that he is well worth winning. All that remains for you is patience; occasional displays of sensibility (for Leschen is one of the kindest hearted creatures breathing); indefatigable waltzing when your friend is so disposed; unruffled self-possession and good temper in all possible emergencies; incidental tales of the pre-Adamite power and glory of your barbarous O'Callaghan ancestry, in order to convince him that you stand on a level with the Leschens, and the Wittemboldts, and Grumppenbergs; and firstly, secondly, and lastly,—patience, patience, patience!

“ Now, Love, after having thus offered you my counsel, and expressed my expectation that if followed it will lead you to success, I must proceed to reply to your inquiries respecting

the agrémens of my own hymeneal lot ; which I do, with a fervent desire that your's may be a happier one.

“ The castle of Krunk-Doukerstein is a structure of vast strength and extent, fortified, and double fortified with bastions, entrenchments and outworks innumerable, which stretch along the summit of a steep and ridgy height, at the foot of which rolls along the broad, deep Rhine.

“ You know my ardent enthusiasm for wild scenery, and how fearlessly I used to climb the wild rocks of Glengarriff, and Ghoul, and Hungarie hill. The scenery here is magnificent, but, alas ! I can only enjoy it from my windows, or from the esplanades and terraces ; for one morning soon after my arrival, I was tempted by its beauty to extend my walk beyond the limits of his highness's park, when, lo ! I was suddenly recalled by the timely admonition of a gatekeeper, who warned me that the woods were infested with bears. I accordingly

made haste to return, as you may easily imagine. An embrace from a bear would be far more disagreeable in its results than an embrace from my most serene, though somewhat bearish spouse. My walks have, of course, been ever since restricted to the park, which, though large, is so sunk among hills of unattainable height, that it commands no external view ; and to the gardens, which, to do them every justice, are designed with exquisite judgment, and kept with princely magnificence.

“ Now for my conjugal comforts—*um*—I don’t well know what sort of sermon to preach upon this text, Jacintha.

“ You would scarcely have imagined, from the air of philosophic and contemptuous cynicism, with which his highness habitually regarded all things not immediately connected with the solemn study of *Das Schicksal*, that in very truth he is as strict a martinet in the most insignificant minutiae of courtly etiquette, as the merest master of the ceremonies extant.

Regardless himself of even the requirements of ordinary *bienstances*, he is strict to a ludicrous degree in enforcing obedience to his ceremonial dicta on the part of all others: Last evening I saw his serene physiognomy redden, and quickly lose all traces of serenity; certain sounds of angry import quickly found their way through the superincumbent moustache; I looked around for the object of his highness's ire, and at length ascertained that the culprit was a brave old field-marshal who had done good service in the wars of the empire, and whose present offence consisted in his making his appearance at our highness's court, with only *two*, instead of *three* rows of lace upon his collar, or some such foolery, in defiance of a recent sumptuary regulation promulged by the monarch of Krunks-Doukerstein!

“ But if all the miseries of serene etiquette, were confined to a few such external ebullitions as this, I should not much care, although I should undoubtedly smile at these traits in a

man whose unceasing exclamation at the ordinary concerns of life, was ‘Pofe! it is all von grand foolishness!’ But oh, my Jacintha, may you never know what it is to live, to move, to have your being, in an atmosphere of princely etiquette such as that to which I am condemned; and which mingles strangely with some of his highness’s pursuits.

“The hairy prince, you are aware, is *un peu philosophe*; and accordingly, three evenings in every week are set apart for the assembling of a coterie of sçavans; whose enlightened conclave I am peremptorily summoned to join. These sçavans, as well as the prince, smoke cigars with true German *empressement*; so that I am nearly suffocated in the mingled vapours of philosophy, and India’s potent weed.

“You will naturally think that deliberations thus arranged, evaporate *in fumo*; and truly I cannot see that the ‘ponderous mysteries,’ the ‘mighty doctrines,’ or the philoso-



phical conceptions broached on these occasions, appear likely to produce any practical result. Our learned society comprises an astrologer (an astrologer, Jacintha, in the nineteenth century !) two oriental travellers ; a man, who says he almost succeeded in achieving the resuscitation of a mummy in one of the Egyptian pyramids ; musicians, historians, physicians, and a mathematician who confidently speaks of being able to discover the perpetual motion. I am sometimes compelled to take part in these profound deliberations, for if I waxed sulky, and stubbornly held my peace, his highness would not feel the smallest hesitation in exclaiming,

“ ‘ Speak, mine Wife of Destiny ! show these learned philosophers that it has not been mine schiksal to be married to a senseless, brainless, fräüenzimmer. Mein wort ! you nefer ceased to chatter before we were married, and I schwear by de Hand of Glory dat you shan’t be silent now !’

“ Accordingly, all I have for it, is to be

as philosophical as any of our learned coterie, who repeatedly appeal to my opinion on contested points, as they perceive that the Prince is thus indirectly, but effectually, flattered. The mathematician asked me, a few nights since, my opinion of his theory of the perpetual motion. ‘My good Glauberstein,’ said I, ‘I admire it much, but I far prefer my own. Perhaps you are not aware that I discovered the perpetual motion many years ago.’

“ ‘Mine heafens!’ exclaimed Glauberstein, emitting a voluminous cloud from his cigar; ‘but your highness is a marfellous philosophix! And may I ask what is the originating principle, in your highness’s theory, of this wonderful perpetual motion?’

“ ‘Self-interest,’ answered I, with great gravity, ‘has, in all ages of the world, been the source of perpetual motion. Self-interest keeps all the world astir—self-interest produces more exertion, more alacrity, more effort, in short, more ceaseless energy than all other

causes united. It is the real *perpetual motion*.'

" His highness condescended to approve. ' Of course you mean a *moral* motion, Madam ?' said the mathematician.

" ' Moral and physical,' said his highness ; ' mine Wife of Destiny has spoken words of wisdom. Pofe ! pofe ! pofe !' These ' pofes !' you will observe, were not cynical exclamations ; they were merely the complacent ejections of cigar-smoke.

" But the most provoking portion of the minutely elaborate and interminable etiquette of the House of Krunks-Doukerstein, is the stately ceremonial that encumbers our motions in the naturally simple process of going to bed. Eleven o'clock no sooner strikes, than the folding-doors of the great saloon fly open. His highness bows with an air of surly condescension to his courtiers, who quit the apartment at the signal, and assemble in a spacious hall, on each side of which, a broad, easy staircase of marble, with gilded balusters, ascends to

a gallery which overlooks the hall. In the centre of this gallery there is a door that opens on our dormitory suite. The ceremonial of ascending these staircases is a terrible trial of one's patience. I mount the right-hand stair with measured step, my train borne up by two youthful pages, and my progress accompanied by six nymphs clothed in azure silk and silver tissue, bearing blazing tapers in their hands. Keeping accurate pace with my advances, Prince Gruffenhausen slowly marches up the left-hand stair, his train supported also by a brace of pages, and his steps illuminated by the brilliant tapers borne by six goodly youths bedecked in glittering liveries. When half our ascent has been accomplished, we make a sudden halt; there is a clash of cymbals and triangles; his highness looks over at his Wife of Destiny, and bows; I return his serene salute with my stateliest, most graceful curtsy. Our rival cavalcades are then once more in motion, until we reach the door of the dormitory suite. Here there is another halt; the prince ap-

proaches me, waves his hand, and says, 'Enter your dormitory, Madam.' I accordingly march forward, holding up my head extremely high, with an air of incomparable dignity; and in less than a minute I am followed by a gentleman-usher, who enters the ante-room, and asks me whether his highness, the prince, has permission to follow? I very graciously reply in the affirmative, on which the Serene Man enters. This important event is immediately announced by a stunning roll upon the Turkish drum, which is echoed by roll after roll along the esplanades, and bastions, and outworks of the guarded and fortified castle of Krunk-Doukerstein. The prince then takes his seat in a fauteuil (which must have been constructed when giants inhabited the earth), and calls for his night draught. His call is instantly answered by three of his gentlemen, of whom one holds aside his right moustache, another his left, while the third acts as cupbearer, holding the vessel to the lips of his highness, who seems to derive much satisfaction from this

somewhat ceremonious deglutition of its contents. The attendants then decamp; and if the night be clear, *mon prince* repairs to a little observatory, where he plunges, forthwith, into weighty calculations of his horoscope, aided by his friend, the astrologer. He lately calculated that his Schiksal had decreed his death upon a certain day and hour, and he awaited the event with extremely philosophical composure—the only difference displayed in his habits, so far as I observed, was, that during the interval, he smoked fully double his usual number of cigars. When the day and hour arrived, and proved that his astrological calculations had deceived him, he gave utterance to a sulky “Pofe!” and seemed really rather disappointed at this practical proof of his unskilfulness in augury. Shall I venture to whisper to my dearest Jacintha, that I was, perhaps, a little disappointed too? Adieu, love; I am always your affectionate

“AMELIA-ELEONORA GRUFFENHAUSEN.”

**CHAPTER XV.**

**Il faut manger pour vivre.**

**FRENCH PROVERB.**

It was high festival in the great dining-hall of the Castle of Krunks-Doukerstein. Prince Gruffenhausen occupied an elevated seat at the head of the long table, enjoying the luxury of tainted sucking pig, with sour cream for sauce ; which savoury mess had, in former days, been recommended to German epicures by the royal example of Frederick the Great. Into the cuisine of Schloss-Doukerstein, no modern knick-knackery was ever permitted to enter : The same primeval cookery, which had for centuries regaled the princely ancestors of the

Serene Man, was still served up before their representative, on the same rich and clumsy silver, on the same stout oaken table, and in the same ancient hall, which had witnessed the revels of many a successive generation of the House of Gruffenhausen. The gigantic serving men, too, seemed more like *réchauffés* from a former age, than legitimate members of the present, with their fat, round, inexpressive, stolid faces; and their muscular proportions, clad in such antiquated liveries as one sometimes sees in the groupe of an ancient German picture. On the board were spread substantial brawn, huge chines, plethoric turkeys, and ponderous joints of old baronial fare. Enormous goblets flanked each plate, foaming with the generous Rhenish beverage, which was poured out from long-necked flasks by Ganymedes over six feet high, whose arms seemed strong enough to floor an ox.

The apartment was vaulted, and wainscoted with oak; and on the panels was carved the



whole process of transferring the wild boar from his haunt in the forest to the table of the baron. First, he appeared with his head protruded from the thicket, alarmed at the winding of the hunter's horn on the distant hill. Next, the hounds were on the scent, and the boar was apparently involved in some mental perplexity as to what he should do with himself. Successive panels displayed the successive stages of the chase, the death, the disembowelling; and, finally, the artist, with true Teutonic elaboration of detail, transfixed the unwieldy defunct upon the spit, and thence presented him upon the festive board, grotesquely skewered and decorated, and with a monstrous bunch of rosemary in his mouth.

At the upper end of the apartment hung a full-length portrait of Prince Gruffenhausen's great-great-grandfather, which bore to his worthy descendant the strong resemblance necessarily arising from the fact, that *both*

were men of goodly stature and athletic build, and that both their physiognomies displayed the same features of substantial noses, and an eye of sinister expression, scowling from the shaggy fleece of matted hair, unconscious of tonsorial art.

There was one portion of the dinner ceremonial, that, in some degree, relieved the tedious parade and monotony of the rest. In a gallery over the great entrance, musicians were stationed, who regaled the ears of the guests with strains of exquisite melody. A laudatory ode was sung, whereof the subject was the glory of Prince Gruffenhausen's forefathers; showing how Graf Adolph won fame and honour in the Holy Land; how Graf Rupert acquired renown from his matchless skill of fence; how Reinholdt (Rupert's son) was rewarded with increased territory and additional rank, for the valour he exhibited in certain wars of the empire; how Prince Ernest kept a hall of unprecedented hospitality, and

distinguished himself by his passion for the chase. All these several personages seemed, if the bard were credible authority, to have been wholly irresistible among the fair sex ; and the concluding stanzas ascribed to the present Lord of Schloss-Doukerstein, the united merits of his princely ancestors, and especially *that* wherein they all excelled,—the enviable gift of leading captive the affections of the female heart.

The last verse of the ode, which was sung in full chorus, the musicians all standing, we have faintly endeavoured to imitate in the following translation :—

“ There were murmurs of love o'er the waters wide,  
From a far distant isle HE hath borne his bride ;  
    The fresh ocean gale,  
    Filled their light bark's sail,  
O'er wave and through forest sped Doukerstein's lord,  
Nor halted his fleet courser's feet on the sward,  
Till at Doukerstein's gate rang his bugle-call,  
And lovely,—all blushing in Love's sweet thrall,  
His bride he entron'd in his ancient hall.

“ But hark!—

In the lady's bower on high,  
Is heard an infant's wailing cry.  
The princely sire is at his side,  
In his breast there is joy, in his eye there is pride.

“ Krunks-Doukerstein! ho! exalt thine horn;  
An heir to thy ancient line is born,  
The princely infant Capricorn!”

“ Pofe!” said his serene highness, turning to a noble Graf who sat at his left hand (the ex-widow was seated on his right); “ those musicians, or the poet, must know little about the matter! ‘ *There were murmurs of love!*’ Love! By my honest word, Von Grumppenberg, Love had no more to say to it than you had! It was not Love—it was *Schiksal!*”

“ But Schiksal and Love may co-operate,” answered the Graf Von Grumppenberg.

“ Pofe! Grumppenberg, but if I tell you that they did not?”

“ You will find it impossible to persuade me that such was the case,” replied Grumppenberg,

politely consulting the Princess Gruffenhausen's natural *amour propre*.

“ ‘ The fresh ocean gale  
Filled their light bark's sail.’

Those are pretty lines,” continued the Graf, to divert the conversation from its unpleasant approach to personality.

“ They are all trash and falsehood,” answered his highness; “ we had no gale at all, and it was not a sailing vessel but a steam packet, and away we went, racket, racket, paddle, paddle! Pofe! I was sick—very sick, ‘ *There were murmurs of Love!*’ Ach! I wish Cupid was aboard a steamer, and I think he would only murmur for the bason or the brandy-flask. I drank two bottles of brantewein;—pofe! mine Wife of Destiny was abominably sick, too, but she drank no brantewein. Did you?” (turning to the princess.)

“ No, your highness,” she replied; “ I drank condensed solution of magnesia.”

“ I will tell those foolish musicians not to add that new stanza to the ‘ SONG OF DOCKERSTEIN’ any more,” resumed the prince: “ that verse about the courser’s feet is all a huge falsehood, too ; just as if I rode a-horse-back, with mine wife on a pillion ; whereas we travelled in my vrowtschk all the way from the sea to my schloss, and I drove it myself, although my foolish Wife of Destiny implored me to sit in it with her. ‘ Ach !’ said I, ‘ but if you want my company, you may sit beside me on the box.’ Pofe ! I suppose she thought because I married her, that I was always to be pinned to her side. Pofe !” and his highness gave energy to the exclamation by swallowing an enormous mouthful of sauerkraut. “ Women expect a great deal, and must be sometimes disappointed.”

“ Your refusal was cruel,” said Von Grumpenberg ; “ you should have recollected that the princess’s request was prompted by the anxious ardour of affection.”

“Pofe! Grumppenberg, you do not understand women; I do.”

At this moment the musicians, who had taken a short respite, poured forth another gush of harmony from their lofty gallery. Gruffenhausen applied himself with vigour to his venison; and the princess, whose ever watchful and observant eye derived entertainment from all surrounding objects, amused herself with the figures and grimaces of the musicians, who were now all intent on the production of *effect*. There was the usual orchestral variety of face, figure, and attitude; old wizened men, with puckered faces and oily brown wigs, rasping away with prodigious energy of elbow; others, doomed to inflate the capacious intestines of some growling bassoon, puffed and blew, as if their lives depended on the effort; others, again, looking soft and sentimental, gently breathed forth the tender melody of flutes; a bald-headed

man with a squint, had evidently centered all the energies of his existence in the dexterous performance on his clarionet; a gaunt-looking genius, with dishevelled hair, made unparalleled contortions in playing the French horn; and the leader of the orchestra, with a stern look of diabolical ferocity at all the performers, marked time by jerking his head and shaking a wand, which he did with an air that manifestly showed that he deemed it the most important duty in the universe. But with all the grinning, squinting, rasping, jerking, and grimacing, the performers undoubtedly produced delicious music. Some of Mozart's most charming airs were played, and also some of Leopold Kozeluch's unrivalled streams of rich and languid harmony. The princess was sorry when dinner was over; for then his highness's conversation was usually substituted for the heavenly strains that had delighted her during the banquet.



“ Grumppenberg, have you made up your mind as to that weighty and important question I proposed to you last week ? ”

The weighty and important question was, whether the prevalence of a belief in *fatalism* among an army, would make them better or worse soldiers on the day of battle.

“ Decidedly worse, I think,” replied the Graf.

“ And I say decidedly better,” said the prince. “ Will not the fatalist soldier say, ‘ Every bullet has its billet—fight, or not fight, my *Schicksal* has decreed my lot ; I may just as well fight then, for any good that I could get by flinching.’ ”

“ But,” replied Grumppenberg, “ is not the fatalist soldier just as likely to say, ‘ Fight, or not fight, *das Schicksal* has decreed my lot ; therefore I may spare myself the trouble of fighting, and take matters quietly ? ’ And if he glances at the fortunes of the day, may he not also argue thus,—‘ Whether I fight or

no, *das Schicksal* has pre-ordained the result of the battle; therefore I may just as well keep quiet, for any thing I could do to alter destiny."

At this moment, an attendant informed the princess, that the nurse wished to speak to her; she started up to comply, as her motherly instinct told her that Capricorn wanted a maternal visit. Her step was quickened, as the cry of the child caught her ear from a neighbouring corridor.

"Pofe! Wife of Destiny!" exclaimed his serene highness, laying a detaining grasp upon the princess, "do not leave this delicate and knotty argument."

"Capricorn wants me," pleadingly whispered the mother.

"Pofe! let Capricorn wait! It will teach the young spark patience to submit to *Schicksal*; a lesson that cannot be impressed too early. Sit down, mine Wife of Destiny."

But the princess would *not* sit down; and

extricating herself with dexterity and grace, she flew to supply the wants of the poor infant.

“Ach!” cried the prince, when she was gone, “that woman will spoil the child with over indulgence—baf! women always do—they never will have sense.”

“When does your highness purpose going to Vienna?” asked Von Grumppenberg.

“In a week, I dare say my Schiksal may direct me there.”

“Do you think the Emperor will favour your suit?”

“I know not, my excellent friend, but a very little time will tell.”

While the prince discussed his prospects with his friend, his “Wife of Destiny” was seated by a warm fire in the nursery, with Capricorn in her lap, and some letters she had recently received from Ireland, on the table at her side.

“And now,” thought she, “have all my successful manœuvres been productive of happiness?”

Whether am I happier now, or when I was the lively widow Mersey? Undoubtedly *you*, sweet one!" she added, caressing her babe, are a source of pride and pleasure to your mother; but you would have probably been more so, had I furnished you with a less eccentric and more rational father. I *am* unhappy, in the midst of all this cumbrous, barbarous splendour. Why did I suffer my aspirings after wealth and rank to lead me away from love?—Oh, Henry O'Sullivan! a thousand, thousand times has my truant heart acknowledged to itself, that on thee the full, pure gushings of its best affections might have been poured forth—that after *three* matrimonial engagements entered on from motives of interest, I might have formed *one* for love. But no! I must not suffer even a momentary thought to glance towards thee. I am now the sworn wife of another; and although Cupid had little concern with our union, yet that very circumstance should only make me the more

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wary. I *hoaxed* his highness into marrying me, and the least I may do, is to deal with him, even in my inmost thoughts, with truth and honour. Hush, Capricorn—hush, my wailing babe—dost thou cry to chide thy mother ? ”

And soothing the infant with her fond caresses, she soon hushed him to sleep, and applied herself to the perusal of her letters.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Pour la chasse ordonnée il faut preparer tout,  
Hola, ho ! Vite, vite debout !

*Quoted in WAVERLEY.*

PRINCE GRUFFENHAUSEN intended to proceed to Vienna, as he had intimated to Von Grumppenberg, in about a week ; at which period the festive hospitalities of the Schloss Doukerstein would necessarily cease, until his highness's return. As the prince was unable to conjecture the probable time that his Schicksal would detain him in the capital, and as the Graf was desirous, before his departure, to witness a Doukerstein bear-hunt, it was fixed that in a day or two Von Grumppenberg's wish should be gratified.

The morning of the chase commenced with a

solid repast in the noble hall we described in the last chapter. The guests did their duty to the viands, and they quaffed the rich wines which their host, "on hospitable cares intent," recommended to their connoisseurship.

"Drink! drink! drink deep!" quoth the prince. "Mine excellent guests, enjoy life while your Schiksal permits you. Many and many a fine long summer's day will you lie beneath the rank grass at the side of an old church-yard wall, or cooped up in a noisome vault, where you will not get champagne or burgundy—mine heavens, no! nor even humble Lubeck beer!" (The guests all looked at each other and shook their heads, in token of their approbation of his highness's wise and prudent forethought.) "Many a fine frosty winter's morn, will the hunter's bugle ring through the leafless woods, and you will not hear it! No—upon mine honest word—clods! senseless clods, stark and dead shall you be all! the dogs will bay, and the deer may bound over your breasts,

and you shall not be one whit the wiser. It is your Schiksal. Drink, then, from the foaming cup, while yet you can enjoy it; and then to horse—to horse!”

Whereupon, following his highness's example, the assembled guests quaffed copious draughts, and then followed their host to the court, where steeds, impatient of delay, pranced and stamped on the vaulted pavements.

Gruffenhausen's *habit-de-chasse* was a suit of Lincoln green, fitting tight to his person. His jacket was richly furred in front; and his head-gear consisted of a tight round hairy cap, whose fleecy covering descended to his brows, and mingled with the hair in which his face was nearly enveloped. Round his waist was a belt, whence a knife, a horn, and a whistle hung. Mounted on his gigantic horse, he pricked him sharply with the spur; on which the animal loudly neighed, sprang upon his haunches, and then darted at full gallop over the drawbridge, followed by the jocund train. As they passed



beneath the castle, the princess waved her handkerchief at the sire of the little Capricorn. His highness did not vouchsafe to notice this token of his Wife of Destiny, and pursued his rapid way to the summit of a rising ground which the huntsmen pointed out as the most advantageous position for a halt. Here, then, the hunting party descended from their horses, which were put up in the stables appertaining to a *Jagdhaus* in the forest ; as, from the broken nature of the ground, and the tangled and intricate underwood, it was necessary that the sports of the day should be enjoyed on foot. This *Jagdhaus* was about four miles from the castle of Krunks-Doukerstein, and had been erected by prince Gruffenhausen's grandfather for occasions like the present. It was situated at the opening of a deep and lonely glade, which skirted the foot of one of the highest mountains of the Black Forest.

The grand *battue* consisted of about eight

hunted men, who, since an early hour in the morning, had traced a cordon round a district in which the recent tracks of bears led the hunters to conclude that some of the objects of their chase were harboured in their thicket-lairs. The hunter and his guests provided themselves with the guns that had been left at the Jagdhause for that purpose, on the preceding evening, and then took their station on the bank of a stream that rushed from the hills to swell the waters of the Rhine.

"Erst!" said Gruffenberg, to a young and nervous hunter, "it is seldom, I believe, that one sees you in the chase."

"Al. Graf!" said Ershof, "I shall make no hunt: but ere the evening closes, you will, perhaps, be better able to judge of my prowess in the field."

"Curse those lazy bears!" growled Gruffenberg: "one would think they did not know we were waiting to hunt them."

“ One would rather think they *did* know it,” answered Grumppenberg; “ and, therefore, they wisely keep close in their lairs.”

As he spoke, a loud shout rang through the forest, and in another instant a monstrous bear appeared, careering at full speed across the open glade we have already mentioned. None of the attendants, although armed, had discharged their pieces at him, as the honour of dispatching the enormous fugitive was to be left to the prince, or to some of his visitors; unless, indeed, the animal should turn upon his pursuers—in which case Prince Gruffenhausen (claiming no small credit for the gracious concession,) permitted the person attacked to defend himself as he best might. Two large and noble dogs bounded after the bear, and worried him at opposite sides. He contrived, notwithstanding the rapidity of his flight, to rid himself of the annoyance, by striking one of his tormentors, *en passant*, a blow that effectually stunned him; at the same moment

catching the other in his teeth by the nape of the neck, and adroitly flinging him over his back. He then dashed in among the thick forest brake, the branches of the underwood crashing beneath his weight as he advanced.

“Thirty yards nearer,” said Grumppenberg, “and the fellow had been within range of my rifle.”

Gruffenhausen and his party, with a few picked attendants, were now in full pursuit of the bear, and had nearly reached the entrance of the thicket into which he had dived. The *cordon* still kept their places in the outer ring, in order to drive back the bear, should he try to escape beyond the circle they had formed. Their good offices, in this respect, were speedily required; for the animal, after skirting through the thicket, made a desperate rush to escape through a guarded defile; whereupon the guardians of the pass saluted him with a brisk discharge of fire arms; that did not, indeed, take mortal effect upon his tough, strong hide; but

which caused him to head about, and seek safety by ascending a steep rocky path within the cordon. This path was barely wide enough to permit two men to pass each other. It traversed the face of a nearly perpendicular rock, and was flanked on the right by an overhanging wall of granite; on the left by a thick scrub of brushwood, that clothed the deep and dizzy precipice beneath.

Erlshof, warmed with the ardour of the chase, and anxious to show Von Grumppenberg that his skill as a hunter merited his praise, had ascended to the summit of the rock by sort of natural staircase on its opposite side and stood upon its topmost verge with his gun ready pointed, ere the bear had reached the upper extremity of the dangerous path we have described.

Erlshof had all the advantage to himself, observing Bruin's movements; he had diverged from his companions to an open and commanding spot; and while they pursued Bruin's track

in the thicket, he had witnessed the turn of the hunted animal, and sprang up the rock to give him a becoming reception. The entire of this movement took place in scarcely more time than we have taken to describe it; but while Erlshof awaits the approach of the bear, with his piece ready levelled, we must transport the reader to the bottom of the dell beneath him, where a somewhat misadventurous rencontre at that moment took place.

Prince Gruffenhausen, unable, from his growing obesity, to keep up with Von Grumppenberg and the other members of his party, and desirous, too, to seek out some source of distinction on the score of his personal prowess, had quietly given his comrades the slip, and was stealthily proceeding through the bushes, when, just as he reached the foot of the eminence on which Erlshof had taken his position, his eye was arrested by a very suspicious looking mass of *hairiness*, that occupied a cozy aperture, scooped between the roots of two large pine-

trees. With more courage than prudence, he advanced, with levelled firelock, to the mouth of the den, from which an old she-bear protruded her snout, disturbed at the rustle of Gruffenhausen's footsteps.

The prince now stood facing the bear, the muzzle of his rifle within eighteen inches of her snout; he pulled the trigger; but, alas! the piece missed fire! upon which the gentle tenant of the den, enraged at his intrusion, sprang forth upon her hinder legs, and suddenly seizing the rifle in her paws, wrenched it out of its unlucky owner's hands. Gruffenhausen lost not a moment in drawing his couteau-de-chasse, with which he aimed a stalwart stroke at the heart of his formidable foe. He wounded her smartly; but, dropping the rifle, she immediately came to close quarters with his highness, and bit him severely on the arms, indenting, at the same time, his sides pretty deeply with her claws. While the conflict raged, two cubs, about the size of large terrier dogs, crept out

of the den, and looked on at the strife with philosophical placidity. The prince had worked manfully and well with his hunting-knife; but he now grew faint from fear, exertion, and the loss of blood; his foe struck her teeth into his shoulder, which gave him such excruciating pain, that he sank, disabled, on the ground. It was just at this critical moment that Erlshof discharged his rifle at the *he*-bear, which fell, on receiving the well-aimed bullet in his brain, from a height of not less than two hundred feet, right down on our unfortunate friend, Graffenhausen. The *she*-bear received this very unexpected descent of her husband with a matrimonial growl; but she quickly took to flight with one of her cubs in her mouth, and pursued by the other, as the halloos of Erlshof, who was swiftly descending the precipitous rock, warned her to decamp with all possible speed. Great was the consternation and astonishment of Erlshof, and two or three attendants, whom the report of his gun, and his shouting, quickly



drew to the spot,, when they saw the mangled body of poor Gruffenhausen lying on the ground, his lower limbs covered with the carcase of the dead bear.

“ May heaven forgive me ! ” exclaimed Erishof, horror-struck, “ the bear I shot has killed him ! ”

“ No, mein friend,” poor Gruffenhausen made an effort to articulate, “ it was not your bear—it was his wife—his Wife of Destiny, I do suppose she was.—O, I am in great torture—very great indeed ! ”

Erishof and the men immediately removed the defunct bear from his position on Gruffenhausen's legs; no easy task, as the beast was large and heavy. Several hunters—Grumppenberg among the rest—now crowded to the spot, through the thicket, and all participated in the feeling of horror and commiseration.

“ Call in the cordon ! ” said Grumppenberg, “ this sad event has put an end to the day's chase.”

“ Do *not* call in the cordon,” faintly groaned his highness; “ but kill that schelm beast that has wounded me—mortally, I am sure.”

“ Oh, my dear prince !” — expostulated Grumppenberg.

“ Do as I tell you, if you would not drive me mad,” replied the sufferer, gnashing his teeth; “ I shall not die in peace, unless I see her hide displayed before me.”

Grumppenberg, who well knew his friend's peculiarities of temper, immediately withdrew, to carry his commands into effect.

“ Now, Erlshof,” moaned Gruffenhausen, “ have me carried to the Jagdhaus, immediately. Oh, mine heavens ! to think that bears should be my Schicksal after all ! and with all my studies of the books of Kofer, and Klingerstein, and Shirtsinger, and Krous, that I never could discover it ! Nor with all the astrology of Klauberstock—but,” he muttered to himself —“ I'll pay *him* yet for it—pofe ! he is a quack—an arrant impostor—pofe !”

While his mutilated highness thus continued to brood upon his grievances, Erlshof and his attendants were skinning the bear, as quickly as might be. As soon as this operation was completed, they dexterously made a palanquin of the skin, upon which they conveyed the prince to the Jagdhaus in the forest, where he was compelled to remain; as, from the number and severity of his wounds, Doctor Uhrdahl, his physician, who opportunely came from the castle, considered any further motion, even on the easy conveyance of a bearskin palanquin, as being in the highest degree dangerous.

“ Oh !” cried the luckless sufferer, “ how dark are the decrees of Schiksal ! to think that the head of the ancient line of Doukerstein should be hampered to death between a dead bear and a living one—pofe ! But Capricorn lives to inherit my honours. Mein heiligkeit ! it was a fortunate schiksal that I married that merry Irish widow just in time to leave an heir. Mine other wife was twice as large and

twice as fat—but, ach! she was a barren, barren stock! pofe—I will leave much riches to my merry widow. She must be kind to Capricorn.”

And the Prince, who had swallowed a powerful narcotic draught, produced from Doctor Uhrdahl’s pocket, began to feel its influence, and dropped, insensibly, into a heavy slumber.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Oh, Woman ! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please !  
When pain and sorrow wring the brow  
A ministering angel thou !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE princess flew to the forest Jagdhaus, where lay her suffering lord, on the first intimation of his misfortune. She attended him with the utmost solicitude ; for we beg to assure the reader, that although the ex-Mersey was a trading speculator in the matrimonial market, yet the sight of human suffering invariably called forth the softer, better portion of her nature into active operation.

While his highness was sunk in the deep,

though artificial slumber produced by Uhrdahl's draught, that practitioner examined and dressed his wounds, shook his head, and pronounced that mortification, and consequent death, were inevitable.

"How long may his highness survive?" demanded Erlshof.

"Probably five or six days," replied Uhrdahl; "not more, I should imagine; he has sustained tremendous laceration, and two compound fractures."

On hearing the decree of Doctor Uhrdahl, the Princess Gruffenhausen wept.

About ten next morning, the patient awoke to a sense of his suffering condition, confused at first, and clouded, but gradually acquiring distinctness and consistency.

"Where is my Wife of Destiny?" he inquired.

"At your side, love," replied her highness, bending over his pillow.

"I beseech your highness not to speak,"

said the physician, "the exertion may cost you your life."

"I cannot be silent," answered Gruffenhäusen. "What think you of my wounds, Uhrdahl?"

"Very dangerous," replied the physician; "they demand the utmost quiet."

"Pofe!—tell me truly, Uhrdahl, are they mortal?"

"If your highness does not observe quiet, I fear they will certainly become so."

"Baf! how hard it is to get an answer from these doctor-fellows! I asked you were they mortal *now*?"

Uhrdahl hesitated.

"Come," said the prince, "I know how to get an answer from you.—Erlshof, *you* are one of my executors. I shall dictate this day a codex to my will, leaving five hundred gölden to this doctor, on condition that he now, in your presence, shall tell me the truth, which the result of the next few days will sufficiently test.

If his answer be deceptive, he shall not get a stiver."

Erlshof intimated acquiescence.

"Uhrdahl," said the prince, sternly, "are my wounds mortal?"

Thus cogently stimulated, the physician timidly replied,

"They are."

"May Satan physic you, you peddling pill-monger!" growled the prince; "you know that such a man as I am, must needs have important directions to give, and yet you would seal up my lips, well knowing that my days on earth are brief."

"I meant, an please your highness——"

"Out, schelm hound!" said Gruffenhausen. Uhrdahl was silenced.

"Erlshof, where is Grumppenberg?"

"He awaits your waking in the ante-room."

"Call him in."

Erlshof accordingly summoned Von Grumppenberg.



“Graf,” inquired the prince, “is the she-bear killed?”

“She is,” replied the Graf.

“Show me her skin.”

The skin was accordingly paraded before Gruffenhausen, who evinced much satisfaction at not dying unavenged.

“How does your highness feel?” inquired the Graf in a tone of sympathy.

“Pofe! as a man feels, who knows that his Schiksal has decreed his death within a week, and who has much to do, and is something pressed for time to do it in. I thank you, most excellent Graf, for slaughtering that bear. The erudite Kofer is inclined to believe that beasts have souls, and that we may meet them in the invisible world. Baf! it may be foolishness, for aught I know—but *this* I know, that should it be my Schiksal to meet that huge beast in any other life, I would not like that she should be able to cast it in my teeth that she killed me with impunity—pofe! But *you*, my excellent

friend, have saved me that mortification, and I thank you. We are not certain of these things—I speak it all upon hypothesis—pofo! a few days will tell me all, however. Erlshof, and Grumppenberg, quit the room, and send me hither my chamberlain. Stay, Wife of Destiny—what I would say to Carl Kroüdersbad, you may hear, as it partly concerns you.”

Accordingly Erlshof, Grumppenberg, and Uhrdahl left the room, and the chamberlain entered it.

“ Carl,” said his master, “ shut the door.”

Carl obeyed, and approached the bed blubbing, for he had a warm and sincere regard for his master; the sort of feudal love that the vassals of the Scotch and Irish chieftains were wont to entertain for their respective lords.

“ Carl—my days are ended by a destiny of bears—mein heiligkeit! I insisted to that scoundrel Klauberstock, that Ursa Major frowned upon my horoscope; but he said that Ursa Major was my friend, and that Ursa Minor

frowned impotently—mein himmel ! I'll provide for him.—An astrologer truly ! an arrant conjuring knave !”

Carl murmured an indignant echo at the expense of Klauberstock.

“ Carl, I have summoned you, to give you my directions for my funeral. You know, my trusty chamberlain, that, for centuries past, the obsequies of the Heads of my Serene and Mighty House, have been invariably committed to the care of your predecessors in your hereditary office.”

Carl's tears flowed fast, and he wept aloud. “ Woe, woe am I !” blubbered he, “ that it should fall to my lot to superintend the obsequies of your highness. But perhaps a better fate awaits us—your highness may recover.”

“ No—hope it not—I have got the truth out of that doctor-hound. My wounds are mortal. Carl—attend—I shall of course be interred by torch light. My body must be conveyed *incognito* from this place to the castle ; for

it would be highly indecorous, and against all precedent, that the grand funeral procession of the Head of my most High and Princely House, should set out from a Jagdhaus—bah!—you hear me, Carl?”

“ I do, your highness, to my sorrow.”

“ I must be laid in state in the great hall of the Schloss. Suspend a shield with the arms of my house above my head, and on either side of it two smaller shields, with the cognizances of my cousin Grumppenberg, and my maternal ancestors of Teufelstein, Ehrenbhrünn, and Potzbaden. You hear me, Carl?”

“ Woe, woe is me ! I do, too well, your highness.”

“ Let the hall be hung, not with black, but crimson cloth, in token of the sanguinary nature of my most unhappy death. Let the windows be closely darkened ; and let twenty men with large waxen torches stand in a horse-shoe line behind my body. You will bear all this in mind, trusty Carl?”

“~Doubt it not, my dear, dear master.”

“ Let the chief officers of the household range themselves in double file at the left side of my bier, each man clothed in a black cloak, and keeping his eyes on the ground, and carrying in his right hand his wand of office, muffled in crimson crape. You will remember this, Carl?”

“ Alas, I shall remember it but too well, your highness.”

“ Now, Wife of Destiny, *you* will necessarily occupy a prominent position in the ceremonial. You shall sit in the great embroidered velvet chair of state, at the right hand of my lifeless body, with your coronet upon your head, and a sable robe cast round your shoulders; and say *at least* twice, ‘ Alas! alas! my noble prince is gone! Three other husbands have I had, but *he* was as greatly their superior in wisdom, philosophy, and worth, as he was in rank!’ You will attend to this, mine Wife of Destiny?”

“ I shall, most undoubtedly,” sobbed the princess.

“ It is not without precedent,” resumed his highness ; “ my great-great-grandmother sat in like manner, lamenting, by the bier of her husband, Count Reinholdt ; you know the event is represented in the large picture by Hans Grappe in the western saloon. Now, as to my funeral procession ; you of course, trusty Carl, will rule this by the ‘ BOOK OF THE OBSEQUIES OF KRUNKS-DOUKERSTEIN,’ in your custody, which details the etiquette of my most mighty house on such occasions. But, hark ye ! there is among my guests in the castle, the Count Pursberg—Carl, I hate him ! Against my grain, I had to show him hospitality ; for he might have been of use in my suit to the Emperor. But he and his followers put a slight upon me at Vienna seven years ago, which I never can forgive. Contrive that the rascal Klauberstock is marshalled among Pursberg’s party in the procession, and just as they are passing over the drawbridge, get some trusty hand to slip the bolts and souse the scoundrels in the water.

The inner leaf of the bridge has a falling fold, you know—mein himmel! what a souse they'll get!"

"It shall be done, your highness."

"Ach! but it will be a most rare sight! Pofe! I wish I could see Pursberg and Klaubersstock floundering in the moat! You will be looking at them, Wife of Destiny, and *I* shall be—dead! cold and dead!" His highness paused thoughtfully, and sighed. "I begin to find great difficulty in speaking," he resumed. "When my body is lowered into the vault, good Carl, the Herald shall proclaim with sound of trumpet, my names, titles, dignities, and territories; adding the most melancholy SCHICKSAL of the manner of my death."

"That, an please your highness," said the chamberlain, "is all strictly prescribed in the 'BOOK OF OBSEQUIES;' and as speaking gives your highness pain, I would humbly recommend you to rest quiet, now, and trust the whole to me."

“ Would not you like to be visited by a clergyman, love ? ” asked the princess.

“ Pofe !—yes—let him come to-night—he may talk while I ’m asleep—my ancestors have always been talked to by a clergyman when dying—the ‘ BOOK OF OBSEQUIES ’ lays down his whole duty at the funeral ; he is to mount the pulpit, with my arms emblazoned on his gown, and to preach about my virtues, and the loss the community sustain in my death—and—and—Oh ! Wife—I am suffering agony—Carl, assist me to turn !—the parson—is to—walk in the—procession—next the—herald—he will find—the proper heads of his discourse—all laid down in the ‘ BOOK OF OBSEQUIES. ’—Pofe ! ”

Poor Gruffenhausen had pronounced the last few words with excessive difficulty, and, in conclusion, vented an agonized groan.

The princess, to her credit be it spoken, was desirous that her eccentric mate should enjoy somewhat more of the benefits of clerical assistance, than could be derived from the formal



parade of a surpliced attendant, as laid down in the "BOOK OF OBSEQUIES." Accordingly she despatched a courier to summon to his dying highness the Reverend Doctor Kleiber; a divine, whose amenity of manner, diametrically opposite to puritanical moroseness, was ever made the channel of conveying to the minds of his penitents the saving truths of Christianity. The reverend gentleman arrived ere the prince slept; the princess introduced him into the sick chamber, and left him alone with her spouse.

We deeply lament that it is not in our power to record the persuasive appeal addressed by this excellent divine to Gruffenhausen; but it is no trifling proof of its efficacy, that immediately upon Dr. Kleiber's departure, Gruffenhausen summoned his chamberlain, and addressed him as follows,—

"Carl—you remember all I said about that most stately and important ceremonial of my obsequies?"

"I do, your highness."

“ Then, Carl, observe most minutely every tittle of my orders—except the sousing of Pursberg and his people in the moat.”

“ Shall Klauberstock be soused, your highness?”

“ No, no, Carl—no—let him pass the draw-bridge like the rest. I must forgive my enemies, Carl—and I *do* forgive them all, except that most savage and abominable beast of a she-bear. I do *not* forgive *her*—but she is dead—poof! that’s a comfort.”

The next care of Gruffenhausen was to dictate his will; it was brief. The whole bulk of his estates devolved on Capricorn, to whom his highness named Leschen, Grumppenberg, the Princess, and Erlshof, trustees and guardians during his minority. To the Princess he bequeathed his vrowtchsk, an ample jointure, and a large supply of antiquated but valuable bijouterie. Legacies were left to a few friends (including the conditional bequest to Doctor Uhrdahl;) and a moderate sum was bequeathed

to the excellent Kleiber, the testator remarking, that he had formerly believed that much of what clergymen said about another world, was all huge foolishness:—

“ But—mein heiligkeit ! the devil couldn’t help believing Kleiber, there was so much of the genuine, unaffected Christian, in his manner, without one particle of humbug. He has saved Pursberg and Klauberstock a ducking,” muttered Gruffenhausen, in conclusion, “ for which they ought to thank him, if they knew it—pofe ! ”

Ere the week had closed, the prediction of Uhrdahl was verified—the Prince had breathed his last. Could his lifeless corpse have beheld the gorgeous ceremonial of his obsequies, he must have certainly acknowledged the punctual fidelity of Carl and the widowed princess. Costly crimson hangings were suspended in the hall—torches blazed—mourners in sable robes were ranged around the bier—solemn music rang from the vaulted galleries—heraldic bla-

zonry proclaimed his proud descent—the voice of heralds told his titles, orders, and possessions—musketry pealed—trumpets brayed—the funeral discourse, extracted from the *Book of Obsequies*, was duly delivered by an obliging divine—the sumptuous coffin was laid within its damp and dusky vault, surrounded by a noble array of barons, counts, and princes—the train dispersed—the stanchelled iron door was locked—and the Lord of Krunks-Doukerstein was left to darkness, dust, and silence.

“Now that’s what I call going out of the world *en prince*,” said Carl to one of his confrères. “It was well done—handsomely done—no peddling about it—our dear master has nothing to complain of. Three thousand ells of cloth—four hundred and seventy-six torches—a sermon of an hour and twenty minutes long—guns, prayers, banners, and trumpets. Ah, well-a-day! if ever man had a truly Christian funeral, his highness had!”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

“ Now, by my fayth,” quoth she, “ my state  
Is sad, and lorn, and desolate ;  
I’ll match me with another mate.”

OLD BALLAD.

WHEN Gruffenhausen was finally deposited along with his serene and princely ancestors, the princess-dowager began to reflect upon her future prospects.

“ I am rich,” thought her highness ; “ I am young—thirty-three is certainly not old—I am not *passée* yet—I am quite unshackled as to any future marriage—his defunct hairiness imposed no obligations of perpetual dowagerhood. Shall I then confer felicity once more on some deserving person ? Count Ebersdorf looked tender, yesterday—his glance was unequivocally symptomatic of a meditated onslaught—but I really

am tired of voluminous mustachios—and I strongly suspect that Ebersdorf's whiskers, hair, and eyebrows, are dyed—he is forty-six—*mon prince* was fifty—one middle aged spouse *me suffit*.

“Truant, truant fancies, whither do ye wander? I must look to the happiness of my loved boy, Adolph—he shall never be called *Capricorn*, now that His Serene Absurdity is dead. Adolph wants the guardian care of an attentive and highly principled step-father. Ebersdorf would only marry me to plunder the minor, in order to supply the claims of the gaming-table. I cannot possibly dream of any further aggrandizement by matrimony. Love, long-suppressed love, disinterested and pure, shall henceforth be ascendant in my bosom. Yes, my Adolph!” continued her highness, caressing the *ci-devant* Capricorn; “I shall give you a step-father who will be *all* that a parent ought to be, and *more* than your sire would have been to you. O, Henry O’Sullivan! little

have you dreamt that *I* have kept an eye on all your motions—that *I* have had constant intelligence of your progress in India, your return to Ireland, and the silly perfidy of your Lucinda. Well—*I* shall be the gainer—I have made up my mind—with *me* you may have wealth, of which, in your wildest visions, you have dreamt not—with *me* you can share the advantage of a close connexion with a youth of Adolph's rank and future influence—with *me* you may enjoy the fond fidelity of impassioned and devoted love. I have too long sacrificed my personal feelings to ambition; I shall never do so more !”

\* \* \* \* \*

We wave our wand.

About four months from the period when the widow thus soliloquized, two persons sauntered along the Knockanea road, near the entrance to the well-known defile of Glen Minnis. The softness of a still spring evening, shed its soothing influence upon the mind of the younger of

the parties, who replied to some remark his companion had made,—

“ Yes, Terence ; it is just as you say—I have suffered, no doubt, as much as most men, perhaps more than many—but what were religion worth, if it did not enable men to bear up against these things ? ‘ Shall we receive good from the Lord’s hand, and shall we not also take evil ? ’ And I should be ungrateful, most ungrateful, if I did not acknowledge that of good I have had a large share. My success in India surpassed my most sanguine hopes—my father’s debts are paid. I have a plentiful store of rupees wherewith to refit the old hall, when the present tenant’s lease expires. I enjoy, meanwhile, the unpurchaseable love of valuable friends. I have health, strength, and hope—and is it for *me* to repine ? ”

“ Master Henry,” replied Terence, “ your humble friend would wish to see you married as you ought. I *know* Miss Isabella loves you ! a thousand little things will tell a



looker-on of woman's love, that pass, perhaps, unnoticed by the man she loves. I have seen the colour mount in her face, and her eye sparkle, when she met you in the park. I have seen her cheek grow pale as ashes, and the tears start, when she heard that your horse had fallen under you. When your name has been mentioned, I have seen how she listened to each word, although she would not join—not she! in any conversation concerning you. I had not many opportunities of noticing these things, and yet, few as they were, I couldn't be blind to her affection for you. But—save us all!” exclaimed Terence, abruptly turning round, “ what imperial equipage of all the Russias can this be ?”

O'Sullivan looked about, and paused, as a sumptuous cortège approached at a moderate trot. Four noble black horses drew a carriage appointed with the stately magnificence, of which one beholds such a lavish display in the streets of Vienna on levée days. A shield

with its manifold quarterings was splendidly blazoned on the panels, displaying all the colours of the rainbow—red lions ramped on a field *or*—speckled lions pranced on a field *azure*—carnivorous birds and pugnacious beasts occupied their various compartments; and the whole menagerie of pictured monsters was encircled with the concentric collars of half a dozen orders, from which were suspended a medal or two, with devices and legends just as rational as the parti-coloured hieroglyphics on the shield. The whole was surmounted with a foreign coronet.

O'Sullivan faced about, as the equipage approached; but what was his surprise, when it suddenly stopped as it reached the part of the road where he stood, and forth peeped the well-known face of the quondam Mrs. Mersey!

"Ah, Mr. O'Sullivan!" exclaimed her highness, "I am truly delighted to see you. I recognised your figure at once. Are you going to Knockanea?"

“ Yes,” replied O’Sullivan, surprised at the abruptness of the query.

“ Then allow me to give you a seat. I am going there, too, and I shall probably remain some months. My son,” pursued the princess, taking Adolph from the hands of his German nurse, who occupied the opposite seat, “ what do you think of him ?”

“ A fine, stout, healthy-looking little fellow,” said O’Sullivan, who had by this time entered the carriage, which was once more in motion.

“ They say he resembles his poor father,” said the widow, with a sigh ; “ however, I confess I do not see the likeness.—I cannot tell you,” she added, after a slight pause, “ how much it has tended to allay the recent fever of my spirits, to find myself once more upon my native soil. Ah, Ireland ! dear Ireland ! with all the *desagréments* of politics and poverty, there is no country in the world in which I could be half so happy !”

This burst of patriotic fervour was well and

naturally spoken, and O'Sullivan felt pleased to hear the sentiment expressed by his lively companion.

"I assure you, my kind, good friend," resumed the widow, "that I deem it exceedingly fortunate to meet you at the present juncture—in fact, I stand much in need of your advice and assistance. Our sentiments, you know, so perfectly coincide, regarding the social condition of the country, and the evils that oppress it, that I feel assured I may command your aid in any effort to alleviate the misfortunes that afflict any portion of the people."

"Undoubtedly," replied O'Sullivan, "I shall feel much honoured.—I wonder now," thought he, "what this sly widow can be at. I never was aware that her sympathy with the peasant population was a prominent feature in her character.—Upon my honour, if I were a vain man, I should say that she was trying to engage my affections by flattering my political preferences—she's assuredly at *something*, how-

ever, if I could only make out what it is;—top-sawyer that she is, she never speaks without an object !”

“ It has pleased Providence,” resumed the widow, “ to endow me with considerable wealth ; and deeming it an imperative duty to expend that wealth for the benefit of Ireland and her sons, I have quitted Germany and come to my native country, simply and solely to discharge the obligations of my conscience. Now, I have seen in yesterday’s papers, that three estates are advertised for sale. If you can procure a trusty friend or two, to watch the progress of the sales, and try if there be any danger of Tories becoming the purchasers, I should authorise your friend to avert that calamity by bidding in my name. I shall certainly purchase land in Ireland ; and if I could secure the additional advantage of ousting a Tory from the purchase, I should deem myself eminently fortunate. They coerce the voters’ consciences so cruelly !”

This all sounded delightfully, no doubt; but O'Sullivan had so long been accustomed to associate the idea of dexterous trick with all the widow's words and deeds, that he placed no very implicit faith in her present declarations, and contented himself with expressing his sense of the necessity of raising the condition of the peasantry, wherever it was possible.

"Well," added she, "why don't you *cordially* promise to assist me? I am anxious, as anxious as you can be, to perform my part of the duty, and all I want is the co-operation of a sympathetic and intelligent friend. That friend, Mr. O'Sullivan, I had flattered myself I might hope to meet in you."

"Your highness may rely on my most active assistance."

"In truth," resumed the princess, "our friend Lord Ballyvallin has been heretofore a sad, sad delinquent. I am told, however, his political asperity has of late been very much mitigated. Ah, how tragical was the fate of poor,

poor Jerry Howlaghan! Jerry was a very particular favorite of mine. The crime for which he suffered, clearly arose from the workings of the accursed ejectment system! what a hideous condition of society, when landlords combine to exterminate the natives of the soil!—Can you tell me what has become of Jerry's sister? She was a very charming girl."

"She is now at Castle Kavanagh, where Miss Kavanagh has given her an asylum."

"Could I possibly coax her away from Isabella? or could I possibly induce Isabella to part with her?"

"Indeed I scarcely think you could," replied O'Sullivan; "they are very much attached to each other."

"Perhaps," said the widow, with a very significant glance, "you might have interest enough with Isabella to accomplish this?"

O'Sullivan stood the glance with countenance unmoved, and merely answered, "I do not think I should."

“Not touched, I see,” thought her highness, drawing a rapid conclusion from O’Sullivan’s composure of countenance; “no danger to apprehend from that quarter.”

She continued to converse on such subjects as afforded her the best opportunity of expressing a flattering conformity of sentiment with her auditor; praised the Kavanaghs; praised “her eccentric old friend,” Father John O’Connor; praised Colonel Nugent; mimicked Madden and his wife to admiration—abused Fitzroy Mordaunt, lamented his unprovided death, and shed tears as she dwelt in detail upon certain recollections of the Howlaghans. It was all very naturally done; but O’Sullivan could only regard it as excellent acting; acknowledging, however, to himself, as she glided without effort from subject to subject, “from grave to gay, from lively to severe;”—from tragedy to melodrama and even to farce, that the widow well merited her old reputation, of being the most agreeable woman in the province of Munster.



In very little more than an hour, they arrived at Knockanea.

“ Ah, my sweet Jacintha !” said the princess, “ I shall miss her sadly—I had a letter from her, asking me to pass some time at the Schloss-Leschenhaus; but just at that period, poor Prince Gruffenhausen met with his melancholy fate, and I resolved on remaining no longer in Germany than was absolutely necessary for the legal arrangement of my affairs.”

O’Sullivan cast one more glance at the carriage, ere he followed the princess into the house.

“ Well now,” thought he, “ I should never have suspected the widow of travelling about in such a concern as that—it is so—so very Lord Mayorish a sort of equipage—even the vrowtchsk would, I think, have been in better taste.”

## CHAPTER XIX.

SARAH—Well now, I'll step over to the youngster, and hear what he says upon the matter, before I take any further steps.

## THE LITTLE BROKER OF MILAN.

“WHAT!” exclaimed Kavanagh, one day that he rode over to Knockanea, about a fortnight after the widow's arrival,—“so I find, O'Sullivan, that you are her highness's factotum, and arrange the purchase of her estates, and drive the little, humble, modest, unpretending dogcart, in which she and you are so sociably employed day after day, tête-a-tête-ing it together?”

“It is perfectly true,” said O'Sullivan.

“Hah! and have you any notion of reigning as king-consort at Krunks-Doukerstein?”

“ No—I cannot say that her highness’s account of the necessary etiquette there, holds out much temptation to a plain man like myself.”

“ Oh, but you might improve the etiquette,” returned Kavanagh, laughing; “ at all events, in the article of presentations, you might instruct your courtiers to suppress the newspaper accounts of the solemn and important occasions from which their presentations would appear to arise. For example, it would be no great loss if the public did not read such statements as the following—‘ At the levée on Tuesday, Colonel Klinkenberg was presented by Count Weysselkraft, *on the occasion of his having purchased a magnificent gold snuff-box ;*’—or, ‘ General Von Bufferstein presented by Baron Aldershof, *on the occasion of his having recovered the diamond-headed cane which was stolen from his town-house five years ago.*’—Now, I submit, that the connection

of cause and effect does not seem very clearly to exist between the presentations in the cases quoted, and the purchase of the snuff-box, or the recovery of the lost cane. But at this I cannot wonder; for the same sublime obscurity pervades the presentation lists of *greater* courts than even that of Krunks-Doukerstein. And you *won't*, you say, play 'the prince in petticoat strings?' "

" Why, the question assumes that I could if I pleased, and I see not on what grounds you assume the possibility."

" Simply on the grounds of the dogcart tête-à-têtes, which you have not denied, and the widow's selection of you as her 'active sympathetic friend.' "

" And do you not suppose that there may be abundance of 'active sympathetic friendship,' without its necessarily implying a matrimonial dénouement?"

" With many, perhaps, it might exist—with

the widow it is scarcely possible. Tell me, honestly, Henry, what is the true state of the case?"

"The true state of the case, then, is this,—that her highness expressed the most ardent desire to benefit the tenants on the Carrigbrack estates, which were for sale, and engaged my assistance to see that they did not pass into the hands of some scourging, exterminating saint, who would have served ejectments by the score in the desecrated name of the Almighty.—To be perfectly candid, I at first entertained some doubts of the agreeable dowager's sincerity, and met her propositions with cautious incredulity. She quickly dispelled my unbelief, however, by placing in my hands a draft on her bankers for the necessary purchase-money. It seemed an excellent thing for the tenantry; and of course, as in duty bound, I rendered my most 'active, sympathetic' assistance."

"Beyond all doubt," returned Kavanagh, "she has a design on your heart. The attack

is very cleverly managed—affectation of political sympathy, and so forth.—You know she pretended to poor Gruffenhausen that she firmly believed in every one of his crackbrained Rosicrucian fancies; and they tell some strange tale of her personating the heroine of a dream, or some such thing.—Well, now—and suppose in sober earnest that she is making an attack upon your heart, which I *do* conclude to be the fact—what would you think of the affair? If she marries you, it manifestly must be for love, not for either rank or wealth—and it probably will be almost the first disinterested thing she ever did in all her life.”

“ She is certainly a very companionable personage,” replied O’Sullivan, “ and pretty enough, too. She is about a year my senior, though—a man should be older than his wife.—But what nonsense is all this! I do not, I cannot believe that she really has any designs upon me—you may rely upon it she has higher game in view, if we only could guess what it is; and she

condescends to make use of me in working out her plans. I am willing enough to be employed, as I find I can really benefit the poor people."

"But if she had no personal views upon *you*," answered Kavanagh, "she might have easily engaged the assistance of some knowing attorney, experienced in the sale of estates, who might have made a better bargain for her."

As Kavanagh spoke, the door opened, and the Princess Gruffenhausen entered. With a graceful start of astonishment, and a smile of satisfaction, she approached him, and extended both her hands with the utmost cordiality. "I am truly delighted to see you, my excellent friend," quoth her highness,—“and how is my dearest Isabella? You were extremely naughty that you did not bring her.—Now, the deuce take the old sly fox!” thought the widow; “he probably fancies that his niece has excited a flame in O’Sullivan, and he fears it may expire in the warmer atmosphere of *my* attractions; so here he comes, to apply his patent calorifere to

the heart of the stray sheep !—I place you at once on your defence, Mr. Kavanaugh, and I ask you what possible excuse you can set up, for not having made Isabella accompany you? Did you, or did you not, know that I was here?"

" I must acknowledge that I did," replied the accused.

" Well—true magnanimity is ever ready to forgive—to-morrow I shall show you how magnanimous I am, by going to see Isabella immediately after breakfast; and Mr. O'Sullivan, I hope, will accompany me," she added, looking inquiringly at Henry, who bowed acquiescence. " I shall thus," thought she, "acquire the advantage of seeing him with Isabella, and of learning from actual inspection, if he has any foolish notions in that quarter. I shall see if his heart ignites from a contact with that very combustible young lady."

On the following day the widow put her project into execution; but the manner of O'Sullivan, in Isabella's presence, left her prac-



tised discernment completely at fault. There had been once, a time, when the mention of Lucinda's name would make his heart throb faster, and send the young blood rushing to his face; but his heart was now less easily affected, and his blood habitually circulated in a somewhat less excitable current than in days of yore. His manner to Isabella was that of a much attached friend: it was, doubtless, susceptible of another construction; but the widow was too wary and experienced to rely implicitly on any *equivocal* appearances.

She had much stronger cause for alarm, when O'Sullivan said, during the homeward tête-a-tête in the dog-cart,—

“ My stay at Knockanea expires to-morrow.”

“ To-morrow !” she repeated, and her visage suddenly blanked. “ To-morrow ! and where do you then purpose going ?”

“ To Castle Kavanagh,” he answered ; “ you know it is my home until my tenant surrenders Bally Sullivan.”

“ Could not *I* induce you to prolong your stay at Knockanea ? ” she asked, half reproachfully, half tenderly.

“ If,” he answered, in a hesitating manner, “ you think I can be of any further use to you—that is, if you wish to offer for the Barrybeg estate, or—or —— ”

“ O’Sullivan,” said the widow, with deep and melancholy emphasis, bending her large black eyes full upon his face. Poor Henry was rather taken aback by this stunning appeal. He, however, awaited the result with composure.

“ Is it possible, Mr. O’Sullivan, that *you* can misunderstand me ? ”

“ I—I believe not,” said he ; “ I conceived that a desire to serve our persecuted countrymen induced you to require my assistance.”

“ And so far you were perfectly right. But will you—*will* you put my delicacy to the cruel necessity of telling you, in words, what I hoped my manner had rendered sufficiently explicit ? . . . . . That a *woman* should thus

speech is unusual, and the effort is intensely painful; yet why should the other sex monopolize the right to declare the affections of their hearts? Do not *we* feel as acutely—do we not love as tenderly, as faithfully, as truly? and shall *they* alone have liberty to tell their feelings, while *we* are doomed to iron silence? My incomparable friend, it was from *you* that I learned to appreciate the just claims of the persecuted peasantry of Ireland. Your eloquent appeals in their behalf, first dispelled the mist of prejudice in which I had been educated. I deemed myself thrice happy, when, in the self-same act, I could at once demonstrate the sincerity with which I embraced your opinions—cast the shield of my protection over hundreds of the peasantry, and—shall I own it? enjoy the delightful co-operation of a valued friend, in whom I had long felt a deep, an affectionate interest?”

“ Bless me! how very flattering!” said poor O’Sullivan, quite overwhelmed.

“ You seem surprised that it should be so,” resumed her highness; “ may I ask you wherefore?”

“ Because—because—in fact, it astonishes me that the same person could admire both Prince Gruffenhausen and myself—we are so totally dissimilar in every respect.”

“ Cruel, cruel man!” exclaimed her highness; “ will you force me, compel me, to acknowledge, that I married the prince in a fit of despair at your coldness?”

“ At my coldness!” repeated O’Sullivan, thunderstruck.

“ Yes—for my manner was ever as unequivocal as the limits of propriety permitted, and must have been perfectly intelligible to any man with a spark more of vanity than you had. But of all men breathing, there exists not one so totally destitute of vanity as you! Oh, Henry, I found it impossible to thaw your icy frigidity! I saw, I felt, that beneath the ice you had a heart, and a warm heart. But I learned,

by accident, your engagement with Lucinda Nugent. I felt as though my doom were sealed, on receiving the intelligence. To attempt to interfere with her early claim on your affections had been base. Of such baseness I trust I have ever been incapable. My brain felt on fire—I could not blame you for your undeviating chillness towards myself, when I ascertained that your heart—alas, how ill-requited! was bestowed upon Lucinda. Months passed, my torturing delirium still continued, when Prince Gruffenhausen offered his hand. Scarcely knowing what I said or did, I acquiesced—the connexion gave me wealth, and rank, and influence. I offer now to share with you these advantages—and, oh! Henry—it is with a throbbing bosom I await your answer.”

“ Dear madam,” replied Henry, “ I am obliged—excessively obliged indeed—but—— ”

“ Whip on the horses, Sir !” said the widow tartly. “ It is enough that you refuse the offer of sincere affection. I shall not degrade myself by hearing any further explanation.”

O'Sullivan had with difficulty refrained from laughing outright, when her highness endeavoured with such perfect *sang froid*, to persuade him that she had espoused the hairy Fatalist in a fit of disappointment at his coldness. But he now saw with pain and embarrassment that tears were quickly falling from the widow's eyes; although he was in doubt whether their fountain existed in a wounded heart, or injured pride.

"Believe me," said he, in a tone of great sweetness, "that I am penetrated with the deepest sense of your undeserved kindness; and I feel at this moment unaffected pain—if I called it anguish, I should scarcely exaggerate—at the cruel predicament that prevents my returning, as it merits, the flattering warmth with which you have honoured me. With the friendliest interest—the sincerest regard, I shall ever ——"

"Whip on the horses, Sir!" interrupted the widow, mastering her emotion with a violent effort. O'Sullivan obeyed, and spoke not; and

their unsociable silence continued until they arrived at Knockanea.

O'Sullivan immediately sought out Lord Ballyvallin, to whom he bade farewell, pleading urgent business as the cause of his instant departure. He judged it prudent to avoid another interview with the Princess Gruffenhauseu; and mounting his horse, retraced his road with all possible speed to Castle Kavanagh.

“ My poor dear friend the widow !” thought he, “ how unlucky that I cannot return her affection ! Though even at this moment,—so strong is my impression of the delusion and chicanery she is capable of practising,—I am far from being satisfied that it is not all sham, from top to bottom ! But there is neither trick nor chicane about Isabella Kavanagh—some time or other I suppose I shall marry—and I do not see where I could suit myself better. Terence says she loves me, and I do believe he is right—I have seen some symptoms of a preference—I shall quickly put it to the test.”

And forthwith he offered his hand to the blushing fair one, whose smile of kindly confidence and fond affection, was but the earnest of the enduring happiness her good sense and even temper have ever since diffused around her husband's fireside.

"She has got the Boar's head for her crest, after all," exclaimed Terence O'Leary, charmed at the realization of his long cherished wish. "May the ould motto now be applicable, '*Sit fidelis semper felix.*'"

Lord Ballyvallin read the intelligence of the nuptials aloud, one morning, from the county paper.

"Alas!" thought the widow, "I am baulked—fairly baulked! I must have played my cards badly somewhere;—never man escaped me before, but Baron Leachen, and that was merely because I did not take sufficient time to noose him properly:—I could certainly have had him, if I had waited. But to think that Henry O'Sullivan



should have escaped *me* ;—Henry, whose manner seemed to indicate such artless simplicity ! Upon my honour, it is unaccountable ! But I hope he may enjoy every happiness with Isabella, and I *know* Isabella must be happy. Who could be otherwise with Henry ? May felicity attend them both ! A woman who, like me, has snared *four* husbands, can afford to be generous to a girl who has springed *only one*. — Heigho ! I really think that henceforth I shall speculate no more in matrimony.”

The widow was as good as her word. She retired from the arduous field of amatory rivalry, leaving its “hard-foughten fights” to be contested by younger competitors. She returned, with Adolph, to Krunks-Doukerstein, where she now presides with absolute authority, a model of interesting and dignified dowagerhood.

FINIS.

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